

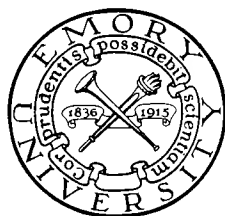
Zeph

A Circus Story

By George R. Sims



ROBERT W. WOODRUFF
LIBRARY



ROWLANDS' ARTICLES

For the Hair, Complexion and Teeth, are the PUREST and BEST.



ODONTO

than pastes or washes.

A pure non-gritty Tooth Powder: it whitens the Teeth, prevents decay and sweetens the breath; is more efficacious

MACASSAR OIL

preserves and beautifies the hair, and prevents it falling off or turning grey; is the best Brilliantine for ladies' and children's hair, being less greasy and drying than ordinary Brilliantine, and can be had in a golden colour for fair hair. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, equal to four small.

KALYDOR

is a most soothing, healing and refreshing milk for the face, hands and arms. It prevents and removes

Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Redness and Roughness of the Skin, soothes and heals all Irritation, Chaps, Chilblains, Cutaneous Eruptions, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Bottles, 2/3 and 4/6.

ESSENCE OF TYRE

effectually dyes Red or Grey Hair a permanent Brown or Black. 4/-.

EUKONIA.

A Pure Toilet Powder in White, Rose or Cream Tints, 2/6 per box. Ask Chemists for ROWLANDS' ARTICLES, of 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, and avoid spurious imitations.



KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

Absolutely the best-known remedy ever made for

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

Strongly recommended by the most eminent Doctors.

TINS ONLY, 1/1½ and 2/9.

HARTMANN'S HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL DIAPERS.

Most Comfortable and Healthful for Home Use and when Travelling.

NO WASHING REQUIRED.

In Packets . . . 6d. half dozen.
" . . . 1/-, 1/4, 2/- one dozen.

Can be obtained from all Ladies' Outfitting Establishments, Drapers and Chemists. Packets of one dozen at 1/8, 1/7 and 2/8, post free, with descriptive Circular, containing Testimonials from all the principal Hospitals and Leading Members of the Medical Profession.

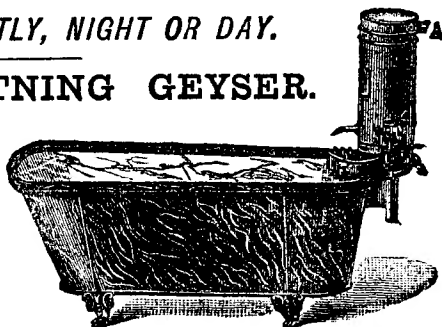
Address "THE MANAGERESS,"

THE SANITARY WOOD WOOL CO. Limited, 26, Thavies Inn, LONDON, E.C.



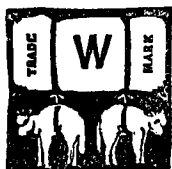
HOT WATER INSTANTLY, NIGHT OR DAY.
EWART'S LIGHTNING GEYSER.
 WITH PATENT DUAL VALVES
 AND
 SAFETY VENT PIPE.

346-350, EUSTON RD.,
 LONDON.



EIGHTEEN GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS.

WM. WOOLLAMS & CO.



ORIGINAL MAKERS OF
ARTISTIC WALL-PAPERS

Free from Arsenic.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR EXPORT.

SOLE ADDRESS:

Note Trade Mark. 110, High Street (near Manchester Square), London, W.

**FURNISH
 THROUGHOUT**
 (REGD.)

OETZMANN & CO.
Catalogue post free.
**HAMPSTEAD ROAD,
 LONDON, W.**

**FRAMPTON'S
 PILL OF HEALTH.**

For FEMALES these Pills are truly excellent, removing Headache, Depression of Spirits, Nervous Affections, Pimples, Sallowiness of the Skin, and give a healthy bloom to the complexion.

*All Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and
 2s. 9d. per box.*

**BLAIR'S
 GOUT PILLS.**

The Great Remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago.

The excruciating pain is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by this celebrated Medicine.

No restraint of diet during use, sure, safe and effectual.

All Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and

POPULAR TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

* * This is a SELECTION only.—FULL LISTS of 450 NOVELS free by post.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.
Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie's Fate.
By GRANT ALLEN.

Strange Stories. | The Beckoning Hand.
In all Shades. | The Devil's Die.
For Maimie's Sake. | This Mortal Coil.
Phyllida. | Babylon. | The Tents of Shem.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.
A Fellow of Trinity.

By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward's Complete Works.
By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.
Red Spider. | Eve.

By FRANK BARRETT.
Fettered for Life.
By BESANT AND RICE.
Ready Money Mortiboy | By Celia's Arbour.
With Harp and Crown. | The Monks of Thelema
This Son of Vulcan. | 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay
My Little Girl. | The Seamy Side.
The Case of Mr. Lucraft. | Ten Years' Tenant.
The Golden Butterfly. | Chaplain of the Fleet.

By WALTER BESANT.
All Sorts & Conditions. | Uncle Jack.
The Captains' Room. | Children of Gibeon.
All in a Garden Fair. | World went well then.
Dorothy Forster. | Herr Paulus.

For Faith and Freedom.
By BRET HARTE.
An Heiress of Red Dog. | Gabriel Conroy.
Luck of Roaring Camp. | Maruja. | Flip.
Californian Stories. | A Phyllis of the Sierras

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.
Shadow of the Sword. | Martyrdom of Madeline
A Child of Nature. | Love Me for Ever.
God and the Man. | Foxglove Manor.
Annan Water. | Matt. | Master of the Mine.
The New Abelard. | The Heir of Linne.

By HALL CAINE.
The Shadow of a Crime. | A Son of Hagar.
The Deemster.

By COMMANDER CAMERON.
The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.
Juliet's Guardian. | Deceivers Ever.

AUSTIN CLARE.—For Love of a Lass.
By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.

Paul Ferroll. | Why Paul Ferroll Killed His Wife
By MORTIMER & FRANCES COLLINS.
Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.
Midnight to Midnight. | A Fight with Fortune
Sweet and Twenty. | The Village Comedy.
Frances. | You Play me False.

Blacksmith and Scholar.
By WILKIE COLLINS.
Armada. | After Dark.
Antonina. | No Name.
Hide and Seek | Basil.
The Dead Secret.
Queen of Hearts.
My Miscellanies.
The Woman in White.
Moonstone. | Legacy of
Man and Wife. | Cain.
Poor Miss Finch.
Miss or Mrs.?
The New Magdalen. | A Rogue's Life.

By DUTTON COOK.
Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.
The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

By A. DAUDET.—The Evangelist.
By J. LEITH DERWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.
ONAN DOYLE, &c.—Strange Secrets.

By CHARLES DICKENS.
Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.
The Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby.

By DICK DONOVAN.
The Man-Hunter. | Who Poisoned Hetty
Caught at Last | Duncan?
Tracked and Taken. | Man from Manchester.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.
A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.
Kitty. | Felicia.

By EDWARD EGGLESTON.—Rozy.
By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Bella Donna. | 75, Brooke Street.
Polly. | Fatal Zero. | Never Forgotten.
Second Mrs. Tillotson. | The Lady of Brantome.

By R. E. FRANCILLON.
Olympia. | A Real Queen.
One by One. | King or Knave?
Queen Cophetua. | Romances of the Law.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.
Seth's Brother's Wife. | The Lawton Girl.

By CHARLES GIBBON.
Robin Gray. | A Heart's Problem.
For Lack of Gold. | The Braes of Yarrow.
What will World Say? | The Golden Shaft.
In Honour Bound. | Of High Degree.
In Love and War. | Loving a Dream.
For the King. | By Mead and Stream.
In Pastures Green. | A Hard Knot.
Queen of the Meadow. | Heart's Delight.
Flower of the Forest. | The Dead Heart.
Fancy Free. | Blood-Money.

By WILLIAM GILBERT.
Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.

By HENRY GREVILLE.—A Noble Woman.
By JOHN HABBERTON.

Burston's Bayou. | Country Luck.
By A. HALLIDAY.—Every-Day Papers.

By Lady DUFFUS HARDY.
Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By THOMAS HARDY.
Under the Greenwood Tree.

By J. B. HARWOOD.—The Tenth Earl.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Garth. | Dust. | Fortune's Fool.
Ellice Quentin. | Beatrice Randolph.
Sebastian Strome. | Miss Cadogna.
Spectre of Camera. | Love—or a Name?

David Foindexter's Disappearance.
Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.—The Lover's Creed.

By Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.
Thornicroft's Model. | The Leadon Casket.
Self-Condemed. | That Other Person.

By JEAN INGELOW.—Fated to be Free.
By HARRIETT JAY.

The Dark Colleen. | Queen of Connaught.
By MARK KERSHAW.

Colonial Facts and Fictions.
By R. ASHE KING.

A Drawn Game. | 'The Wearing of the Green.'
Passion's Slave.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.—Oakshott Castle.
By JOHN LEYS.—The Lindsays.

By MARY LINSKILL.
In Exchange for a Soul.

By E. LYNN LINTON.
Patricia Kemball. | With a Silken Thread.
Attonement of Leam. | Rebel of the Family.

Dundas. | "My Love!"
The World Well Lost. | Ione. | Paston Carew.
Under which Lord? | Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.—Gideon Fleyce.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

[1

POPULAR TWO-SHILLING NOVELS.

* * This is a SELECTION only.—FULL LISTS of 450 NOVELS free by post.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
Dear Lady Disdain. Linley Rutchford
Waterdale Neighbour. Donna Quixote
My Enemy's Daughter. The Comet of a Season
A Fair Saxon. Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. Camiola.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
The Evil Eye. Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.—The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
Open! Sesame! Written in Fire.
Fighting the Air. A Harvest of Wild Oats.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
Touch and Go. Mr. Dorillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
Hathercourt Rectory.

J. E. MUDDOCK.—The Dead Man's Secret.
By CHRISTIE MURRAY.

A Life's Atonement. By the Gate of the Sea.
A Model Father. Val Strange. Hearts.
Joseph's Coat. The Way of the World.
Coals of Fire. Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular. Cynic Fortune.
Old Blazer's Hero.

CHRISTIE MURRAY and H. HERMAN.
One Traveller Returns. Paul Jones's Alias.

By GEORGES OHNET.
Doctor Rameau. A Last Love.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
Whiteladies. The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By OUIDA.
Held in Bondage. Pascarel. Signa.
Strathmore. In a Winter City.
Chandos. Idalla. Ariadne. Moths.
Under Two Flags. Friendship. Pipistrello.
Cecil Castlemaine. A Village Commune.
Tricotrin. Fuck. Bimbi. In Maremma.
Folle Farine. Wanda. Frescoes.
A Dog of Flanders. Princess Napraxine.
Two Wooden Shoes. Othmar. Guilderooy.

Wisdom, Wit, and Pathos.
By JAMES PAYN.
Lost Sir Massingberd. A Marine Residence.
A Perfect Treasure. Married Beneath Him
Bentinck's Tutor. Monk Abbey.
Murphy's Master. Not Wooded, but Won.
A County Family. £200 Reward.
At Her Mercy. Less Black than We're
A Woman's Vengeance. By Proxy. Painted.
Cecil's Tryst. Under One Roof.
The Clyffards of Clyffe. High Spirits.
The Family Scapegrace. Carlyon's Year.
The Foster Brothers. A Confidential Agent.
Found Dead. Halves. Some Private Views.
The Best of Husbands. From Exile.
Walter's Word. A Grape from a Thorn
Fallen Fortunes. For Cash Only.
What He Cost Her. Kit.
Humorous Stories. The Canon's Ward.
Gwendoline's Harvest. Holiday Tasks.
The Talk of the Town. Glow-worm Tales.
Like Father, Like Son. Mystery of Mirbridge

By E. C. PRICE.
Valentina. The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival. Gerald.

By CHARLES READE.
Never too Late to Mend. Course of True Love.
Hard Cash. Autobiog. of a Thief.
Peg Woffington. A Terrible Temptation.
Christie Johnstone. The Wandering Heir.
Griffith Gaunt. A Woman-Hater.
Put Yourself in His Place. A Simpleton.
The Double Marriage. Singleheart & Double-
Love Little, Love Long. face.
Foul Play. Good Stories.
Cloister and the Hearth. The Jilt. Readiana.

By Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.
Her Mother's Darling. Weird Stories.
Uninhabited House. Fairy Water.
The Mystery in Palace. The Prince of Wales's
Gardens. Garden Party.

By F. W. ROBINSON.
Women are Strange. The Hands of Justice.

By JAMES RUNCIMAN.
Skippers and Shellbacks. Schools and Scholars
Grace Balmaln's Sweetheart.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.
Round the Galley Fire. On the Fo'k'sle Head.
In the Middle Watch. A Voyage to the Cape
Book for the Hammock. Jenny Harlowe.
Mystery of 'Ocean Star.' An Ocean Tragedy.

By G. A. SALA.—Gaslight and Daylight.
By JOHN SAUNDERS.
Bound to the Wheel. The Lion in the Path.
One Against the World. The Two Dreamers.
Guy Waterman.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.
Joan Merryweather. Sebastian.
The High Mills. Heart Salvage.
Margaret and Elizabeth.

By GEORGE R. SIMS.
Rogues and Vagabonds. Mary Jane Married.
Mary Jane's Memoirs. Tales of To-day.
The Ring o' Bells. Dramas of Life.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Mysteries Heron Dyke. By Devious Ways.
The Golden Hoop. Hoodwinked, &c.

By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.
New Arabian Nights. Prince Otto.

By BERTHA THOMAS.
Cressida. Proud Maizie. The Violin-Player.

By WALTER THORNBURY.
Tales for the Marines. Old Stories Re-told.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.
The Way We Live Now. The Land-Leaguers
American Senator. Mr. Scarborough's
Frau Frohmann. Family.
Marion Fay. John Caldigate.
Kept in the Dark. The Golden Lion.

T. A. TROLLOPE.—Diamond Cut Diamond.
By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE.
Anne Furness. Mabel's Progress.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.—Farnell's Folly.
By MARK TWAIN.

Tom Sawyer. A Pleasure Trip on the
A Tramp Abroad. Continent of Europe.
Stolen White Elephant. Huckleberry Finn.
Life on the Mississippi. Prince and the Pauper

By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.
Mistress Judith.

By SARAH TYTLER.
What She Came Through. St. Munce's City.
Beauty and the Beast. Lady Bell.
Noblesse Oblige. Disappeared.
Citoyenne Jacqueline. Buried Diamonds.
The Bride's Pass. The Blackhall Ghosts.

By J. S. WINTER.
Cavalry Life. Regimental Legenda.

By H. F. WOOD.
The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By Lady WOOD.
Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.

By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.
Rachel Armstrong: Love and Theology.

By EDMUND YATES.
The Forlorn Hope. Land at Last.
Castaway.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

[8]

ZEPH : A CIRCUS STORY

ETC.

BY

GEORGE R. SIMS

AUTHOR OF

'DAGONET DITTIES,' 'MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS,' 'HOW THE POOR LIVE, ETC.



A NEW EDITION

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

1892

P R E F A C E.

THESE stories have appeared in various periodicals, to the proprietors of which I am indebted for their courtesy in allowing me to reprint them. Among them will be found my first efforts in fiction. I trust the reader will excuse the parental affection which prompted the author of their being to find a snug place in this volume for his firstborn.

CONTENTS.

ZEPH: A STORY OF To-DAY—

	PAGE
I. GROOTE'S CIRCUS	1
II. SIGNOR ZEPHIO AT HOME	6
III. THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA	10
IV. TORONI THE AGENT	14
V. A TOP FLOOR TO LET	20
VI. THE BOUNDING BROTHERS OF BAGDAD	26
VII. 'EXIT THE QUEEN'	31
VIII. THE FATHER OF INEZ	38
IX. PEDRO	47
X. TORONI'S NOTION	54
XI. A NIGHT OF TERROR	60
XII. PEDRO'S DREAM	68
XIII. THE PARTY OF THREE AT THE PIG AND BAGPIPES	72
XIV. INEZ WRITES A LETTER	77
XV. TORONI IS TROUBLED	82
XVI. THE GREAT SENSATION	85
XVII. BACK AT LAMBETH	92
XVIII. A WREATH OF IMMORTELLS	98

JO POWELL'S PILGRIMAGE—

I. ON THE ROAD	102
II. BESS	107
III. A STEP ON THE STAIRS	111
IV. FLIGHT	116
V. 'SAVED FROM THE STORM'	123
VI. CAUGHT	127

URBAIN AND ISETTE—	PAGE
I. THE STEWARDESS OF THE ‘FLANDERS’ . . .	131
II. MRS. PETERS HAS AN IDEA . . .	136
III. THE ANIMALS’ FRIEND . . .	141
IV. MR. TOSTEVOR’S SECRET . . .	148
V. THE MAD ENGLISHWOMAN . . .	153
VI. HOW SANTA KLAUS CAME . . .	160
VII. A STRANGE DISCOVERY . . .	165
VIII. AFTER LONG YEARS . . .	171
MY DOG PICKLE . . .	179
A TALE OF ITALICS . . .	194
MR. STRICKLAND’S BLACK EYE . . .	205
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS’S HUSBAND . . .	215
THE OLD LADY OPPOSITE . . .	234
ONE WINTER NIGHT . . .	246
JACK PALMER’S LITTLE TRICK . . .	258
THE PECULIAR NOSE ; OR, THE HANGMAN’S DAUGHTER . . .	272

ZEPH A CIRCUS STORY

CHAPTER I.

GROOTE'S CIRCUS.

HE was christened Zephaniah, but everybody called him Zeph—that is to say, in familiar conversation. In the evening, when he was dressed in his silken tights and velvet trunks, and his gay spangles glistened in the gas-light, he was known as Signor Zephio!

I put a note of admiration after his name, because I never saw it without one. In the bills he generally had two, and sometimes, when business was good, and extravagance warranted by the success of the tour, he was allowed three or four on the double-crown preliminary posters.

‘The great Signor Zephio!!! will positively appear in his renowned acrobatic performance every afternoon and evening at Groote’s Circus.’ So ran the announcement.

Groote’s Circus travelled all over the country, and met with varying fortunes. It was not one of those grand affairs which move about with almost imperial state, and charter special trains and special steamers for the accommodation of their army of followers. Groote’s Circus had to make up in talent what it lacked in gran-

deur, and to give quality in place of quantity. Instead of having one hundred horses that could do nothing, Groote's had twelve that could do a great deal; and instead of having troupes of acrobats, bands of clowns, and galaxies of eminent riders, it not unfrequently happened that the renowned acrobat, the famous clown, and the eminent rider were in bad times one and the same person, and generally that person was Zeph! He was Groote's right hand. If Groote was away, he made a capital ring-master, and could check the cash and superintend the business arrangements, lead the fair equestriennes into the ring to take their encore with the professional hop, skip, jump which are never seen anywhere but in a circus, and keep the company in order.

For sometimes the company was inclined to be unruly. Mdlle. Smithini, the barebacked rider, objected to open the programme because the Mayor hadn't arrived; or Herr Starkmann, who cracked cannon-balls on his head, got quarrelling with the green-eyed Hottentot who swallowed fire, and would throw the cannon-balls on the Hottentot's head instead of his own; then the Hottentot would make objectionable remarks in his native language (which, by-the-bye, was Irish), and the fat would be in the fire. But Zeph could put things right directly. A word from him, and the Smithini would pout, perhaps, but she would leap on her bare-backed steed, and play to the Corporation in the two-shilling seats in the absence of the Mayor in the private box; the Hottentot and the strong man would shake hands and drink out of the same pewter, and all would go merry as a marriage-bell.

And they were merry too, when times were good and

full salaries paid. Then they would roam about the country and enjoy the fields in the purest Bohemian fashion before the day's work commenced, and in the evening there was an odour of cooking and tobacco, and a sound of laughter that told of contented minds and continual feasts.

But there were dark days also, when they came to towns where an unexpected strike had commenced, or where, a long run of bad luck having reduced the exchequer, hands had to be parted with. It was a blow to all of them when the kindly-hearted proprietor called them together on salary-day, and divided a few pounds on the drumhead, with any amount of apologies in broken English.

It was a dreadful blow to Zeph, for far away in the heart of the mighty city there were two helpless human beings to whom, as well as to himself, that reduced salary meant privation and distress.

It was after a month's continuous bad business, when week after week the receipts had not covered expenses, and the troupe had to take what little the chief could spare, that Zeph one Saturday night went up to his master, and, with a trembling voice and a queer look in his face, told him he wanted 'to say something private to him.' The Hottentot and the Smithini took the hint and strolled away, and Zeph and his master were left alone.

'How long have I been with you, guv'nor?' said Zeph.

'Five year, Zeph. Vy?'

'All that time I've been square and straight, ain't I, and stuck to you fair and honest?'

'*Ja wohl*, Zeph, my poy. Certainly.'

‘Well, then, now, guv’nor, I’m going to leave you. There, don’t pull a long mug like that, or you’ll turn me up. I don’t like it, I can assure you. But I ain’t got only myself to consider. If I was working for myself I wouldn’t care a blow. I’d live on baccy, like the rest, and trust to luck. But women can’t live on baccy, ’specially a invalid and a little gal. You know how I’m situated, and you’ll see as I must be earnin’ money somehow.’

‘Dat’s qvite true, Zeph. Gif me your hand, mein gut Zeph. Vat I shall do vithout you—*Ach Himmel! das weiss ich nicht*—I don’t know; but I von’t not kip you here no longer. You been von wery gut man to me. Gott pless you, Zeph. Ven you go?’

‘Now, guv’nor. I’ve heard from home to-day; the missis is worse, and there’s only my little lass with her. I ain’t seen ’em for two months, and now I can’t send ’em enough cash to carry on with, I must go up and get something to do in London at once.’

‘Vait a moment, Zeph.’

Herr Groote went into the little ‘office’ in the managerial car, and was absent a few moments. When he returned he had a little paper parcel in his hand.

‘Take these, Zeph, as a little present to your frau, and don’t not open it till you are in the train, or I von’t gif it you. Promise.’

Zeph promised, and they shook hands. The old German passed a grimy hand across his eyes, for he looked upon the loss of Zeph as the beginning of the end; and, besides, he had beaten about the country all winds and weathers with the man, and had conceived a strong liking for the merry, good-hearted acrobat.

‘Gott pless you, Zeph, and gut luck, my poy! and ven you vant to come pack to de old show de place is always open for you.’

‘Good-bye, guv’nor, and if ever there’s a chance you bet, Groote’s Circus won’t have to ask me twice.’

Then Zeph turned hurriedly away, packed his few traps together, and was off to the station. The Smithini, the Hottentot, and the strong-headed man insisted upon seeing him off; there was a parting drink at the little refreshment counter, and then the up-train came in. ‘Any more for Lunnon?’ shouted the porter, lazily ringing a cracked bell.

Yes, there was Zeph, and he was bundled hastily into a third-class carriage, just as the warning whistle sounded, and the train glided along towards the mighty mother of cities, far away in the haze.

Zeph looked out of window and waved his hand to the Smithini, who alternately flourished a small pocket-handkerchief and wiped her eyes with it, and then when the train was out of sight she was so overcome that the Hottentot suggested a pint, and he and the strong man tossed who should pay for it.

And when the Hottentot was the victim, and the pint was produced, they all drank to the health of the departed Zeph, and good luck to him.

*

*

*

*

*

Whether it was the jolting or not it is impossible to say, but somehow or other on the journey that little paper parcel came open, and Zeph discovered a slip of paper and something else.

This was on the slip: ‘Zeph, I know about your frau and schild, and vy you vant gelt so bad. Sell vat you

find here, and gif de gelt to them. It von't be half vot I owes you. Always your freund, RUDOLF GROOTE.' And the something else was Herr Groote's watch and chain and his big gold scarf-pin.

CHAPTER II.

SIGNOR ZEPHIO AT HOME.

It is past eleven on Saturday night, but the side-streets of Lambeth are still full of bustle and life. Lambeth is not a particularly early locality at any time, but on Saturday night it is later than usual. Lambeth housewives, more especially side-street housewives, are proverbially late marketers, a fact which is sometimes attributed to the fact of Lambeth husbands being proverbially late home with the wages. This is a slander on a highly respectable body of gentlemen, and should be met at once. Don't lay all the blame of late shopping on the men, Mr. Easy-Chair Reformer, if you please. The Lambeth ladies, if they are honest, will tell you that they wouldn't go shopping earlier if they could. To enjoy getting in Sunday's dinner, the children must be washed and put to bed and asleep and out of mischief, the front steps must have been scrubbed down, and all the household work finished; then, if Mrs. Jones meets Mrs. Brown at the same butcher's, they can converse at their leisure, without fear of Tommy falling into the fire, or the master coming home and tumbling over the pail on the stairs, and there will be time for quite a little meeting of old friends at the—well, say at the coffee palace at the corner. Lambeth shops late because Lambeth likes it, and if meat and vegetables are cheap

at midnight on Saturday, because they won't keep well over Sunday, by all means let frugal Lambeth upset the proverb of the early bird.

But this is far more digression than is necessary to explain how it was that, on this especial Saturday night, Bonny Street, Lambeth, was all alive. Up at the top of Bonny Street there are stalls, with big, flaring naphtha lamps and big-voiced proprietors, who shout out incessantly the nature of the articles they vend with various qualifying adjectives. Presumably the cabbages, the turnips, and fish, and crockery are too small for the human eye to perceive, and the human ear must therefore be appealed to.

At one of these stalls a little girl is purchasing a cabbage. The naphtha lamp flares full upon her face, and lights up the waving masses of her auburn hair. It is a lovely face—a face so utterly out of character with its surroundings that if a painter came there for a Lambeth ‘Saturday night,’ and were to put it in his picture, the critics would be down on him to a man. Her thin, worn black gown sets off the dazzling whiteness of her bare neck and shoulders. There is a tremendous dignity in the face of this little woman, though. She is only eight, and she is purchasing Sunday’s dinner. She evidently thinks the cabbages dear and out of condition, for she turns them over critically, and refuses to be caught by the costerial ‘There’s a beauty, my little dear! —the best on the barrer.’

At last the important commission is executed. She selects a cabbage which she considers a fair equivalent for her tightly-clasped penny, puts it carefully in her basket, and turns to go.

And as she runs up Bonny Street home she runs right into the arms of a man who cries, 'Why, Totty, my pet!' and then smothers her with kisses.

And the man is no other than Signor Zephio, late of Groote's Circus.

'And how's mamma?' he asks anxiously, as Totty, very much damaged about the hair and crushed about the cabbage by the vigour of his embrace, trots home by her father's side.

'Mammy's been bad, daddy—oh, so bad! but she's better to-day—she's better because she knew you'd be home, daddy; and look what we're going to have for dinner to-morrow, daddy, because you're come home—meat, daddy—meat, and a cabbage!'

Totty opens the basket with a smile of conscious pride, and discloses a small piece of beef, weighing about three pounds.

'Don't it look lovely, daddy? I'm going to cook it; mammy can't get out of bed now.'

But daddy doesn't look at the beef. He murmurs, 'Yes, Totty, lovely!' and takes her hand and hurries on. He is anxious to get home and know the worst. They reach the house, and Totty trips up the stairs—right up to the top—to tell the welcome news, and presently Zeph kneels by the little bed in the garret and clasps his wife's wasted form in his powerful arms. Clasps it, but, oh, so gently and tenderly! and kisses the face upturned to him with a holy reverence, and smooths back the bright black hair from the marble forehead, and tries to read the future in the pallid features on which his eyes are fixed.

Then he breaks down and sobs.

‘Oh, my darling!’ he cries, ‘why did you not let me know you were so bad? I would have come sooner.’

‘I’m getting better, Zeph,’ murmurs the woman in a feeble voice, laying her wasted hand in his; ‘and now you’re here, dear, I shall soon get strong again—I know I shall—as well as I ever shall be in this world.’

‘Has the doctor been?’

‘Yes. I put off having him as long as I could, for I knew how things were by your letter, Zeph: but last week I was obliged to send.’

‘What did he say, Nell?’

The woman grips his hand, and turns away.

‘Tell me what he said, Nell. The suspense is worse than all.’

The woman turns, and, stretching out her arms, draws the man’s face down till it rests on the pillow close to her lips.

‘Zeph, bear it for my sake. It’s bad news, but it’s not the worst. I’m to be a burden to you worse than I have been.’

‘No burden to me, my darling.’

‘Zeph, you can’t hide the truth from me. But for me and my constant illness you could live well on what you earn, and I’ve been so little help to you; and now’—her eyes fill with tears, and she presses her feverish lips to her husband’s—‘and now, Zeph, I shall be able to do nothing at all. *I shall never be able to leave my bed again.*’

For a moment the shock told on the acrobat, and speech failed him, but presently, with a mighty effort, he shook the horror from him, and spoke out in a cheery voice.

‘Never mind, my darling,’ he cried; ‘so long as God

spares your life to me, that's all I ask. I can work and earn enough to keep us all; and if I get a good engagement in town you can have the luxuries you've wanted so long.'

'I shan't want them long, Zeph.'

'Oh yes, you will. Come, cheer up. I shall be with you all day now, and you'll soon pick up.'

Totty, poor forgotten Totty, had listened to the conversation, and now crept up and took her father's hand.

'Daddy,' she whispers, 'and if you get ill, like mammy, I can work for you both, can't I, daddy?'

Zeph stooped down and kissed the child, and took her on his knee.

'Pray God, my darling, that day may never come.'

CHAPTER III.

THE QUEEN OF THE ARENA.

LET us leave Zeph for awhile alone in the Lambeth garret with his wife and child, and hark back some six years.

It is a gala night at the circus in a large provincial town. The circus is a permanent building of wood, and has been occupied for the past six months by one of the leading troupes of the kingdom. To-night the season closes with the usual benefit of the proprietor, and every available seat is occupied. The great feature of the evening is the daring flight of the Queen of the Arena over half a dozen five-barred gates. The Queen does not sit comfortably on a saddle like an ordinary mortal, and let the horse do the jumping. She stands on the bare back of a fiery and snorting thoroughbred, and spurns both

saddle and reins. She is a beautiful woman, with waving black hair, artistically set off by a coquettishly worn rose ; and as she dashes into the ring, mounted on a prancing and glossy-coated steed, she is greeted with a storm of applause.

The clown cracks his merry jokes, and the ring-master cracks his whip, while the Queen rides gaily round, taking a sort of preliminary canter, and then the great performance commences.

With a light touch of the whip and a musical 'Gee up' the Queen urges her steed into a quicker pace. Faster and faster he dashes round, while his rider, erect on his back, pirouettes, and skips as gracefully as though she were practising her steps on a carpeted floor. The music plays louder and louder, and presently the assistants rush in with the five-barred gates. It is a terrific feat, but the Queen never falters. With a smile, half of pride, half of defiance, she dashes over the dangerous obstacles, and maintains her balance when it seems to the breathless audience that she must inevitably be flung to the ground. Five times do they gallop round the ring, and take the perilous leaps, and then the music ceases, the five-barred gates are taken away, and the audience give vent to their suppressed feelings in showers of applause.

The Queen bows and smiles, and, leaping off her horse, runs out of the ring bowing, and executing the little pirouette so fashionable with lady professional riders. But the audience are not satisfied. They insist upon having the Queen on again. It is a gala night, and the last night of the season, and the audience must be humoured. The Queen bounds into the arena once more, this time led in by a smiling gentleman in full

ring costume, who is instantly recognised by the audience as the famous acrobat who appeared earlier in the evening, and who had changed his clothes in order to swell the ranks of the 'permanent staff of assistants.' In trots the fiery steed again, two grooms apparently being necessary to restrain his headlong career, and with a bound the Queen leaps upon his back and gallops round. This time there are no five-barred gates. The leaping is to be through paper hoops. The smiling gentleman, who is evidently interested in the lady's performance, gives a few directions, the assistants mount and hold the hoops, and the Queen leaps through them one after the other as easily as a schoolboy would jump across a gutter. But the performance is not over even yet. The smiling gentleman now mounts on the side of the ring, and produces a tiny paper hoop, so small that you would hardly think the Queen could wriggle through it, much less jump. There is a buzz of astonishment, and then a hush, for the ring-master has come to the centre and is speaking—'Ladies and gentlemen,—The Queen of the Arena will conclude her marvellous performance by leaping head first through this small paper hoop while the horse is at full gallop. It is a feat on which she has been personally complimented by all the crowned heads of Europe. Are you ready?' This last to the Queen. A nod and a smile. A smacking of whips and triumphant music. Forward dashes the steed, the smiling gentleman holds the hoop out, the audience sit in silent and breathless suspense, and the Queen joins her hands above her head, leaps in the air, and dives at the centre of the hoop.

And just at that second a little child who was in a

woman's arms in the front row leans over and falls right under the clattering hoofs of the galloping horse. The pleasant gentleman sees it, and starts forth with a wild cry, and in that second the Queen of the Arena has dived at the tiny hoop, been caught by it, and has fallen forward against the wooden side of the ring with a dull thud that turns the strongest faint to hear.

The women shriek, the men leap into the circus, and confusion ensues. 'She's killed!' cry the women. 'It's a shame!' say the men. 'Such performances ought to be stopped!' And the more respectable portion of the audience make for the doors.

But amid the riot and the uproar one figure arrests the attention of all. It is the pleasant gentleman who held the hoop. The child has been rescued unhurt.

It was his child.

But the woman lies speechless and bleeding, and apparently lifeless, at his feet.

She was his wife.

'Oh, my darling!' he moans, 'look at me, speak to me! I have killed you! The child fell, and I feared the horse's hoofs would crush it. And now I have killed you, my darling! Speak to me!'

A doctor pushes his way through the crowd and examines the fallen Queen.

'She lives,' he says presently; 'but she is dreadfully injured. Carry her away.'

* * * * *

An hour later, when the lights were out, and the once gay circus was wrapped in darkness and gloom, the doctor sent for the poor acrobat and told him the worst.

With care, great care, his wife would live, but her spine was injured, and she would never be able to ride again. It was possible the injury would grow gradually worse, and—well, it was best to conceal nothing—it was possible she might at last become a helpless cripple, unable to move hand or limb.

Down in the straw of the rude stable where she had been carried the acrobat knelt beside the senseless form of his wife, and moved his lips in prayer—asking Heaven to spare her life for his sake and for the child's.

The Queen of the Arena was the wife of Zeph the acrobat, and the child was Totty.

CHAPTER IV

TORONI THE AGENT.

Four years passed away after the Queen of the Arena was hurled from her prancing steed, never to ride again. Carefully nursed, watched day and night with womanly devotion by the acrobat, her husband, she slowly recovered sufficient strength to be moved, and when she was well enough she was taken up to London, and duly installed in the Lambeth lodgings. Not in the garret she occupies now, though, for in those days Zeph was well off. He and his wife together had commanded big salaries, for she was the finest rider in the three kingdoms, and her name in the bills was a certain attraction. They had the parlours then, and a little room besides, where baby Totty laughed and screamed and stamped her little feet when mamma was too ill to bear the noise. A little girl hired in the neighbourhood

was Totty's nurse and companion in this little nursery, but on the days when Zeph was at home he would often make the third at a game of romps.

Here, when the poor bruised and suffering Queen of the Arena, worn out with pain, dropped off into a fitful and feverish sleep, would the acrobat come, and, taking his baby-daughter on his knee, talk nonsense to her and toss her in the air, till the little creature crowed again with delight.

One day Toroni, the agent who procured engagements for Zeph, and was himself a trainer of acrobats, called at the Lambeth lodgings on business. Zeph was in the nursery, and the agent saw him there. After the matter on which he had called was settled, the conversation turned upon domestic affairs, and papa picked up Totty to give her a ride on his knee, that the agent might see her pretty ways.

Up and up and up went Totty, screaming with delight, and Zeph, without thinking, began the old time-honoured song of nursery equestrianism :

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a fine horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

Suddenly the song stopped, the acrobat's eyes filled with tears, and he put the laughing baby gently down. 'To see a fine lady ride on a fine horse !' The whole scene rushed back upon his mind in a second. He saw his beautiful wife spring into the saddle amid the applause of the multitude. He saw the dancing lights, he heard the music and the laughter and the shouting, and then

he heard the sickening crash, and saw her lying bruised and helpless at his feet.

The agent, noticing his abstracted manner, hazarded a remark to break the silence.

It was just the remark that an agent would make to an acrobat who had a pretty child. 'Do you mean to bring the young un up to the profession?'

Zeph turned in a moment and rose from his seat with a fierce look in his eyes. 'Bring her up to the profession! I'd rather see my Totty dead and in her grave.'

'Nonsense, man!'

'Nonsense! Isn't the mother's life enough? Would you have me have the child's blood on my head as well?'

Toroni shrugged his shoulders. 'My dear fellow, if everyone talked like that, where should I be? You'll alter your mind by-and-by. Besides, it's in the blood; the child will take to it herself if you leave her alone.'

'Look here, Toroni. If I thought so, I'd pray to Heaven night and day that she might be taken now.'

'Well, we shall see. Good-bye.'

Toroni then shook hands with the acrobat, and went his way. But at the corner of the street he stopped and pulled out his memorandum-book. 'Zeph's young un—watch.'

That was all he wrote.

And if Zeph had seen him he would have struck him down where he stood.

He would have known what it meant.

* * * * *

The days passed on, and Zeph's London engagements fell through, and he had to go into the country with

Groote. Times got bad, and the invalid had to be moved up flight after flight in the Lambeth lodgings to meaner rooms and lower rents, till at last the *Ultima Thule* of respectable poverty—the garret—was reached. There we saw them on the night that Zeph returned from his last tour with Groote, and there they lived for many and many a week after—lived as the poor do live, battling for existence ; for Zeph failed to get an engagement, and the proceeds of Herr Groote's watch and chain soon came to an end.

The invalid, unable to move hand or foot, lay helpless and in agony all through the livelong day, while Zeph wandered abroad and endeavoured to get a turn at one of the halls. Everywhere he failed, for the market was overstocked with talent, and his business was not suitable to the entertainment in vogue.

In desperation he determined to go into the country again. Better that than watch his wife dying before his eyes for lack of the bare necessities of life. There again he failed, for the times were exceptional, and all over the country the travelling troupes were shortening their hands. Poor old Groote, his last resource, dissolved his own company, and went abroad as agent in advance to a more prosperous concern a week before Zeph wrote to him. The letter came back to Zeph marked 'Gone away—Address not known,' and the acrobat felt that he had lost his only friend.

* * * * *

One day, while Zeph was out looking for employment—he would have taken anything now, for the wolf was at the door—Toroni, his old agent, came to see him. Totty answered his knock.

‘Is Signor Zephio at home?’

‘No; daddy’s out.’

‘Daddy! What, are you Zeph’s little girl that I used to nurse on my knee? Why, how you’ve grown! What do you do?’

‘I keep house for mammy; she’s ill.’

‘Yes, I know, But where is your father?’

‘He’s out; always out. He can’t get anything to do now, and he comes home and cries, and mammy cries; and, oh, sometimes I wish I was a big girl, and I could do something, and then they could be quite happy again.’

Toroni looked at the child steadfastly.

‘Would you like to earn money, and be able to pay for nice things for your mother and give your father bright gold sovereigns?’

Totty clapped her hands with delight at the notion.

‘Oh, how could I do that?’ she said.

Still Toroni kept his eyes fixed on the child. He noticed her lithe, supple form, he noticed her glorious eyes and her wavy auburn hair, and he felt that a fortune was within his grasp.

‘Do you go out at all in the daytime? Can your mother spare you to leave the house?’

‘Yes; after I’ve tidied up, and after I’ve given father his breakfast and he’s gone out, mother always tells me to go into the street for an hour and get the air. She says it isn’t good for me to be all day in the hot, close room with her.’

‘Capital! Now, my little lady, promise me not to say a word to anyone, and I’ll tell you how you can help papa and mamma. Promise!’

‘I promise. Now tell me, please.’

The child looked up at Toroni with a glad, eager look, and almost held her breath to listen.

‘Well, if you can come to my place for two hours every day I will teach you to be one of the lovely little girls that you’ve seen when your father’s taken you to the circus. You know, the pretty little girls who swing in the air and are covered in gold and dressed in lovely velvet. Wouldn’t you like to be one of them?’

‘Oh, I should! But mayn’t I tell mammy and daddy? Oh, I’m sure they would be so pleased!’

‘No, you must not tell them yet—not till you are able to do all the wonderful things, and then you shall.’

‘But why mayn’t I tell them now?’

‘Because perhaps your father wouldn’t let you come to be a pretty lady. Come, keep it a great secret, and meet me here at the door in three days’ time, at ten, and I’ll show you where I live, and where you are to come every day to learn to be one of the pretty ladies.’

Totty promised, and Toroni went away, well satisfied with his morning’s work.

‘I must get Zeph out of the way for a bit, or he’ll twig something,’ he said. ‘Hum! what can I do with him?’

The next morning Zeph received a letter from Toroni, offering him a three months’ engagement with a circus in France.

The terms were too good to be refused. He could send money over now, and though he could not be with them he would know that his dear ones would not want.

He accepted the engagement, bade his wife be of good heart, and the time would soon slip by. He kissed his blue-eyed little daughter, and bade her be a good girl to

mammy and take care of her, and went down the stairs of the Lambeth lodging and over the seas to France.

CHAPTER V

A TOP FLOOR TO LET.

THE three months sped away, and every week brought money from Zeph to his wife and child. Totty had kept her promise to Toroni, and every day she had stolen away to the agent's house, and gone through her course of training. Never was there an apter pupil than Totty, and she took to the business from the first.

The agent rubbed his hands. It was in the blood. He had said so from the first. He should coin money with the little one, for she was quick and clever, and she would grow up into a beautiful girl.

There was one awkward part of the business, and that was Zeph. Toroni remembered what he had said to him years ago—‘that he would rather see his child in the grave than following the profession.’

There were other girls and boys who were learning with Totty, some of them younger than she was—little wee things, who were sold before they could well walk to Toroni, the trainer.

The man had two classes of pupils—those whom he trained and leased to acrobats, in the ordinary way, to make up the fashionable ‘family’ entertainment (the great Magnetti family, for instance, was composed of a Smith, two Joneses, and a Brown); and the pupils he trained and kept to go starring with himself when their education should be complete. He had great hopes of

Totty. At present she would only do for an infant phenomenon, but in a few years' time, when she had grown into a lovely girl, he knew he would be able to make a sensation entertainment of her, fire her from a cannon, drop her from a balloon, or send her flying through the air in some highly novel and exciting manner yet to be devised. The trapeze at present was Totty's *forte*, and as she went through her first attempts at the professor's gymnasium, he was struck with her fearlessness and grace. One or two falls she had, but the net was always in use at practice time, and very soon she was so proficient and confident that she was put to the more dangerous and difficult feats.

At the end of the three months Zeph was offered a further engagement, on good terms, to go on to Spain with the French circus company, and with the remembrance of the difficulty he had in London, he accepted it. His wife got a friend to write and let him know that she and Totty were all right, that she received his remittances regularly, and that she was no worse in her health than when he was at home.

This was hardly true.

The poor creature had been getting slowly and slowly weaker. She knew it herself, but she would not drag her husband home to witness her sufferings. When he was out he was earning money for them and for himself. At home he might get no employment, and his presence could not save her. She had a dim, undefined kind of hope that Providence would so shape affairs that at the last her hand would lie in his, and his voice would sound again in her ears before the weak, flickering flame of her life went utterly out.

But it was not to be.

Zeph had been away five months, when a very great change took place. Totty had been out on her secret errand, and stopped longer than usual. She ran home in a hurry, fearing that she would be questioned as to where she had been.

Outside the door she paused in astonishment. She could hear her mother talking in a loud voice, and she wondered who could be with her, for visitors to the garret were few.

She pushed the door open gently, and could see no one. Only her mother, with a flushed, hot face, lay on the bed, waving her thin arms in the air and talking aloud.

Totty ran to the bed; her little heart fluttered with fear.

‘What’s the matter, mammy?’

The sick woman turned her eyes towards the child, but no look of recognition came into them.

‘Houp la!’ she shouted. ‘Soh over! Good horse! Zeph, give an eye to Johnson to-night with the hoop. He’s been drinking again. He nearly had me over last night. Hey! hey! hey! Faster, faster, faster! Higher with the hoop! Higher, do you hear? High with it, up to the skies, and let me leap. The Queen of the Arena leaps over the stars, and the sun, and the moon, and all on her bare-backed steed. How do I look to-night, Zeph? Hark at the applause! They are calling me on again. I see the blaze of light; I hear the roar of a thousand voices as I leap upon my coal-black steed. The music clashes as I ride in triumph, and you are there, Zeph, my own, and I can see how proud you are of me to-night. Ah,

there's Totty! Totty in the front row with the nurse. Look at her, Zeph! Baby can see me, and is stretching out her little hands to mammy. The little dear! Where's the hoop? Am I ready? Yes. Start the music. Houp la! Off we go.'

'Mammy dear, what is it? Are you ill? Let me run for someone; let me fetch a doctor,' cries Totty, trembling and terrified.

'The doctor! Ah, yes, you're the doctor. Oh, my back, my back; that's where the pain is, and here at my side. I fell and hurt myself just now, doctor. Zeph was holding the hoop, and just as I was going to leap, Totty, my little Totty, got over the edge of the circus, and fell right under the feet of the horse. And Zeph saw it, and moved the hoop, and so I fell. But the child is safe. Thank God for that! Thank God for that!'

There was no trembling now. Claspings her mother's hand, Totty listened with breathless attention. Little by little the ghastly truth dawned upon her that she, Totty, was the cause of her mother's accident—that she had crippled her mother for life.

She did not cry—she was too horror-stricken for that—but her little heart seemed filled to bursting, and her face went deadly pale. She had never heard the story before. Hearing it as she did now, she never for a moment doubted its truth. Young as she was, she had been associated all her life with the stern realism of poverty, and her intelligence was matured by constant association with people whose lives are open books, where all is written in black and white. Totty knew that her mother was delirious, and that in her delirium she was but acting again that terrible scene in her life drama

which had dashed fortune from her grasp and left her a helpless cripple evermore.

And so she, Totty, was the cause of it all! She had maimed her mother for life and dragged her father down to poverty! Why didn't the galloping horse trample the life out of her? Why was she spared to be a helpless little mortal, and to live with the thought of the terrible mischief she had wrought always before her? Helpless, and a burden on those she had brought to poverty. Helpless, and a burden! No. For a moment the colour came back to her cheeks, and Totty's tearful eyes glistened with joy. She need not be a burden; she could go out in the world and earn money. Only that day Toroni had told her that if she would go abroad with him he would pay her to go through the little tricks on the trapeze and the parallel bar which she could do so well.

She had hesitated. She didn't know what to do about her mother. She knew that the money she could earn would buy many comforts that could not be had now.

Her head began to get so full of thought that she grew excited and didn't know what to do first. She must fetch someone to her mother—there was no doubt of that. She would run and ask the doctor to come and see her, and then she would go and see Toroni. The lodger on the floor below was a kind motherly woman, and promised to sit with Totty's mother while the child went for the doctor.

* * * * *

The doctor stood by the bedside of the Queen of the Arena. He had attended her before, and knew her history. He stayed a quarter of an hour, and spoke long

and anxiously with the friendly lodger and in a low tone, so that Totty could not catch what they said.

Presently the doctor came across to the child and laid his hand kindly on her head.

‘My dear, they tell me your father is abroad, and likely to be for some time.’

‘Yes.’

‘Now, I must tell you, and I think you will understand me, that as your mamma is now it would be much better if she could go into a nice place where she could be carefully nursed. I can get her into such an institution at once, and it is very necessary that she should not be left here with a little nurse like you any longer; but we are wondering what we are to do about——’

‘About me?’ suggested Totty.

‘Exactly, my dear; about you. Have you any friends who would let you live with them till’—the doctor hesitated a moment, and then stammered out—‘till your mother is better?’

Totty thought a moment—and only a moment. In that brief space of time she had considered her future life and decided.

‘Mammy, in this nice place that you speak of, will want many things that she can’t have without money, won’t she?’

‘A strange question, child. Yes.’

‘Then, if you please, will you write down the name of this nice place where mammy is going to? I have friends who will let me live with them. They will come and fetch me away whenever I like.’

Two days afterwards there was a bill in the lower window of the Lambeth lodgings, and passers-by read that a top floor was to let.

Totty had accepted the only shelter open to her, and Toroni, the agent, had secured his prey.

And, by a strange coincidence, from the day that the bill went up in the window no letters came from Zeph, although Toroni sent week after week to inquire.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BOUNDING BROTHERS OF BAGDAD.

THE circus which Zeph had joined in France was one of those gigantic affairs which travel all over Europe with an army of followers. Zeph owed his engagement not so much to his talent as to the strong recommendation of Toroni. He was not a star in this company. He was simply one of the Bounding Brothers of Bagdad. One bounding brother was German, and another was French, and Zeph had become a member of the family on account of the third brother, an American, having retired from the bounding business. This third brother had gone into the public-house line with a young widow who had fallen in love with him while he was standing on his head at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Someone was necessary to fill his vacant place at once, as in the Bagdad performance three were a company and two were none, and just at the right moment Toroni was written to and sent out Zeph.

Zeph got on with his brothers very well at first—the pay was good, and the performance not particularly dangerous. But by-and-by the manager of the circus, an Englishman, began to take a fancy to Zeph. He found him, as Groote had done, a good-hearted, hard-

working fellow, an acrobat and a gentleman, and Zeph began to drop in for good things. He was consulted on little business matters, he was asked to the manager's house, he had cigars with the ring-master, and the grooms called him 'sir.' The other bounding brothers noticed this, as they were bound to do, and they didn't like it. The brotherly love did not continue; it grew small by degrees and beautifully less. The German brother uttered vague threats in his native language and ground his teeth, and the French brother gesticulated and glared when Zeph's name was mentioned in a manner which prompted the tight-rope lady to remark to the lady trick-act rider that she was sure the French brother was in love with her, and was jealous because she had allowed Zeph to chalk her soles the night of her benefit.

Zeph took no notice at all of the altered tone of the bounders; he guessed they were a little jealous, and tried by extra friendliness and courtesy to wear the feeling down. Finding his efforts in vain, he accepted the inevitable and held his tongue. Now there are a thousand little ways in which one bounding brother can annoy the other. It was part of the Bagdad performance for a pyramid to be raised. The German would jump on to Zeph's shoulders, then the Frenchman would take a long run and bound up somehow on to the German's shoulders. When the applause had died away, the middle man would drop out, and down would come the Frenchman on to Zeph's head. It was a feat only acquired by long practice, but once learned it was easy enough. Zeph being bottom man all through, the brothers had plenty of chances to make his work harder

than it need be. They would hit him accidentally in the back as they mounted, and they would alight on his head in a vicious rather than an artistic manner. At last they got so unfriendly that the success of the performance was imperilled, and one night there was a palpable effort on the part of the Frenchman to do Zeph an injury and disable him. Then the long-suffering acrobat felt it was time to speak. Disabled and incapable of going through the performance, his place would have to be filled up.

This was exactly what his brothers wanted, and Zeph saw it.

He knew what it would mean to him. He remembered that not only his own fate was in the hands of these men, but the fate of his crippled wife and his little child. In justice to them he felt bound to protect himself. He went straight to the manager and told his story. The manager was indignant, sent for the offending brothers, and cautioned them that if such a thing occurred again he would put them out of the bill, and let Zeph do an acrobatic entertainment all by himself. The foreigners bowed to the manager and bowed to Zeph. They declared that it was all a mistake, that '*ce cher* Signor Zephi' was their idol, that they worshipped him, that if anything happened to him they would die of grief, and that they were desolated to think that he could ever have suspected them of such behaviour; at any rate, they would be most careful for the future.

Zeph expressed himself satisfied, and the manager agreed to let the matter drop.

The German cleared his throat and offered his hand, which Zeph took. The Frenchman showed his white

teeth, and shot under his eyelids a look that would have alarmed its recipient could he have interpreted it.

‘Get rid of us *pour ce* Monsieur Zephio ? ve sall see !’ said the Frenchman, in that mixture of languages which circus life entails. ‘*Attendez un peu*, and ve sall see who vill be got rid of.’

But he said all this to himself. He pretended to the German that it would be better to live in friendship with Zeph, or the manager might keep his word. The German believed him sincere, accepted his advice, and followed it, and from that moment he and Zeph were friends.

But the Frenchman, though openly cordial, nourished a secret scheme of vengeance, which he soon had an opportunity of putting into execution.

One night after the performance was over—it was the last night of their stay in a Spanish town—the principal members of the troupe accepted an invitation to sup at the cabaret of an ex-professional who had settled down in the neighbourhood. It was a ‘bachelor’ entertainment, and was kept up till an early hour in the morning; in fact, until so early that several of the company stayed and slept on the benches until it was time to go to the station. The rendezvous for the troupe was seven at the railway-station, and all their baggage had been sent on beforehand, and their lodgings settled for in order to avoid delay. At six the sleepers rose, visited the pump, and indulged in an *al fresco* entertainment of the limited character usual on the Continent, and set out. Zeph slept heavily, and was the last to leave. The road from the cabaret lay across some fields and through a narrow lane into the town, and so on to the station.

When Zeph reached the lane he found the Frenchman waiting for him. The others had gone on and were out of sight.

* * * * *

Half an hour afterwards the manager arrived at the station to take the tickets. On the roll being called only Zeph was absent.

‘Where’s Zeph?’ asked the manager; ‘he’s generally so punctual. We’ve only got five minutes.’

‘He said he’d forgotten something at his lodgings, and ran back,’ volunteered the Frenchman.

The bell rang, the manager grew anxious; but no Zeph appeared.

At last everyone had taken his seat, and the train was on the point of starting.

Still no Zeph.

The whistle blew, the engine snorted, and puffed its way from the station out into the open country. As it left the platform the manager flung a ticket from the window to the station-master, and begged him to give it to Zeph, whom he described, and send him on by the next train.

The next day the troupe gave their first performance in a town fifty miles distant, and the Bounding Brothers of Bagdad bounded into the ring and went through their performance.

In the bill they were described as the ‘three’ brothers; the audience noticed that there were only two. From that day to this no member of the troupe ever knew what became of the third Bounding Brother of Bagdad, Signor Zephio.

Only the Frenchman grinned and showed his white

teeth when the German reminded him that once the manager had talked of getting rid of *them*.

CHAPTER VII.

‘EXIT THE QUEEN.’

MR. FLOX sat in his little back-parlour, in a street running off the Blackfriars Road. Mr. Flox was a portly, merry-looking little man, on the wrong side of sixty, but evidently on the right side of Mrs. Flox; for Mrs. Flox was asking him if his grog was strong enough, and I take it that when a wife asks her husband if his grog is strong enough they are on the very best possible terms. As in the earlier matrimonial days the ‘Is your tea agreeable, darling?’ tells of the billing and cooing of love’s young dream, so in the autumn of wedded bliss does the tender solicitude of the lady for the strength of the Irish hot speak to the initiated of the unruffled surface of the domestic ocean.

‘My dear,’ answers Mr. Flox, ‘I will undertake to say that Nature singled you out for me as the one woman who would know exactly how I liked it mixed.’

Mr. Flox’s favourite expression is, ‘I undertake.’ He undertakes to say, and he undertakes to do, and he undertakes to be. The weakness is allowable in Mr. Flox, for he is an undertaker by trade as well as by profession. Mrs. Flox smiles approvingly at her husband’s remark, and calls out to the apprentice not to knock so loud, as ‘the governor can hear him.’

This last expression requires, perhaps, some explanation, in an age which takes nothing for granted, and

refuses the sun the privilege of shining without knowing the exact why and the exact wherefore, and insists on having it in black and white, and then raises objections on the most trivial scientific points. Mrs. Flox informed the apprentice that the governor could hear him, because she was in the habit of sitting in the back-parlour during many hours of the day, when the knocking of the apprentice was by no means so self-assertive.

Whether the coffins that he was engaged on during Mr. Flox's absence were of a softer and gentler nature, and accepted nails as clever boys do ideas, without their being hammered in, Mrs. Flox was not prepared to say; but she did notice that directly Mr. Flox's shadow crossed the shop-door they required a vast expenditure of sound in their construction.

The apprentice, thus admonished, informed Mrs. Flox, under his breath, that she thought she knowed a lot, she did, and left off nailing a 'workhouse' to sort out a tin plate for a cheap 'walking,' and then hunted about for his bread and cheese and onions, which he had popped out of sight somewhere when the governor came in, but wasn't quite sure whether it was in the infant's blue and silver nails, lined white satin, or old Mrs. Jones's elm and black cloth. The apprentice had a weakness for putting his refreshment into his work instead of putting his heart there, and the best job old Flox ever had was nearly spoilt by this pernicious habit. When the rich publican's best oak-polished, Early English plate and handles was taken home, it was found to contain the fried fish which the young gentleman had purchased on the previous evening, and had hunted for ever since.

The apprentice having subsided into quietness, Mrs.

Flox broached the subject to her lord of which she had been full all day.

'Are you busy to-morrow, Flox?'

'No, dear—only two to Highgate and one to Ilford.'

'Flox, we ain't had a day out this two years. I want you to take me to Rosherville to-morrow.'

Mr. Flox thought a minute.

'Well, Jones'—Jones was the head man—'can manage without me; they're none of 'em up to much—but why to-morrow?'

'The Smiths are going; their gal's married in the morning, and they wants us to join the party.'

'Well, I don't know nothing to prevent it. I'll say "Yes." By Jove, I forgot, though!'

'Forgot what? Now, don't disappoint me arter all, Flox.'

'There's Toroni's job to-morrow, and I promised him faithful I'd see to it myself.'

'And who's Toroni, pray, that he should come between a husband a-taking his wife out once in two years?'

'My dear, Toroni's a rich gentleman. He owns them there hakerabats.'

'Flox, you ain't going to disappoint the wife of your bosom for a nasty low hakerabat?'

Mr. Flox's face fell. "I'm afraid, my love, I must. I've promised him faithful.'

'Who is it as must have you and can't have Jones, I should like to know? His hit a Hempress or a Queen?'

Mr. Flox's eyes twinkled at the prospect of a joke. He took a sip at his Irish, and then said solemnly:

'It's a Queen, my dear.'

‘Get out! queens ain’t likely to come down Blackfriars Road to be buried: not but what’—and here Mrs. Flox remembered the line on the circular which it was her proud privilege to enclose at certain intervals in a taking envelope and address to the inhabitants of the locality—‘not but what we could bury them as well as them fal-lal fellows at the West, as is all black kid and hatbands and sherry wine for the mourners, and werry little o’ anything for the party most interested.’

Still Mr. Flox’s eye twinkled, and he repeated, ‘It’s a Queen, my dear—the Queen of the Arena.’ The indignant look in Mrs. Flox’s face died out.

‘The Queen of the Arena? Poor thing!—poor thing! Is she dead at last, then? Well, it must ha’ been a ‘appy release. Who’s a-buryin’ of her?’

‘Toroni, the agent.’

‘But he ain’t a friend in any way, is he?’

‘He’s a friend in need, at any rate. She died in the hospital; and he’s given the orders to do everything proper and decent.’

‘But where’s her husband?’

‘Well, it’s rather a queer go about her husband. He went out with a circus to France and then to Spain, and no livin’ soul ain’t heard on him for six months. Toroni thinks he’s dead. He’s advertised for him in the *Era*, and made no end of inquiries, but he can learn nothing. There’s a little gal, too, poor little thing!—as bonny a lass as you’d meet with in a day’s march. Poor little soul! she’ll have a rough time of it now.’

‘What’s Toroni going to do with her, then?’

‘He don’t know. He says some kind lady has offered to take her abroad and adopt her.’

‘A good thing for the child if it’s true,’ said Mrs. Flox, shaking her head; ‘but I has my doubts about gals going abroad to be adopted. Why can’t they adopt her without taking her to them horrid wicked furrin parts?’

It is Mrs. Flox’s firm idea that foreign parts are the home of all that is disreputable and heathenish; and that no man, woman, or child can touch foreign parts without being defiled.

Mr. Flox, having been once on a cheap excursion to Boulogne, defended foreign parts from those very grave charges most vigorously, and as before the conversation is finished the apprentice is putting up the shutters, and will presently shut Mr. and Mrs. Flox in among the unfinished coffins, we had better get out into the street, to avoid passing the night with such unpleasant surroundings.

* * * * *

On the morrow Mr. Flox fulfilled his promise to Toroni, and personally conducted the funeral of the Queen of the Arena.

Totty and the agent were the only mourners. She who had lived for years in the gay bustle and whirl of the circus world—she whose every movement had been watched with bated breath—she who had won the applause of thousands, and ridden a Queen among a multitude hoarse with the constant shouting of her name, went to her last home followed only by a sobbing child. Toroni had a reason for going. He didn’t like it, but he didn’t care to lose sight of Totty now; and he took a certain weight off his conscience in paying for the funeral. It was part of the blood-money for the

child. An elderly clergyman, 'retained on the premises,' gabbled the funeral service as though he were calling back an invoice at a draper's entering-desk; a rough man in corduroys, caked with the clay of a hundred graves, flung a lump of mud on to the coffin lid, then all was over; and the clergyman shuffled back to the chapel, wondering whether he'd remembered in the morning to tell his wife he should like a bloater for his tea.

You who would say this picture is overdrawn or untrue, go, if you have the courage, to any of our great cemeteries, and watch the heartless manner in which 'our dear departed brother' or 'sister' is shovelled into a hole full of water and filth; listen to the burlesque on the beautiful Burial Service which is considered good enough as a God-speed to that mysterious far-off land which none can picture, none define. I hold there is nothing deserving such respect and reverence as the dead. The poorer and the more helpless they were in life, the greater should be the last honours we pay them at the close of their pilgrimage. I would not bury a dog of mine as hundreds of human beings are buried daily in this Christian land of ours.

Child as she was, Totty felt how cold and cruel was the treatment of her dead mother. The priest and the sexton, and the gaping nursemaids and idlers who love a funeral as they love a Punch-and-Judy show, saw only a wooden box. Totty saw through the lid, and beheld the pale dead face of her only friend, her mother. She saw the closed eyes and the cold blue lips that had kissed her at the last, and prayed God to shield the orphan child cast alone and friendless on the heartless world.

The Queen had pined and pined and waited for news of the absent Zeph, and when the months went by and no letters came she felt that he was dead. Then she turned her face to the wall and went to seek him.

* * * * *

Totty lingered by the grave after the idlers had left. 'Oh, mammy, mammy!' she wailed; 'daddy's gone, and now you're gone, and poor Totty's left alone! Oh, why didn't the big horse put his feet on me and crush me when I fell?—then you would have been alive, and daddy would have been with you!'

The child's agony overcame her, and she fell on her knees on the muddy turf, rocking herself to and fro in a paroxysm of grief.

Toroni took her hand and led her gently away. Half stupefied and dazed, she went with him to the cemetery gate. Then she slipped her hand from his and bounded back like a hunted deer.

At the edge of the grave she plucked a daisy and kissed it, and let it fall gently on to the still uncovered coffin-lid.

Then she knelt down and joined her little hands and prayed:

'Pray God bless dear mamma, and watch over her this night and keep her safe from all harm.'

She had risen from her knees when Toroni joined her. She motioned him away with her hand, and kept her eyes still looking down into the grave.

'Mammy, in the cold, dark, long nights, when you lie here alone, and I am far away, God will take care of you, and Totty will pray for you as long as she lives. Good-night, mamma. Good-bye. God bless you!'

The child blew a kiss to the mother she could see, where others saw only the big black lid.

Then she dashed the tears from her eyes, and, taking Toroni's hand, went out through the gates of the city of the dead, where all men rest, into the city of the living, where no rest is.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FATHER OF INEZ.

It is the *Santa Semana*, or Holy Week, in Seville, and the town is crowded with foreigners, provincials, sight-seers, and mountebanks. From sunrise to sunset streams of people pour into the town from the two great points—the Madrid station on the Plaza de Armas and the Cadiz station up by the gate of San Fernando. The religious processions and the dramatic representations of the divine tragedy are over; the great bull-fight of Sunday is a thing of the past; and to-day is Monday, the day of the world-famed fair.

Crowded as the streets are, it is easy to distinguish the natives from the foreigners. A Spaniard never hurries; he puffs his cigarette and strolls leisurely along. Nothing moves him from his indolence. The foreigners, on the contrary, are hustling about and look hot and excited. Many of them have come to Seville just to see what is to be seen in a few days and get away. During the *Santa Semana* there is so much to see that the pleasure-seeker who would 'do the round' must be in a constant state of 'rush.'

Among the crowd in front of one of the best hotels, the Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones, stand a couple of

men. Their nationality is unmistakable. The tweed suit, the deer-stalker hat, and the red guide-book ostentatiously carried under the arm, label one 'Englishman' as plainly as though the word was ticketed in large capitals on his back. And no one would attempt to doubt, after a glance at the high hat, the small polished boots, the ornamental shirt front, the black lace cravat, and conspicuously solitaired cuffs, that his companion is a Frenchman.

They are conversing in English, however, and from their manner are evidently old acquaintances.

The Englishman is the proprietor of a London music-hall, and is spending a portion of the year's profits in a six weeks' tour on the Continent. The Frenchman is his Parisian agent, through whom he makes engagements with what is technically known as 'foreign talent.' The agent has come to Seville in search of novelties for his various employers, and Mr. Jones, of the Royal Eldorado, learning his intention when in Paris, has availed himself of the opportunity offered, and come on with him.

'Who are you acting for in this matter, then?' asks Mr. Jones presently; 'because, if the girl's what you say, she'd suit my show down to the nines. Can't I make the first offer?'

'No, Mr. Jones, that would not be one fair thing. I am commissioned by Toroni, and I can act for no one else. If he gets the girl over he want to work her engagements all his own self. You'll understand that until her people give me a refusal direct you must not interfere. Is it not so?'

'Quite so; quite so. I should be sorry to ask you to

do anything that wasn't fair, square, and above-board. But why didn't you tell me of the girl first ?'

'My dear sir, I never had seen—never had heard one word of her. Toroni he write to me where I shall find her. He no can leave England hisself. He pay me very well, and I come—*voilà*.'

'All right. Well, when are we to see her ?'

'Now—this morning. Her people they live over the river in Triana, the—how you call that ?—the quarter of the gipsy ?'

'The gipsies' quarter, eh ? Poor folks those—not up to much ?'

The Frenchman laughs.

'Not yet. That is Toroni how he make his money. He not take rich people, all fine dress and no do anything ; he take poor girls, poor boys, that are very clever, and want not much money. He buy them from the father or the mother. He say, "I give you one hundred pound down for your child. Yes—No ?"'

'But if the children are clever already, they earn money for their parents. Why should they sell them ?'

'Ah, bah ! What use boy or girl be clever without agent, big bills, fine dress, and articles in the newspapers ? Come girl to London manager. Show what she can do. Manager say two pound a week, p'r'aps. Come agent, show big bills, talk very loud. Manager say fifty pound a week, and rub his hands with glad. You know that, Mr. Jones. Good agent make big success. No good without agent.'

Mr. Jones acknowledged that there was a good deal of truth in the agent's remark.

'Besides,' continued the Frenchman, 'this girl her

parents do spend, p'r'aps, all the money she earn. She only perform now about at country fairs. She will be at the fair to-day.'

'Then we shall see her?'

'Yes; but we see father first, over in the quarter of the gipsy. He sick—very ill. The hotel courier did go yesterday. Make an appointment. He come with us to-day. Talk the Spanish. Here he come.'

The interpreter attached to the hotel came up at this moment, and informed the agent that he was ready to accompany him, and the three set out together for the gipsies' quarter on the other side of the Guadalquivir.

* * * * *

The old Spaniard that the agent was in search of lived in a lodging-house near the Capella de los Marineros, and was evidently well known in the neighbourhood. The interpreter, who had been over on the previous day, had forgotten which the house was, and he asked an old woman at the corner of the street, mentioning the old man by his surname, Montanes.

She repeated the name once or twice, and then exclaimed:

'Oh, it is the father of Inez you mean. Behold, yonder is the house of the father of Inez.'

Thus directed, the three men entered the house, and found their way to the room occupied by the old man.

The room was beautifully clean and orderly.

The father of Inez lay in a small bed in the corner, and by his side sat a priest.

As the strangers entered, the priest rose to go. The interpreter made an obeisance, and asked him how the old man did.

‘His race is nearly run,’ was the answer. ‘Speak of your worldly things to him quickly, and I will return anon and fix his thoughts on heaven. He will have done with the world ere many days have gone.’

The agent and the music-hall proprietor sat down, and the interpreter approached the bedside of the old man. It did not need the words of the priest to show them all whither the father of Inez was bound. Approaching death was written on every feature.

Briefly the courier explained their business, and told him that the gentleman agent had come from a rich gentleman in England to make him an offer for his daughter’s services, 5,000 reals, *dinero fresco*, money down, and a fixed sum a month, paid regularly through the great banker of Seville to him, besides a good salary to the girl, and food and lodging. The rich English gentleman would make the girl’s fortune, and she would return to him a great lady, with gold and diamonds, and would send him over money too. For seven years he must make a contract with the rich English gentleman, and then his daughter might come back to him, and do as she liked.

The father of Inez said nothing till the interpreter had finished. Then he fixed his eyes on the Frenchman, and asked :

‘The rich English gentleman has heard of my daughter, that she is so beautiful and so clever, all the way to the great country where he lives. How is that?’

The interpreter explained the question.

‘Oh, that is very simple,’ answered the Frenchman. ‘M. Toroni, my principal, has agents everywhere, who report to him when they discover talent. He takes that

talent, when it is poor and unknown, and makes it rich and famous. That is his business.'

The father of Inez lay still and thought for a little. Presently he raised himself painfully on his elbow.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I have thought over your offer. Inez is beautiful and clever, but now she earns not much, though since I have been ill she and Pedro have kept us both. I am dying, and she will soon have no one in the world but poor half-witted Pedro. Alone they are simple, and will be duped, and work hard and make no money. This rich English gentleman is clever, and will make them make money for him, and so learn to make it for themselves. He will keep them and feed them and clothe them. To-morrow come you back for the answer. Inez shall give it you herself.'

'But who is this Pedro?' asked the Frenchman anxiously. 'My instructions say nothing about him.'

'Who is this Pedro? Listen, it is a strange story. I am the father of Inez, and I am dying; but when I am dead she will have another father. It is Pedro. That is not his name. What his name is no one knows. He is not a Spaniard. He is a foreigner. He talks very well our language now, but when we found him he spoke only a few words.'

'Found him?'

'Yes; it is wonderful how we found him—most strange. If the gentlemen wish, I will tell them. We had been, Inez and I, to the fair in a small Spanish town. Ah, it must be eight years ago quite now. Let me see, it was the year that my wife, my Mercedes, died; that is eight years ago now. We came to try and get an engagement with the circus company, but the

roads were bad, and our mules fell lame, and when we came to the town the great circus company had left that morning. When we could not get with any travelling company we travelled alone, Inez and I, as the gipsies do, and played in the streets or in the small villages, and took the cuartos that were flung to us. I was a mountebank in those days, and Inez was a little child and walked on the stilts, and danced, and could ride and play tricks with the mules. That was before she got so clever, and Pedro taught her to fly through the air from bar to bar. Well, when we found the great circus company had gone we stayed the day in the town, and made what money we could and pushed on. We never stopped long where a great circus had been. The people laugh at your tricks; they are not grand after the great professors and the fine dresses they have seen.

‘It was late at night when we left, and we were to travel all night to get to a little fair about twenty miles distant, where we might make more money. As we made much money with our mules, who were trained, we did not care to tire them or hurt them, so we rode very slowly. We had left the town, and were going through a narrow lane, where all was still and quiet, when I heard a groan and saw something black move under a lot of broken wood and leaves in the ditch. Little Inez screamed and prayed to the Holy Virgin. I bade her take courage, and pushed the rubbish aside to see what it was, and there lay a man bleeding from a wound at the back of his head.

‘We put him on the mule and carried him to the next town. On the road I bound up his head, and presently he began to groan again and to talk—strange words he

talked, in a tongue that we could not understand. At the first *venta* we came to I carried him indoors, and his wound was washed and dressed. He was covered with dust and dirt, and must have been lying in the ditch unnoticed for some time. We asked him his name, but he talked the strange language, and no one could understand what he said or what country he was.

‘Talking wearies me, and I will hasten to the end. We stayed two days in the town, while the fair lasted, and the man, under the care of the Boticaria, got much better and could move about. We conjectured that he had slipped and fallen on the back of his head and cut it with one of the great jagged stones that lie about, and had become insensible. He had not been attacked by robbers, for he had money in his pocket, but no letters, or anything we could learn anything from. The Boticaria said he was not quite right in his head, and perhaps never would be again. There was a strange look in his eyes, and he talked much to himself. Well, just as we were going everyone said, “What shall we do with this man? He does not know who he is, and he has only a little money. We must send him as a pauper to the *casa de locos*, the house of the mad.” When I heard that I said, “Poor wretch!” for I know what the *casa de locos* means. It is a torture and a suffering that make the flesh tremble to hear talked of. It is worse than the Inquisition of which our fathers used to tell us such horrors. And while I was thinking thus the man caught sight of the golden balls that I throw in the air, and he laughed and sprang at them and flung them up, and presently I saw that he was clever and one of us, and I said to myself, “You are not too mad to be very

clever ; you shall come with Inez and myself, and the *casa de locos* shall not have you."

'He came quite quiet with us, and by-and-by he talked a few words of Spanish and remembered little things, but he could not remember who he was or what had happened to him ; and when he tried to think much he would say, "Oh, my head ! oh, my head !" and put his hand across his forehead. Inez took to him from the first, and he began to pet her and put her on his knee and sing a strange foreign song to her as he tossed her up and down, and after that my little Inez would go nowhere without him ; and when I got ill and could not go about, he would go to the fairs with her, and play in the streets and earn the money and bring it home to me. And last year he remembered much more : he remembered that he had been once at a circus, and that his home was across the sea ; and that once he had a wife and daughter, but sometimes he says they died and sometimes that they fell off a horse and killed themselves ; and then he tries to remember, and his head gets queer.

'He is quite mad, but harmless and gentle as a child, and Inez loves him ; and now he has taught her to fly from bar to bar, and must go with her. She cannot go through the performance without him, and if you want her you must engage Pedro too. Inez will not go without him, I am quite sure. Come to-morrow and see for yourself. I am tired now, and can talk no more.'

The father of Inez, exhausted with his long story, fell back upon his pillows, and the three men rose and quitted the apartment.

'*Peste !*' said the Frenchman. 'I don't know what Toroni will say about this Pedro fellow. Still, if he is

necessary to the performance, and the girl won't go without him, I suppose he'll have to yield the point.'

'I vote we go to the fair at once and see the girl,' suggested Mr. Jones. 'If she's up to anything and Toroni falls through, mind, I have the next offer.'

CHAPTER IX.

PEDRO.

THE next morning early the same three travellers crossed the iron bridge over the Guadalquivir that leads from Seville into the suburb of Triana. The father of Inez was not alone when they reached the house. Pedro and the girl were also in the room.

The agent, who had seen the performance at the fair, had seen quite enough to dispense with any further instructions from his employer in London. Inez was simply superb in her grace and dexterity, and would be a tremendous draw in London and the provinces, beyond a shadow of a doubt. She was a glorious brunette, with coal-black hair and eyes of liquid fire; and her exquisitely moulded form was just budding into the early womanhood of the children of the South. Jones, of the Eldorado, was in raptures, and was trying his best to overcome the Frenchman's scruples and take the prize out of Toroni's hands. But Toroni was too good a customer and paid too liberally to be played tricks with, and the Frenchman stood firm against all bribes and entreaties.

As they entered the house Inez rose to greet them. She knew of their visit, and its purport she had talked over with her father.

The interpreter addressed himself to the old man first, but the father of Inez pointed to the girl.

‘Talk to her. The matter rests with her—not with me.’

‘My father has told me all you would say,’ said Inez, with a smile, ‘and I have made up my mind.’

‘And it is—to accept, of course?’ asked the Frenchman anxiously.

The girl glanced lovingly at her father and took his hand.

‘No; it is to refuse. While my father lives—and may the Holy Virgin spare him to us yet!—my place is by his side. Is it not, Pedro?’

Pedro’s restless wandering eyes were fixed on her face in a moment when she called him by name. ‘Yes,’ he said, in English.

The Englishman turned and looked attentively at the speaker. He was a middle-aged man, with an English face, shaved close, after the manner of professionals, except on the upper lip. There was a strange, wild look in his eyes, and he seemed as though he were thinking of something far away.

‘You’re English, then,’ said Mr. Jones—‘you that they call Pedro?’

Pedro started, and looked anxiously at the speaker.

‘Yes, I understand you. Who are you? That’s how I used to talk English; yes. I remember now, I’m English.’

‘What is your real name, then? It isn’t Pedro.’

‘Pedro! Pedro! No; that’s what Inez calls me. No; I had another name once, before I hurt my head, only I can’t remember what it was.’

Inez let her father's hand drop, and came across to Pedro and sat beside him. She turned to the interpreter, and said rapidly in Spanish :

‘Tell the English gentleman not to ask Pedro questions ; it makes his head bad when he tries to think—doesn't it, Pedro ?’

Pedro answered her in Spanish.

‘Oh yes, it makes my head bad ; but I'm English, I'm sure of that ; and I had a little Inez before you, that used to sit on my knee, and call me, not Pedro, but something else—before I hurt my head, you know.’ Then Pedro mumbled to himself, and seemed to lose all interest in the conversation.

The Frenchman pressed Inez to reconsider her determination.

‘No, *senor*. While my father is alive I remain ; it is my duty. He has no one else in the wide world but me and Pedro, and we will stay with him to the end.’

‘But your father is ill, and cannot——’

The girl stopped the interpreter as he repeated the Frenchman's words.

‘For shame, *senor* ! It is unseemly for us to discuss what I shall do when it pleases God to leave me an orphan in the presence of the one on whose death you speculate.’

The Frenchman bowed politely and shrugged his shoulders. He didn't understand such a sentiment in a girl who had been brought up in the streets, and who performed at country fairs.

‘As you will, *senorita*. Then I must write my employer, M. Toroni, that you refuse point-blank ?’

Pedro looked up suddenly.

‘Toroni ! Toroni !’ he repeated to himself ; ‘that was one of my names. I think I was Toroni. Yes, that is a name I know.’

No one listened to Pedro. They were all too intent on the answer of Inez.

‘Yes, I refuse point-blank,’ said the girl, laying her hand gently on the coverlet of the little bed where her father lay. ‘I refuse at present. If anything happens’—here her voice faltered slightly—‘to alter my determination, I will let you know. Leave me your address, senior, or the address of this gentleman in England, and you or he shall hear from me if I change my mind.’

The Frenchman saw that it was useless to argue.

He drew a card from his case and handed it to Inez, who put it carefully in her bosom.

Then she rose, and gave them gracefully to understand that their visit was at an end.

The three men bowed, bade the old man and Pedro good-day, and went out ; and all the way home the Frenchman anathematized the father of Inez for being such an old idiot as to stand in his daughter’s way by continuing to live.

‘I should like to have made the bargain for Toroni, that I should !’ he exclaimed savagely ; ‘I believe that girl would draw half London.’

Pedro stood at the door and watched them right out of sight.

‘Strange !’ he muttered to himself. ‘I understand that language quite well. What was I, and where have I heard that language always spoken before I hurt my head ? I remember a circus now and horses, and a little girl fairer than Inez ; but Inez is my little girl—I

never had any other. It must have been a dream when I hurt my head. Toroni—he said Toroni. I wonder whether that was my name in the time I can't recollect? I seem to know it.'

Inez came softly up behind him.

'Pedro, when we go away, far away, from here together, into cities that I have heard about beyond the great seas, shall you be glad or sorry?'

Pedro looked at her for a moment.

'Away from here! Great cities! Ah, yes! I remember—great cities and seas; I have been over them.'

'You know this great island that they talk about, don't you, Pedro?—this England?'

'England; yes, I know it. I am sure I do. *That is the name of my country.* I am sure of it.'

A gleam of earnestness came into his eyes for a moment, and then died out, and he smiled sadly.

'It's no use. I had just thought something about a little girl fairer than you, and quite little; but I can't think who she was. Ah, Inez, when we go to England I shall try and find that little girl. I'm sure if I saw her I should remember who she was.'

Inez took his face between her hands and pulled it down to her lips.

'You silly old Pedro, I shall be jealous. What do you want with other little girls, when you have Inez your daughter to love you?'

'Good Inez—my Inez,' murmured Pedro, 'I love you! and I've loved you for years and years, haven't I? but I'm sure I loved a little girl before you. No, her name wasn't Inez. It was—it was—— Oh, my head! my

head! That little girl keeps coming into it, and it buzzes and buzzes, and makes me quite giddy.'

* * * * *

A month later the agent in Paris received a note written in Spanish, which, being translated, read as follows:

'My father is dead. Write me the terms offered by the English gentleman, Toroni. I can accept none that do not include Pedro. Where I go he accompanies me.—INEZ MONTANES.'

Within a fortnight a contract was made and signed, sealed, and delivered, whereby Inez Montanes engaged herself for seven years to accept all the engagements offered her by Toroni, it being expressly stipulated that wherever she went she should be accompanied by Pedro, whose expenses should be considered in the salary.

'I'll let her work six months on the Continent,' said Toroni, as he put the document away among his papers, 'just to work up a little reputation, and then I'll have her over and put her to the double trapeze business with Zeta. They'll make a splendid couple, one so fair and the other a brunette—call them Night and Morning, or something of the sort. Zeta gets more clever every day, and if this girl is what they say she is, between them they'll be the biggest thing that's been known in the trapeze line since the world was created. I wonder where Zeta is. Adela, my dear!'

Adela, who was Mrs. Toroni, called back from a downstairs room.

'Tell Zeta to come up. I want to speak to her,' said Toroni.

There was a light, quick step on the stairs, and a girl of about sixteen ran into the room with a laugh.

‘Well, old fidget, what is it now? Can’t I read the paper for five minutes in peace after breakfast?’

Toroni smiled, and laid one hand gently on the waving masses of the girl’s auburn hair, while he patted her face playfully with the other.

It was a lovely, merry English face, open and innocent-looking as a child’s, and it had a pair of blue eyes that looked you through in a saucy, roguish way, and defied anger and chased away a frown in a moment.

‘Well, Zeta, I’ve some news for you.’

‘I don’t want any news of you,’ was the answer. ‘I like the news in the *Telegraph* a good deal better, and you’ve interrupted me just in the middle of a most interesting and mysterious murder; and, if you please, how many times am I to tell you I won’t be called Zeta, except on the posters? My name’s Totty, and I shan’t answer to any other.’

‘Well then, Totty, I’ve got a girl coming by-and-by from Spain to do the double business with you. We’ll make a big sensation of it.’

‘Yes, but you won’t star her over me, or put her bigger on the posters, will you?’

‘Certainly not, Totty; certainly not.’

‘When is she coming?’

‘After she has had an engagement or two on the Continent. I should say in about six months. I must think out some good original business for you.’

Totty had picked up the French agent’s letter which had accompanied the contract, and was reading it.

‘I say,’ she asked presently, ‘who’s this Pedro that’s to go everywhere with her?’

‘Oh, I don’t know. Some half-cracked fellow—a sort of adopted father.’

Totty sighed.

She always sighed when the word ‘father’ was mentioned.

CHAPTER X.

TORONI’S NOTION.

WE have lost sight of Totty since the day we left her outside the gates of the great cemetery, and we should find it difficult to recognise her in the graceful girl of sixteen who answered Toroni’s summons on the morning he received from his Paris agent the signed agreement with Inez Montanes. Totty mourned her mother long and deeply. She was only a little child, but she was a friendless one, and she had no kind relatives and merry playmates to come about her and distract her attention from the abiding sorrow which had befallen her.

For many long months afterwards Totty hoped that Zeph would return from the far-off and, to her, unknown land where he had so mysteriously disappeared.

She never heard a knock at Toroni’s door but she rushed downstairs with a beating heart, thinking it might be her father. Every morning she asked the agent if he had heard of her ‘daddy,’ and always the agent shook his head gravely and said ‘No.’

The suspense interfered with her progress in that art to which she had now devoted herself, and Toroni determined that he would put an end to it. All his

inquiries at home and abroad had failed to elicit any news of the missing acrobat's whereabouts, and he felt convinced that the poor fellow had died in some out-of-the-way place, and had been buried as unknown. Such things happened every day in England; why not in a semi-barbarous country like Spain? He might have been killed in a street brawl, or murdered for the sake of what he had in his pocket. The manager of the circus to which Zeph had been attached had, from the first, expressed a belief that his favourite had met with foul play somewhere, and in this belief Toroni now concurred.

Calling Totty to him one morning, he told her, as gently and kindly as he could, that she must not grieve, but that her poor papa was dead. He told the child this as an absolute fact, in order that no harassing doubts might hereafter arise to distress and unnerve her.

Totty had long ago given up all hope of seeing her father again, but, nevertheless, the absolute certainty that he had died far away came as a shock to the sensitive mind of the orphan child, and she burst into tears.

'Oh, mammy, mammy!' she cried. 'He's dead—daddy's dead! and I can't take him and show him where you are in the big churchyard!'

Suddenly she stopped, and looked up into Toroni's face.

'Master, if my daddy's dead, that was the reason he didn't write when mammy was so ill, wasn't it?'

'Yes, my child.'

The little face brightened in a moment.

'Then he went first,' said the child, through her tears; 'and he was there waiting for mammy; and I

shan't grieve any more, because I know she's happy now she's got daddy to sit by her bedside as he used to do here.' She dried her eyes with her frock, and added with a smile, 'I can take care of myself down here, you know; I'm glad they're together.'

Toroni turned away, and pretended to be very busy with the fireirons and the coal-scuttle. The child's innocence touched him.

But Totty was not to be put off like that.

'Master, tell me,' she said, 'will my mammy be a cripple in heaven, and have always to be in bed, or will she be able to walk about with daddy and the other angels, and enjoy herself?'

It was a very obstinate lump of coal that Toroni had got hold of, and required a vigorous attack with the poker to reduce it to a sense of propriety.

'My dear, those things are not in my line,' he said presently; 'and it's wicked to talk about them, except on Sunday. Here's sixpence for you. Now be a good little girl, and go upstairs and have half an hour on the bar. Show me your arm.'

Totty bared her arm.

'Capital—muscle developing splendidly. Now off you go. Stick to your practice, and we'll make a star of you yet, Totty.'

* * * * *

Eight years have passed since Toroni broke the news of her father's supposed death to Totty—eight years, during which the child, profiting by the instructions of her employer and guardian, has blossomed into a full-blown lady gymnast. She had served her apprenticeship, and appeared as an infant phenomenon at the

music-halls, and had been leased by Toroni to various 'families' in the earlier days when she was not sufficiently expert to be a 'sole attraction.' She had been *la petite Nance* of the Zingari troupe, and the great little Baby Wonder of the Frederici Family.

It had been her duty in the earlier days to figure principally as a little human shuttlecock, and to be tossed from one human battledore to another, or—to drop a confusing metaphor and speak in plain English—she had been flung in mid-air from acrobat to acrobat. She had been hurled across half the halls in England, sometimes by the arms and sometimes by the legs. Now Pepita, the great strong woman, who hung from the roof by her toes or her eyelashes—I am not quite sure without referring to the posters which it was—would hold Totty with her teeth, then drop her and catch her with her little finger.

Then Messrs. Allfiery and Ongri, the modern Leotards, would require a clever child for their performances—a child who could be hurled through the air from the hands of one gymnast hanging head downwards, and who, having described a double somersault during the aerial journey, could catch the ankles of the opposite gymnast and swing gracefully to the strains of a popular waltz. For all this business Totty was trained.

Of late years a child-acrobat had been necessary to the success of all 'combination' entertainments; and Totty, being full of nerve and as graceful as she was plucky, was in great demand, and became a valuable property to Toroni. Once or twice Totty had a tumble, but without any bad results. The net was always in use, and the child, shaken and confused though she

might be by a sudden and unexpected descent of sixty or a hundred feet, had always the presence of mind to scramble up and put on the stereotyped broad grin.

One maxim Toroni had instilled into her mind, and she profited by it: 'Always make the audience believe you like it, my dear,' he said; 'that's the golden rule of the profession. Smile; the more you hurt yourself the more pleased you must pretend to be.'

Totty smiled under the most trying circumstances, and always inspired her audience with the notion that she was as fond of the air as a duck is of water. Infant Wonders smile while they risk their lives, upon much the same principle as a performing dog wags its tail when he jumps through a hoop.

But by-and-by Totty grew too long and too old to be a human shuttlecock, and, having acquired nerve and experience, Toroni thought it was time to develop her higher faculties, and finish her education as a star performer.

At the period we have reached Totty had just appeared in the acrobatic firmament among the vast constellations already shining there, and endeavouring, not unlike some other heavenly bodies, to put each other's lights out. The intelligent observer, blessed with a good telescope, may have observed that a few stars have it all their own way early in the evening, but that as the night wears on, other and brighter stars make their appearance, and the early shiners wax pale—perhaps with jealousy. So it is with the stars of the gymnastic celestial expanse. One star is very bright till a bigger star comes out. Now Toroni had his own notion about Totty. He had made up his mind that she should be

the star of stars after a time, and he spared neither expense nor trouble to accomplish his ambition.

Just at this time he heard through a travelling showman of the fame of Inez Montanes, and he shrewdly guessed that she would eventually be secured by some clever *entrepreneur*, and might probably be a powerful rival to Totty. He determined to nip the possible scheme in the bud, and take the wind out of the sails of his rivals in business. Why should he not secure Inez himself, and with two such strings to his bow command the market?

The thought was no sooner conceived than Toroni acted upon it, with what success we have seen, and at the present moment he is maturing in his mind a new gymnastic sensation, in which Inez and Totty—or, to give her her professional name, Zeta—shall appear. He can think of nothing better for the moment than a double performance on the trapeze, and he wants a striking notion for the advertisements and the picture-posters.

‘I have it,’ he says, after a few minutes’ cogitation. ‘I see how to work a draw straight off. Inez is dark as night, and Zeta is fair as morning. Good. I’ll dress one in black and crimson and the other in blue and white, and call them “Night and Morning,” or, better still, “The Evening Star and the Morning Star.” They’ll look lovely on the bar, and they’ll look lovely on the posters. I’ll let Inez take a month in Spain, then the engagement at the Paris Hippodrome, then have her over here and rehearse the double business with Totty in time for the autumn season. Toroni, my son, if you don’t coin money over the Inez-Zeta combination you never deserve such a chance again!’

Mr. Toroni was so pleased with the notion that he went out and whistled all along the Waterloo Road ; and when he came to the big professional public where comic singers and serious gymnasts most do congregate, in the wild exuberance of his spirits he took note of the fact that there were only three professionals at the bar, and then paid for drinks round.

CHAPTER XI.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

INEZ MONTANES accepted all the engagements on the Continent that Toroni procured for her, and was soon an established success. Her grace and daring, combined with her beauty, made her the talk of the towns in which she performed. Talent she had always possessed, but it might long have remained in obscurity but for the assistance which the agent's capital and business knowledge gave it. Formerly she had gone through her dexterous feats in a shabby dress and with no elaborate machinery. Now she bounded into the arena brilliant in the colours which best became her dark beauty. Then Toroni provided her with a staff of assistants. A gentleman in evening dress led her in and tried all the ropes, assistants swung in the net to try its strength, all the elaborate preparations were made by experts with grave solemnity. Inez could have done everything with Pedro's assistance, and without any of this display, but that would have been foreign to Toroni's notions. The spectators are tremendously impressed by elaborate preparations made in their presence, and by the sug-

gestion of danger which the tremendous care taken with every rope seems to imply. 'If you want people to make a fuss about you, my dear, make a fuss yourself.' That was what Toroni told Totty twenty times a month,—and from a professional point of view he was right.

Toroni had so much to attend to in London that he found it impossible to run over and see Inez, but from all quarters he received the most gratifying assurances of her success. Her last important engagement previous to her arrival in London was at the Paris Hippodrome, where she soon became the leading attraction. Glowing accounts of her beauty and daring were brought across the water by English visitors, and Toroni put forth his preliminary announcements.

It was soon understood that the famous Inez Montanes, 'now performing with brilliant success at the Paris Hippodrome amid unparalleled enthusiasm,' would speedily delight the eyes of Londoners, she having accepted an engagement at a leading London place of entertainment.

Toroni was careful in his advertisements not to let it ooze out too soon that she would appear in conjunction with the famous Zeta. He kept that to the last, when his picture-posters should be ready and his programme completed.

The engagement at the Paris Hippodrome drew to a close, and Inez and her faithful Pedro came across the Channel and took up their abode in the lodgings secured for them by Toroni. Toroni sent someone to meet them at the station and conduct them to the rooms, intending to call upon them early on the following morning, his business engagements preventing him from doing so on the evening of their arrival.

Pedro, who had gone through the Continental tour bravely, was strangely distressed coming across the Channel. He heard much English talked on board the boat, and that set him thinking. He sat and mumbled and talked to himself, and tried to recollect things. After they landed at Folkestone Inez was positively alarmed. His face was hot and flushed, and he talked so loudly and grew so excited that he attracted attention. She whispered to him to be calm, but he answered her that he was thinking, that he was trying to recollect where he had seen this sea, and this landing-place, and this railway-station before. He was quieter on the journey up to town, and slept a little; but when they were in the cab, driving to the lodgings Toroni had taken for them, he kept thrusting his head out of window and gesticulating. He knew this place, he knew that; he recognised a shop in a side street, and repeated the name over the door twenty or thirty times.

Inez soon grew really alarmed. There was a wild look in his eyes which alarmed the girl, and he kept exclaiming, 'Oh, my head! Oh, my head!' At last, overcome with excitement, he threw himself back on the seat of the cab and sobbed like a child, crying out in Spanish that he was going mad, and that his head would burst.

Inez explained to Toroni's representative that her companion was subject to these strange fits, and that when excited a former injury to his head caused him intense pain. When the cab stopped at their destination, and all the luggage was safe indoors, and her guide had left, she sat down by Pedro and endeavoured to distract his attention. She talked to him of Spain, of

their travels, of the old life at the country fairs, and finally of when she was a little child, and he used to call her his little daughter.

‘Little daughter!’

He repeated the words and started up.

‘Yes; that is what I have been trying to think of, Inez. These streets that we have passed through, these people, and these scenes are all familiar to me. Why? Because it was here that I once had a little daughter, a child—oh, I remember her now—fairer than you, with big blue eyes and waving hair.’

‘Nonsense, dear Pedro! It is some cruel dream that worries you when your head is bad. I am your daughter—your daughter Inez.’

‘Yes, you are my daughter Inez; but where is the other daughter that called me not Pedro, but some name I cannot remember—the fair one that sat on my knee here in a house like this, in a room like this? Is it a dream? Oh, great Heaven! see, what is that? It is a dog I knew long years ago.’

Pedro had rushed to the chimney-piece and held in his trembling hand a large china dog, which stood in the centre of the mantelshelf. Then he glanced rapidly round the room.

‘I know the pictures on the wall. Inez, I am waking from a dream! I have been asleep, and now I am opening my eyes after long years. Oh, I know all this so well—every corner of this room—everything about it. ‘Oh, my head, my head!’

The landlady of the house, a kind, motherly creature, came up to see if the foreign lady would like a cup of tea.

‘A cup of tea?’ repeated Inez, in her broken English. ‘What is a cup of tea?’

‘Ah, I forget, mem, you furrin ladies always drinks coffee.’

Pedro had risen from his chair when the woman came into the room.

‘A cup of tea,’ he said, when Inez had spoken. ‘Yes, I would like a cup of tea. I know what it is.’

‘Why, you’re English, sir! Lor, I made sure you was a Spanish gent, like madermoselle here.’

‘No, I am not a Spaniard. I am English—I am sure of it. I know what a cup of tea is. Bring me one.’

‘Yes, sir,’ answered the woman, looking inquiringly at Inez.

Inez understood the look, and touched her forehead significantly.

‘Hum!’ muttered the landlady to herself. ‘Mad. I hope he ain’t dangerous.’ Then she added aloud, ‘You shall have a cup of tea directly, sir.’

She was about to leave the room when Pedro called after her:

‘Stay, madam. This house belongs to you. Tell me, have I ever lived in it before? Do you know me?’

The landlady glanced at Inez for instructions, but receiving none, said boldly:

‘No, sir; I don’t know you. You never was here to my knowledge before; but I have only had the house seven years come Christmas.’

Pedro sat down again, and was lost in thought.

He hardly spoke again the entire evening, and Inez, who had suffered crossing the Channel, flung herself down on the little sofa and fell off to sleep.

She must have slept an hour or two, for when she woke it was quite dark, and the lamps were alight out in the street.

‘Pedro,’ she called softly, ‘ring the bell for lights.’

No answer.

‘He must have gone to his room,’ she thought. She felt nervous, and went upstairs and knocked at the door of the room which was to be his.

No answer.

She turned the handle and looked in. It was quite dark.

‘Pedro !’

Still no answer. The room was empty. She went downstairs and called over the banisters to the landlady, asking her, in broken English, if the gentleman had gone out.

‘Yes, madermoselle ; he went out two hours ago.’

Inez was alarmed directly. In his quietest moments Pedro was eccentric, and she or her father had always accompanied him when he went out. From the day they found him wounded by the roadside they had never allowed him to go far from the house alone. And now here he was, half mad with excitement, wandering about this strange city, of whose wickedness she had heard so much. The more poor Inez thought of Pedro’s helplessness and peculiarity, the more sensible she became of the danger he ran in wandering about these strange streets alone.

She sat trembling and watching from the window. Every dark form that turned the corner she thought was his ; but the hours went by and no Pedro came.

The clock struck several times while she kept her lonely vigil, and at last she counted the strokes.

Midnight !

Midnight in the mighty Babylon, the city of crimes ! And she sat alone and unprotected for the first time since her father's death, a stranger in a foreign land !

Midnight !—and Pedro, mad with excitement, was wandering about, a prey to the robbers and wicked ones of this terrible place, perhaps waylaid and stripped of his money and cruelly treated ; perhaps murdered and flung into some dark cellar or yawning abyss to lie till the judgment-day.

Inez had heard terrible tales of London crime, and she shivered and burst into a cold perspiration as one by one they came back to her mind.

She grew so terrified that she was afraid to move. All was quiet in the house, and the light outside in the hall had been put out long since. Her bedroom was on the next floor, but she dared not go to it.

She was riveted to the spot. A fascination of terror was upon her, and the rustling of her dress, as she shifted her position at the window-sill, made her shudder and go first hot and then cold.

'Holy Virgin, protect us both to-night !' she cried, and cast her eyes up to the heavens, where in all their silent glory the sentinel stars watched unmoved the wickedness and misery of the Babel below. The first hours of a new day clanged across the night, and with a violent effort Inez tore herself from the window and flung herself upon the sofa, breathing out prayers to heaven for Pedro's safety, and vainly endeavouring to still the beating of her heart.

Worn out with grief and terror she closed her eyes, and sleep came to her.

In the morning early she rose, put on her mantle and hat, and went out.

She had determined to go to Toroni at once, tell him about Pedro, and ask his assistance.

She went out in such a hurry that she forgot to ask the landlady what the number of the house was and what the name of the street, that she might know it again.

She turned back, and as she reached the house the little servant was cleaning the steps.

The servant next door was engaged in a like operation, and they were conversing.

Inez asked the girl the particulars she wanted, and received the required information. She wrote it down in case she should want to ask the way on her return.

'She's a rum un,' said the girl next door, pointing with her scrubbing-brush to the retreating figure of the Spaniard.

'What, our new lodger? Yes, she and the genelman as come with her's hackerabats. We're always a-havin' hackerabats a-lodgin' 'ere. That there Toroni reckermends 'em.'

'Does he know your missus, then?'

'Not in any way pertickler; only I've heerd as he was wery thick with a hackerabat as lived here wunst for many years. That was afore my missus come, and he's sent the perfeshun here ever sinst.'

'What hackerabat was that?—Leortard or Blonding, or anythink like that?'

'No; they was poorer people nor that, and lived in the garrit at last, cos the wife couldn't do nothink, and he got out o' work and lost hisselt abroad. His name

was Signer Zephio, and they called his wife Queen of the Aireyer, or somethink o' that sort, I've heerd.'

Toroni had sent Pedro and Inez to Zeph's old lodgings in Lambeth.

CHAPTER XII.

PEDRO'S DREAM.

WHEN Inez Montanes fell asleep in the Lambeth lodgings, tired out with the long day's journey and the rough passage across the Channel, Pedro, too, closed his eyes for a time.

The excitements of the day had been so many and so great that his head throbbed and everything seemed whirling round. He closed his eyes to try and concentrate his thoughts upon the subject which was struggling for supremacy in his disordered brain. The familiar scenes and objects had exercised a powerful influence over him, and his mind was in that condition when a powerful shock, either of grief, joy, or surprise, would probably have restored it instantly to its proper balance, and reason would have dispelled with its sudden rays of light the dark veil which had so long clouded his mental vision.

There are hundreds of instances on record where a sudden catastrophe has restored to its proper balance the brain which a sudden catastrophe had thrown wrong. Especially is this the case where loss of memory has been the prominent feature of the disease. A tree, a book, a face caught sight of for a moment, will often call to our minds instantly the long-forgotten scenes and

circumstances of our childhood—scenes and circumstances which have been effaced as it were from the tablets of our memory for half a lifetime, but revived by the magic influence of one familiar object, and now set there once again in all their primitive vividness.

If memories can be revived like this where they have faded naturally and in process of time, it is not difficult to understand that a sudden contact with once familiar objects will revive those memories which have been obliterated violently and by artificial means.

From the moment he set his foot on English soil the wandering mind of Pedro, the half-witted acrobat, had been undergoing the reviving process. The story of his life was written in his memory as it were in sympathetic ink ; that which would develop the lines gradually was the warmth of surrounding circumstances, and this warmth the hidden writing was everywhere encountering.

When Inez lay down he seated himself in the arm-chair by her side, and tried to think of all that had distressed him so much during the day. He closed his eyes and gradually dropped off to sleep. In his sleep there came to him a strange mysterious dream.

He dreamt that he was riding a fiery horse round and round a great circus, and that a beautiful girl with a little child in her arms would keep throwing herself under the horse's feet. The horse jumped over them every time ; and then they brought him a paper hoop, and he jumped through that and never came down on the horse's back at all, but somehow he found that he had jumped right into a little room where the same beautiful girl lay ill and couldn't move, and she seemed to know

him and kissed him ; and the little child had grown up, and kept running out and buying cabbages and tossing them in his lap.

And as fast as he caught the cabbages they turned into big brass balls, and he flung them up into the air and caught them again six at a time. And then, while he was just going to catch the little girl and throw her up too, she changed into a big acrobat, with a cruel face, and ran up his back and jumped on his shoulder ; and suddenly one of the big balls fell from the air and hit him on the back of the head, and he fell down, and he saw the big acrobat with the cruel face bend over him and feel his heart to see if he was dead.

Then, just as he was trying to get up and run away, the little girl came again to him, and stooped over him, and he saw that she had blue eyes and long waving hair ; and she said to him, ‘ Daddy, this is Banbury Cross. Make haste and get up, or you won’t see the lady go by on her horse !’

Then he jumped up, and the air was full of the music of bells, and the beautiful girl he had seen at the circus dashed past on a coal-black horse, and she had rings on her fingers and bells on her ankles ; and as she galloped by she seized the child and bore her off out of sight away into the gray mist.

Then he shrieked aloud for her to stop, and called after her, ‘ Come back ! come back !’ and ran at full speed ; and just as he thought he had lost them for ever a Spaniard came along with some mules, and he held up a paper hoop, and a little girl bounded through it and fell into his arms.

Then, in his dream, he clasped the child tightly and kissed it, but when he looked at its face the blue eyes

were black, and the light hair was dark, and the fair face was brown as a berry. But suddenly everything disappeared again, and he was in a little room. He could see everything in it distinctly. His wife was asleep on the sofa, and on his knee he had the fair child again, and he was giving her a ride and singing to her :

Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a fine horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

Then the child crowed aloud with delight and clapped her little hands, and shouted, 'Totty like dat, daddy ; Totty like dat !'

Totty !

The sleeper sprang from his chair.

Totty !

The word was on his lips as he woke. He heard it. He heard himself say it. Totty ! Where was she ? A minute ago he had her on his knee. Where had she gone ? He rubbed his eyes and looked round the room. What a strange dream he had had ! Why, it seemed as if years had passed. It was all such a dreadful muddle in the dream, and so absurd. He really felt quite stupid. Wherever had Totty gone ! It was almost dark, but he could see his wife covered up with the shawl and asleep on the sofa, poor thing ! Ah ! she would never be able to get about again, since the accident ! Totty must have run downstairs. He would go after her. Perhaps she'd gone up to the top of the street to buy the supper. Of course that was where she had gone. He would go and look for her.

He would not disturb his wife. He picked up his hat and stole quietly down the stairs, whispering as he went, 'Totty, Totty! where are you? Daddy wants you!'

But no Totty answered, and so he went out of the door and up the street to look for a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl buying a cabbage at a costermonger's stall.

CHAPTER XIII.

A PARTY OF THREE AT THE PIG AND BAGPIPES.

THE landlord of the Pig and Bagpipes, Queer Street, Westminster, was not, as a rule, very inquisitive about his customers. He did not ask the ladies who frequented his establishment if they were married to the gentlemen who treated them to gin, neither did he inquire too particularly of the young gentlemen who tossed for pots of four-half if their mammas knew that they were from home. He didn't expect that the shabby down-at-heel ruffians who crowded the side bar, and talked back-slang, were members of Parliament who had stepped across from St. Stephen's to discuss politics, free from the trammels of parliamentary language and the tyranny of the Speaker's eye. On the contrary, he was pretty sure that most of his regular customers had more to do with the breaking than the making of the laws; and he had not the slightest doubt that if they did take any interest at all in any legislative measure of the season it would probably be the Habitual Criminals Bill. Still, in Queer Street, Westminster, one must expect queer company, and the landlord of the Pig and Bagpipes was not in the least particular as to the

morality or social status of his customers so long as they paid for their drink, respected his property, and settled their quarrels off his premises.

He knew that his house was the resort of bad characters, and that any crime committed on his premises would tell against him on licensing day; and he kept a pretty sharp look-out to see that what he was pleased to term 'hanky-panky' was not carried on under his nose.

He objected strongly to countrymen being hocused and robbed in his tap-room, and he always gave a broad hint to 'confidence' tricksters to complete their programme outside his swinging doors.

I have said that the landlord was not, as a rule, inquisitive about his customers; but on this especial evening when we make his acquaintance he has broken through the rule.

There is a party of three in his tap-room. The two highly respectable-looking gentlemen of bucolic appearance, and evidently well-to-do farmers, he knows to be two of the cleverest 'sharps' in London; but the third 'party' he cannot make out at all. He has a half-foreign, half-professional appearance, and may be a confederate. But there is a strange look in the man's face, and he talks so rapidly and gesticulates so strangely that the landlord of the Pig and Bagpipes has a faint notion that he is, perhaps, a drunken foreigner whom these men wish to hocus and rob.

If his suspicion is correct, he'll stop it at once. He won't have that sort of thing on his premises. He's had it once, and he remembers what the magistrate said when he gave evidence at the trial.

‘Bless ‘em!’ he says to his wife—the word wasn’t ‘bless,’ but another, spelt with the same number of letters—‘Bless ‘em! they won’t pay no extry for their drinks. Why should I go and get myself into trouble for nothink? Jes for them! They gits the profit and I gits the loss if my license is marked.’

He doesn’t like the look of that party of three in the tap-room at all, and so he listens to the conversation as much as he can.

It is so perfectly innocent that the men talk aloud, and he can hear all they say quite easily.

One of the bucolic gentlemen is speaking to the foreign-looking man.

‘Have I seen her? Why, ain’t I told yer twice I seed her this very night, with my own eyes, a-standin’, just as you say, at the stall a-buyin’ a cabbage?’

‘Why can’t you take me to her now—now, sir? I lost her to-night—it seems years ago—my bright-eyed little Totty. I had her on my knee, and she disappeared. I fell asleep, and in my sleep I seemed to have wandered all over the world; and I woke, and the child was gone. She was——’

‘You needn’t go describin’ of her agin—we know where she is—don’t we, Bill? We see the cove as took her away by mistake for his own little gal. We know his ‘ouse. Why, his wife’s fust cousin to Bill’s arnt—ain’t she, Bill?’

Bill acquiesces silently. Bill does not join in the conversation as a rule. He listens and agrees, and nods.

‘Well, take me to her—I want to see her.’ He springs up and dashes his hand on the table. ‘I’ve

been looking for her every night for years—for centuries. I don't know what has happened to me—my brain seems on fire. Totty, Totty, Totty !'

The landlord runs in.

'Now then, gents, not so much row. What's up with the furrener? No larks here, ye know. What is it, mounseer?'

Pedro does not answer.

'Oh, it's all right, guv'nor,' says the bucolic gentleman. 'Our friend here, what we've known hever since infancy—hever since he cut his fust tooth, we may say—mayn't we, Bill?—he's lost his little gal a-shoppin', and we've seen her, and we're agoin' to find her out o' respect to the family as is connected with my friend Bill by marriage—ain't it, Bill?'

Pedro lifts his head from his hands and speaks to the landlord.

'It is quite true. I have lost my little child. We are going to find her.'

'Well, drink up,' says the landlord, 'and go, else p'r'aps you'll miss her.'

Bill's friend and Bill take the hint as it is intended. The landlord goes out, and Bill engages Pedro's attention while his friend drops something into the glass of stiff brandy that stands on the table in front of him.

'Now, then, old fellow, drink up,' he says, 'and we'll take yer to the little gal.'

Pedro instinctively lifts the glass to his lips and drains it in a hurry. Then the confederates take each an arm and walk him quickly out into the street.

The landlord goes to the door and looks after them.

''Tain't no business o' mine,' he mutters, 'what they

do with the furrener now, but I wasn't going to have *that* game here agin. He's got a deuced good chain on, and some shiners in his pocket, I'll bet, or *them* two wouldn't have devoted their precious time to him.'

* * * * *

On the following morning a man was found at an early hour wandering about the streets, making strange noises and behaving in an eccentric manner. He could give no account of himself, and was taken to the police-station. He was dressed in an old ragged suit and a battered hat. It was at first supposed that he had been robbed and stripped in some den and turned out, but it was afterwards discovered from his answers to questions that he was quite insane, and had probably escaped from a lunatic asylum.

An old envelope, addressed to William Eager, was found in the pocket, and a penknife with 'W Eager' scratched on the handle. When he was asked if his name was Eager he nodded his head and smiled. He was accordingly brought before the magistrate as William Eager, and this is the report that got into the newspapers :

'William Eager was charged with being a lunatic at large. P.C. Robinson deposed that he found him shouting and gesticulating and crying in the streets at an early hour that morning, and that he had ascertained from a letter and articles in his possession that his name was William Eager. The police-surgeon stated that the prisoner was certainly insane, and not responsible for his actions. The magistrate thereupon made out an order for his commitment as a pauper lunatic, and the prisoner was remanded.'

Inez Montanes read no English newspapers. If she had, she would not have connected William Eager with the missing Pedro. Toroni heard of Pedro's disappearance from Inez; he also heard all of his history that Inez knew, and of his strange hallucination that he had a wife and a little child with blue eyes and fair hair.

Toroni heard Inez out to the end, and promised her all the assistance in his power.

And when the door was closed, and she had returned to the lonely Lambeth lodgings, he paced the room, a prey to violent agitation, and wondered what he should do.

He had discovered in a moment that the missing Pedro was the long-lost Zéph.

CHAPTER XIV

INEZ WRITES A LETTER.

TORONI sat for an hour after Inez Montanes had left him, and wondered what he should do. There was not the slightest doubt that this half-witted acrobat who called himself Pedro, and had through an injury to his head forgotten his former life, was the father of his favourite pupil Totty. He was also the guardian of this Inez whom he had been so anxious to secure.

It seemed very strange that it should so have come about that the man they all thought dead should be so intimately connected with the great scheme he was now about to put into operation, and that the man he had long ago given up, and who had now so miraculously come to light, should have disappeared just at the

moment when all the actors in the strange life-drama were about to meet.

On the morning following Pedro's disappearance, had nothing happened, he would have taken Totty over to the Lambeth lodgings, and the four so strangely connected would have stood face to face within four walls—aye, even in the old lodgings where Toroni had first seen Totty a child on her father's knee, and had set his heart on securing her for the profession.

He felt rather guilty in the matter now, and although not more sensitive or superstitious than the ordinary Italian nature is, he fancied he saw the finger of Providence in the chain of circumstances which had brought him to secure Inez Montanes as a companion for Totty in her sensation flights on the aerial bar.

The more he thought of it the more it worried him. He was face to face with a new set of circumstances altogether, and he did not quite know what might be their ultimate effect upon his pet scheme. Totty was still under age, and Zeph was her father. Zeph had sworn he would rather see her in her grave than in the profession. What would he say when he found what she was doing?

But then, again, Zeph was Pedro, and Pedro was the guardian and constant companion of Inez, and he loved her like a daughter, and by his contract Toroni was bound to keep Pedro and pay him so long as he retained the services of Inez.

It was enough to upset a stronger brain than Toroni's, and it upset his very much.

Had he known where Pedro was—had he been able to see him and ascertain how far his memory had failed him

—he might have formed some notion of what was to be expected, and could have shaped his course accordingly.

But Pedro had disappeared—had disappeared just at a moment when, if Inez's facts were worth anything, the memory of old times was strong upon him, and the slightest thing might recall the whole past to his mind.

He might turn up at any moment. He might come face to face with Totty in the street. He might brush past Toroni and recognise him at any moment.

It made the agent quite hot to think about it. What should he say? How should he explain matters?

Then there was Totty. Should he warn her that at any moment she might be face to face with her long-lost father—the father she had mourned for years as dead?

No; certainly not.

He made up his mind on that point directly.

He knew her excitable, nervous temperament, and he knew that the surprise would make her seriously ill. The dangerous feats which she performed so gracefully required not only skill and daring, but a calm mind and an unshaken nerve. How could she depend upon eye or arm if every moment she was haunted by the thought that her father was near her, perhaps in the breathless crowd below watching her as she swung from bar to bar at a giddy height? Every cry from the audience she would fancy was one of sudden recognition from him.

No. At all hazards the secret must be kept from Totty. He would go round and see Inez at once, and warn her never to mention a word of her past or present history to her fellow-artiste.

But then, again, Pedro might return at once. He might be back again at the Lambeth lodgings now. In

that case he would be bound to let Totty know—unless—unless——

He hardly liked to say what he thought.

When he wanted Zeph out of the way once before he got him an engagement with a circus abroad, and accident had done the rest. Now, if Pedro, or rather if Zeph, had come back again, it occurred to Toroni that he might be kept out of the way for a while.

If he could only have time to perfect the Zeta-Inez sensation, and bring that off without Zeph's interference, he wouldn't mind. Then he could bring Totty and him quietly together, and trust to luck and his own skill for the rest.

But how could he keep Zeph out of the way if Pedro had returned? Pedro would accompany Inez and would see Totty. There was no means of avoiding it.

Toroni paced the room and talked to himself, and talked out loud, and stirred the fire and scratched his head; but still he saw no way out of the difficulty.

At last he picked up his hat and thrust it on his head.

'At any rate, I'll go round to Inez and make sure that she keeps her mouth shut,' he said; 'and if Pedro's come back I'll see what can be done.'

* * * *

Pedro did not come back. The weeks slipped away, and there came no news of him. Every day Inez pressed Toroni to make fresh exertions to find her guardian, and he promised everything she asked. But it was the old tale over again. The anxiety preyed upon Inez, and she grew nervous and was awkward on the bar, and in her rehearsals with Totty once or twice nearly brought both of them to grief.

It was very strange, but here, after the lapse of all these years, Toroni found himself in exactly the same position with Inez that he had been with Totty, and the same man was the cause of it—Zeph. He adopted his old tactics. To quiet Totty he had told her that Zeph was dead. To let her know the worst, and so settle her mind, as he thought, he concocted a long story, and told Inez that Pedro was dead.

The girl reeled back and turned pale, and then began to sob. But presently she dried her eyes, and looked very strangely at Toroni.

He didn't understand it.

'That's the Spanish way, I suppose,' he thought to himself. 'I've heard they soon get their grief over.'

But when the rehearsal was finished, and Inez was back at home, she sat down and thought of what Toroni had told her.

'It is not true,' she said to herself. 'It is a lie. I saw it in his face. Pedro is not dead, Senor Toroni, and I will find him. Why did you tell me not to say a word of him to Zeta? There is some secret about it. *You know where Pedro is, and you are keeping him out of the way* '

Inez took comfort from the thought. She saw that there was some mystery about Pedro which Toroni knew, and that he was anxious she should not speak to Totty about him.

Why?

'That I will soon know, Senor Toroni,' said the Spanish girl, as she wrote a letter. 'I'll tell Zeta all, and judge by the result what you know of Pedro.'

She sat down there and then and wrote a note to

Totty, asking her to come round and see her early on the following morning, as she had something of great importance to communicate to her, and requested that she would on no account let Toroni know either of the letter or of her visit.

‘How Spanish!’ said Totty, as she read the letter that evening on her return from the hall where she was then performing. ‘So mysterious; and I dare say, after all, it’s only some nonsense about this new double business. She wants me to wear pink instead of blue, because of her complexion, or something. “Say nothing to Toroni.” All right. If it’s anything wrong I can tell him afterwards.’

Totty put the letter carelessly in her pocket, and thought no more about it.

How little she dreamt what it meant, and what she was about to hear!

CHAPTER XV

TORONI IS TROUBLED.

Six weeks had passed away, and still no news had come to Toroni of the missing Pedro. Inez had told Totty all she knew, and Totty had gone deadly pale as the story advanced, and had swooned in Inez’s arms when it was finished. Like Toroni, she had not the slightest doubt now that this Pedro was her father, the long-lost Signor Zephio. When Inez had described his appearance to her, and how he used to talk of the lady and the fine horse and the little girl—herself—and when she heard of his recognising the things in the room where they

then sat, and the street, it was impossible for her to doubt it. Child as she was when her father went abroad and her mother died, everything had made a deep impression on her, and she recollected all the details of those days of toil and struggle.

Inez was greatly distressed when she found that she had inflicted such misery upon her companion. She felt that Toroni was right in keeping his knowledge from her, and she quite understood his reasons.

It was so cruel for poor Totty to know that her father had been restored to her, as it were, had been within five minutes' walk of her, and yet at the moment when it seemed impossible they could be kept any longer apart they were once more divided, and perhaps this time for ever.

'It is so cruel,' she sobbed out, as Inez slipped her arm round her waist and tried to comfort her. 'It is cruel to you and to me; just when we might all have been so happy. And poor daddy's gone now, and I shall never see him again.'

The old familiar term of childish endearment came naturally to her lips. Zeph had always been 'daddy' to her. She was a child when she lost him.

Inez, borne down as she was by her own grief for the loss of Pedro, whom she dearly loved, tried her best to comfort Totty.

'We are sisters now, Totty,' she said. 'You will not be jealous that I call your father also mine? Together we love him. Together let us pray for him, that he may yet be restored to us.'

* * * * *

Before the girls separated they agreed that Toroni

should not know of their interview. They would cherish their sorrow in secret. They both, however, came to the conclusion that Pedro was not dead, but that Toroni had had him taken away that Totty might not see him and recognise him. Totty knew enough of the profession and legal matters to know that if Zeph was alive he could claim his daughter's services, and prevent Toroni profiting by her any longer, as he had trained her and brought her out without his consent. At least, this was her idea, and Inez shared it. They never suspected anything worse of Toroni than that Pedro was being kept by him in another part of London till all chance of his meeting Totty could be removed. Still, with it all there was the fear that after all he might be dead, and all Toroni said might be true.

With many mutual assurances of sisterly affection the girls parted after their strange interview, and from that moment they were as sisters, united by the holiest bonds of sympathy which could link two hearts together.

Toroni noticed their friendship, but never suspected the cause. He was glad to see it, for the day of their *début* in the famous double-trapeze scene was approaching rapidly, and now they were such fast friends there would be less chance of jealousy.

Only he noticed occasionally that the girls looked pale and out of sorts, and once he saw that they had both been crying.

'Inez is fretting after Pedro,' he said to himself; 'but what the dickens is Totty blubbering about? She can't be in love.'

The idea was too horrible to be entertained for a moment. Toroni dismissed it with a smile.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE GREAT SENSATION

THE night of Toroni's new sensation had arrived. For weeks the walls of London had been adorned with huge posters of two gorgeously-attired maidens gambolling in mid-air.

Toroni was almost as famous for his posters as he was for his sensational novelties, and the pictures which he had designed to represent 'Night and Morning' were well calculated to work up the excitement among sight-seers.

There, in the broad expanse of the heavens, dotted with innumerable stars, floated Inez, the imperial representative of Night, brilliant in a black silk corset and trunks and crimson hose. The lithographic artist had laid on the crimson and black *con amore*, and a very startling figure it was as seen from the tops of omnibuses. Inez typified Night, and her eyes were black and her complexion olive, and in her black floating hair the artist had inserted several golden stars and a crimson rose. Inez had half the poster to herself, and Zeta had the other half. The other half represented Morning. The sky of this half was beautifully rosy, to typify dawn, and rays of mustard-coloured sunshine were gilding a few distant spires. Beneath this lovely sky, close enough to touch it with her head, floated Zeta, in a beautiful pale blue and cream colour. Zeta was Morning, and the artist had given her a sweet smile and very red cheeks, and very blue eyes, and very golden hair, in order that she might form the strongest

possible contrast to the lady on the other side of the poster.

Everyone who saw the poster talked about it. It was striking and effective, and the notion was sufficiently original to challenge attention.

Talking about the pictorial performance on the hoardings, the conversation naturally passed on to the real performance which was shortly to take place at the Royal —, the great Metropolitan Palace of Varieties.

A week before the performance took place an army of sandwich-men paraded London with the following bill :

TORONI'S NEW SENSATION !
 INEZ AND ZETA.
 NIGHT AND MORNING.
 THE FALL OF NIGHT
 THE DAWN OF DAY.
 INEZ AND ZETA !
 I N E Z A N D Z E T A !!
 ROYAL — PALACE OF VARIETIES.
 MONDAY NEXT.
 TORONI'S NEW SENSATION.

Preliminary puff paragraphs appeared in the organs of publicity ; the manager of the Royal — made the usual announcement 'To the Public,' in which the expressions 'enormous expense' and 'astounding performance' were printed in very large capitals ; and sensation-mongers prepared themselves for a treat, and determined to be present at the first performance, if they had to fight for standing-room.

The evening arrived.

Every detail had been perfected ; the new and elaborate machinery had been thoroughly tested. Zeta and Inez were full of confidence, and Toroni looked forward to the most brilliant *coup* of his successful career.

The whole programme had been carefully arranged and thought out, and it not only gave plenty of scope for daring feats, but, if properly and skilfully carried out, a really poetical idea would be elaborated before the audience. The limelight played an important part in the show, and the effects were so arranged as to be striking and dramatic. The principal sensational effect was the headlong fall of Night from the trapeze as Morning shot up in the air and took her place. Here there was what is known as a trick change on the stage from which the dives were made. The scenery at the back and the entire surroundings, which had been symbolical of moonlight and starlight during Inez's reign upon the bar, suddenly changed to the glow of mellow sunshine and all the glory of glad leaf and flower when Zeta shot up from the stage erected at the back of the hall, and alighted on the bar Inez had just swung down from. The machinery was so contrived that the girls met and passed each other like shooting stars in the centre of the hall, and in case of an accident a net was spread along underneath the line of flight.

After this scene the girls were again shot into the air by hidden springs; but this time they met and caught the bar of a single trapeze which was lowered from the centre of the hall. Here, in the full blaze of the limelight, they swung round and round on the single bar, now Inez uppermost and now Zeta. The limelight was so managed that when Night came up she appeared resplendent in the rays of the moon, and when Morning came up a silver light fell upon her. These changing lights came upon the girls as they revolved round and round the bar, and the striking contrasts of the dark and

fair beauty and of their effectively devised costumes were certain, Toroni thought, to 'fetch' a large public, and he had spared no expense in carrying out every detail to perfection.

The evening arrived, and the hall was crammed to suffocation. Well-known faces in the world of art and letters peeped from the private boxes, and the stalls were full of men more often seen at a theatrical first night than at an acrobatic *première*.

The conjuring and the entertainments went by in almost dumb show, and were hurried through. Nobody cared for such everyday affairs to-night. Everyone was on the tiptoe of expectation for Toroni's new sensation.

To save time, all the ropes were fixed and tried, and everything was arranged before the doors were opened. Even the net was fixed, and had only to be lowered from above to its proper position.

The performance was timed for nine o'clock, and exactly as the hand of the clock in front of the gallery pointed to that hour, Toroni stepped on the stage and bowed to the audience. He received what is popularly termed an ovation, and bowed his gracious acknowledgment right and left.

Then he put on the professional look of caution and anxiety which the managers of acrobatic entertainments are always supposed to wear, and proceeded to tug at ropes and hang on to them, and give whispered directions to the officials who were running about, lowering the net and the bars and the apparatus, and getting everything ready for the long-expected sensation.

At last everything was ready, the band played a few

bars of music, and then the heavy curtains were held aside, and Zeta and Inez bounded on the stage.

There was a roar of genuine admiration.

The men waved their hats and the ladies waved their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the roof rang again with the cheers and the applause.

Inez and Zeta, admirably set off by their costumes, afforded a splendid contrast, and Toroni himself, who now saw them together for the first time in the full blaze of the light, felt that he had indeed played a trump-card in this 'Night and Morning' notion.

The applause was gradually hushed down, and then the girls took their appointed places on the traps, and the performance commenced.

As the whole change-scene was worked from the stage, it was necessary that the flights should be worked from the opposite end of the hall, and here a temporary stage had been erected, to which, amid the breathless attention of the spectators, Toroni and the two girls proceeded. This place was curtained in, so that nothing was seen of the performers until they shot up into the air and flew towards the various bars hanging in the centre of the hall and on the stage.

The first part of the performance went off admirably. Inez, as Night, swung gracefully aloft among the stars and the clouds, and executed the dexterous and graceful feats which had won her her Continental fame.

Then a bell struck suddenly, and Night shot off to the other end of the hall out of sight, and lo! Morning reigned in her stead, and, bathed in the bright lime-light, Zeta hung gracefully in mid-air, like a goddess of old fable resting on a sunbeam.

The audience were delighted. They roared themselves hoarse, and banged their umbrellas till the ribs broke and the ferules gave way. The sea of white, up-turned faces bore all one look—a look of intense wonder and admiration. Toroni was flushed with pleasure and excitement. The sensation had succeeded beyond all his hopes.

There is a pause in the entertainment, and on the little curtained platform stand Toroni and Inez and Zeta.

They have gone through the crossing and the meeting, and now they have come to the last sensation which concludes the performance.

They are standing side by side on a single trap, and they are being bound together by a strong leather belt, so placed that the audience do not detect it.

They are to be shot into the air together, and are to catch the highest trapeze, the one hanging from the roof of the great hall.

They are standing quite motionless and ready. Their arms are raised above their heads, and the hands curved ready to grasp the bar when they are hurled against it.

Toroni has his hand upon the spring of the trap.

‘Are you ready?’ he says.

The girls reply ‘Yes.’

Then they draw a deep breath simultaneously. There is a click, a shout from the audience, and Zeta and Inez, shot like arrows from a bow, are cleaving the air, up to the giddy height of the roof and the iron girders.

A second and they will have seized the bar.

And in that second a sharp cry rings across the hall, and a voice shouts, ‘Inez !’

Inez hears it, and knows it.

'Pedro!' she shrieks; and in that one second the mischief is done.

There is a wild cry from the audience, and the men spring to their feet.

They have missed the bar!

They are coming down headlong through the air!

The people rush from under the net.

Toroni has sprung forward, his face ghastly white.

It is all done in a second and over.

There is a crash into the net, a sharp shriek, and the bodies bound up again.

In the confusion and the rush of people to get away the net is forced on one side, and as the girls fall again it tilts, and they throw out their arms and try to seize the side.

A moment and they will be hurled to the ground, and maimed and crushed.

The women go sick with fear and turn away, and then a great roar goes round the crowd, and the women look again.

A strange-looking man, with wild eyes, has seized Inez and Zeta as they were falling, and holds them both against his breast.

The girls' faces are deadly white, and their eyes are closed in fear.

As they feel the clasp of the strong arms their eyes open.

'Pedro!' cries Inez.

'Father!' cries Zeta.

The man with the wild eyes had looked only to Inez. As Zeta speaks he turns swiftly and looks in her face.

‘Totty!’ he shrieks. ‘My child, my child! Totty, look at me! I am your father!’

‘Who is this man?’ says the proprietor of the hall, who has rushed on to the scene.

‘Who am I?’ cries Pedro. ‘I will tell you who I am. I know now. *I am Zeph, the acrobat, and these are my children.*’

In the sudden recognition of his child his reason had come again.

CHAPTER XVII.

BACK AT LAMBETH.

IN the little parlour of the Lambeth lodgings, on the morning following the first performance of Toroni’s great sensation, sat Pedro—now Pedro no longer, but Zeph.

He was very pale, and his eyes were red with tears.

On a low hassock at his feet sat Totty, his long-lost daughter, holding his hand in hers; and Inez, her beautiful face full of love and anxiety, was whispering to him words of comfort in the soft syllables of her native tongue.

Poor Inez felt that though she had found Pedro again, she had lost a father. She knew his story now, and had no right to his affection. She had robbed Totty of a father’s love all these years, now she must not interpose any longer. She was an interloper, and she felt it.

They had been up all the night in the little parlour, and it had been a strange party.

The girls, shaken only by their fall, and confused by

the startling event which succeeded it, had been carried into the manager's private room, and Zeph and Toroni had followed them.

Both Totty and Inez, as soon as they recovered, begged Toroni to leave them with Zeph, and come round to Lambeth in the morning.

Zeph had not spoken to the agent one single word. His whole attention seemed concentrated on the two girls, and when Toroni, glad to postpone a troublesome explanation till he should be in a calmer frame of mind, sidled out of the door, and left Inez and Zeta to their newly-found protector, the acrobat never looked up, and took no notice of his muttered 'Good-night.'

How they got home they seemed all too dazed to recollect, but midnight found them all together in the little parlour where Pedro had recognised the china dog on the mantelpiece.

All night they sat and talked.

Zeph was fully restored to his proper senses; of that neither of the girls entertained the slightest doubt. He remembered his past history and everything up to the time he had been found by the father of Inez in the Spanish lane.

This sudden recognition of his child had brought the whole past back as if by magic, and the last barrier to complete recovery had been swept away by the mighty torrent of reminiscences which suddenly flooded his brain.

Little by little his whole life-history came to him, and when he remembered his last parting with his wife and child before that fatal journey abroad, he caught Totty to his arms, and laying his head upon her neck, wept aloud.

Totty, glad as she was once more to see the father who was dear to her by every memory of her happy childhood, was distressed by the same thought which had caused Zeph to break down.

He had soon guessed the fate of his poor wife, and now, as they sat together, hand in hand, after long years of separation, the thoughts of the father were far away in the little grass-grown grave where the Queen of the Arena slept her last sleep, dust in the beautiful eyes that had watched night and day through many a weary month for the return of the wanderer.

‘ Oh, if she could be with us now ! ’

That was the thought which haunted Totty and Zeph alike, and as their tears fell thick and fast Inez crept out of the room, and in the silence of her own chamber flung herself upon the bed and sobbed. She had no right to share in the grief of father and daughter. It was sacred—a thing in which she had no part. The sensitive Spanish girl felt that she was in the way; that she belonged to a period of Zeph’s life which was ended now for ever. Totty noticed her absence and crept after her, kissed her, and brought her back again.

‘ We are sisters, dear Inez ; let us be both together with our father now. He needs us both.’

Little by little Zeph grew more calm, and then he explained to the girls how he had come to see them at the hall.

He told them how he had been found in the street, after being robbed of all his money and his watch and chain. He had been Inez’s treasurer, and had about him all the salary for the last month at the Hippodrome.

He had been drugged, he felt sure, for when found in the street he was not in his own clothes, and his head was very strange and queer.

He had been sent to the lunatic asylum ; but in a day or two he got much better and calmer, and the keepers, seeing how sensible and quiet he was, allowed him to do as he liked.

The medical man saw him and said he was quite harmless, and Zeph explained to him how he had come to be sent there. 'I am quite sane,' he said, 'though a little queer in my head from a blow now and then. Can't I be let out ?'

The doctor shook his head and said he would see what could be done, and as he went out he whispered to one of the keepers.

'You want to be let out, do you?' said the keeper presently.

'Oh yes,' said Zeph ; 'to find my little child.'

'Well, we none on us think you ought to be here, but the process of getting you out is rather a long one. It's much easier to get you in. It wants certificuts and examinashins and all that sort of thing ; and if the Government gent. was in a hurry or a temper, and you didn't please him, chances are he'd send you back and say you was as mad as a March 'are. No, I don't think you can get discharged yet awhile.'

Zeph's face fell.

'But how shall I do ? Must I stop here for ever ?' he said piteously.

'Well, you know, of course as long as you're here you're an expense to the country, and if you're sane you may as well keep yourself. Now, just listen to me.

We don't want a lot of sane people here leading a lazy life and enjoying themselves, and having all the good things as is meant for the poor critters as ain't got their wits. So don't you go for to try and escape, 'cos we shouldn't take the trouble to make no inquiries after you much, and you might get away and lose the board and lodging free gratis for nothing as a generous country perwides you with.' The keeper winked his eye violently, put his finger to the side of his nose, and left Zeph to his meditations.

On the following day, curiously enough, he was sent into the governor's private garden to do some rather dirty work, and was handed his own old clothes to put on, so as not to soil those provided for him.

He climbed over the wall in a second and ran as fast as he could till he got out of sight of the asylum, and asked how far it was to London of the first person he met.

Ten miles.

His heart leaped with joy; he had no money in his pockets to ride with, but he could walk it in three hours. He inquired his way every now and then, and got to London in the evening, and made his way to the Lambeth lodgings.

The door was open, and he walked in and went straight to his own room and washed and dressed himself.

The landlady was surprised to see him, but he told her he had been in the country.

Inez was out, and he asked where she was.

'Dear heart alive, don't you know?' said the woman; 'why, ain't to-night the first night of the great sensation

at the Ryle —— Pallis of Varieties, and ain't she Night and that there Zeta Morning ?'

Zeph remembered then that it was about the date when her London engagement would commence. Somehow or other the events of the last few weeks had again altered the bent of his thoughts, and he had forgotten all about his dream and Totty, and remembered only Inez.

It was eight when he had finished dressing, and he at once went out and made his way to the hall where Zeta was to appear.

What happened we know, and Zeph finished his story, and Inez and Totty told him all that had occurred since his disappearance, and then they began to talk about the future.

Zeph's first outburst of grief at the loss of his wife over, he grew more cheerful, and as the morning advanced the tears ceased, and every now and then a ripple of laughter would run round the little room.

They were arranging their plans for the future.

They were all three to live together in a little cottage close to London, with roses round the porch, and a big back garden full of wallflowers and bluebells and currant-bushes.

That was Totty's idea.

Inez didn't know much about bluebells and currant-bushes, but she was quite sure that where Pedro was happy she should be happy too.

So they chatted on, building their castles in the air, till they talked themselves sleepy, and then Totty suggested, as they had been up all night, perhaps they'd better get a few hours' sleep, or they would not be fit for the performance in the evening.

The performance !

That pulled them all up sharp directly, and Zeph remembered that his daughters did not belong to him ; that their lives were at the mercy of their master—Toroni, the agent.

* * * * *

The Zeta-Inez performance took place as usual that evening, and the news of the accident of the previous night attracted an enormous crowd. The knowledge that there *was* danger in ‘The Great Sensation’ doubled its attractiveness. The British public, which is so humane and tender-hearted that it does not wish garrotters to be flogged, will rush in its thousands to a place of amusement on the chance of seeing women and children break their necks or dash their brains out.

Toroni had convinced Zeph that whatever his legal rights might be with regard to Totty, he would have great difficulty in getting the agent’s claim to her services set aside ; and Inez and Zeta joining in the discussion, it was agreed that the engagements should all stand till the end of the season.

Only Toroni, anxious to make himself safe, agreed to pay Zeph handsomely, and to allow Totty to take up her residence with him. And from that time the girl’s home was once more in the old Lambeth lodgings, where she had been tossed, a blue-eyed baby, on her father’s knee.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A WREATH OF IMMORTELLS.

THREE years have passed away, and Inez and Zeta are still the stars of the profession.

Their fame is European, but it is whispered that they are about to retire.

It is well known that they have netted a large fortune, for since the death of Toroni, the agent, which happened about six months after their first appearance together, they have received handsome offers from all the largest places of entertainment in Europe, and have everywhere been received with enthusiasm. Their affairs have lately been managed by Signor Zephio, who accompanies them on their travels, and who is now their recognised agent.

Their last appearance takes place in London, and it is understood that they will retire at once into private life, and that the flying trapeze will know them no more.

Rumour in this case is true. The girls, attached as they have become to the life of excitement and constant change, are yet willing to give it all up and live with Zeph in the pretty little house in the suburbs which he has bought out of the fortune they have accumulated. They have realized by their talents a sum which will keep them all, if properly invested, for the rest of their days.

* * * * *

It is the morrow of the final appearance of Zeta and Inez in the great sensation of 'Night and Morning,' and by a grave in one of the great cemeteries there stand a closely-shaven, professional-looking gentleman and two young ladies.

The gentleman stands bareheaded and reads the inscription on a handsome marble slab which has just been put in its place :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
E L L E N,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF
ZEPHANIAH SMITH,
PROFESSIONALLY KNOWN AS
S I G N O R Z E P H I O.

It had been a whim of the acrobat that his professional name should appear. It was the one under which he had wooed and won his wife, and it was the name he bore during the happiest years of their wedded life.

Zeph and Totty stand reverently by the resting-place of the Queen of the Arena, who passed away in the days of their poverty. They would give all their wealth now to have her with them.

Zeph bends down and places a wreath upon the beautifully kept grave.

They go abroad on the morrow for a month to Spain.

It is the wish of Inez to revisit the scene of her childhood and her father's grave, and Totty, too, is anxious to see the country in which 'Pedro' spent so many years of his life.

The girls are sisters now, for is not Zeph a father to them both?

As with a last lingering look they turn to leave, Inez stoops down and reverently digs up a tiny forget-me-not by the root.

'I will take this to Seville, dear father and sister,' she says, 'and plant it on a grass-grown mound that we shall find in a quiet burial-ground there. It will link our dead as we are linked, and the same sweet English flower will blossom then upon the grave of the father of Inez and the mother of Zeta.'

Totty takes her hand.

‘Zeta no more, dear Inez; that life is ended. Henceforth I am Totty, and Signor Zephio disappears for ever from the scene.’

Signor Zephio sighs. The name is dear to him from the memory of old days, and it is like parting with an old friend to lay it aside; but in the new life which they are about to lead they are determined that no trace of the old one shall cling.

As they walk down the gravel path to the cemetery gates they meet the man who is paid handsomely to keep the grave in order and tend the flowers.

He touches his hat, and Totty steps aside to speak to him.

‘You will find a wreath of immortelles there,’ she says, pointing towards the grave they have just left. ‘See that it remains where I have laid it.’

With the remark she slips a sovereign into the man’s hand. He thanks her and she is gone.

He goes to the grave at once to see the new wreath.

It is very large, and it has an inscription in black letters.

He reads it aloud to himself.

‘Well, that’s the rummiest thing I ever seed in a churchyard,’ he says. ‘I knew they was swells, because they paid so handsome, but I didn’t know as it was a furrin queen they’d got buried in the cheapest part of the ground.’

This was the inscription on the wreath of immortelles:

‘To the Queen of the Arena, from Totty and Zeph.’

JO POWELL'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ROAD.

THE great highway was white with fallen snow. The powdered trees and hedges stood out against the blackness of the night, and the slight sounds of life in the scattered villages rang clear through the frosty air. Rumbling along the loneliest part of the road that lies between Bedfont and Hounslow came a waggon laden high with holly and mistletoe. Cracking his whip and whistling merrily,

‘Oh, it’s my delight,
On a shiny night,
In the wintry time of year,’

the waggoner sat on the shafts and accepted the jolting over the ruts as a matter of course. And it was a matter of course to old Dave Finnighy. All winds and all weathers Dave had come along that road bound for Covent Garden Market once every week, and he knew every inch of it. So did the horses. They knew it so well that they knew where Dave pulled up for his last pint this side of Brentford, where he got off the shafts

and helped them uphill, and where they had to back a bit to have the skid put on. Dave used to declare that they knew whether they were drawing bunch-greens or savoys, but I don't go so far as that. I do believe, though, on this particular occasion they knew that they were laden with the red and white berries and the bright green sprigs for Christmas-time, for they trotted along, tossing their heads in the air, as much as to say, 'We're coming, you smoke-dried, pale-faced Londoners. We are bringing you the beautiful berries from the country to hang about your halls and your parlours. While you are asleep in your beds we are trotting merrily along the hard white road, and when you get up to-morrow the greengrocers' carts will be piled high with the "Christmas" that we've brought to the market.' Dave swears his horses always trot to the Christmas market. 'See 'em with a load o' summer cabbages, and mark the difference,' he says. 'Bless you! there's a lot o' poetry in a horse's nature.' Perhaps the difference of the seasons has something to do with it, and Dave's horses can't afford to be poetically frisky in the dog-days.

Now, all the fifteen years that Dave has travelled this way behind a pair of cart-horses he has never known their poetical feelings developed to the extent of shying right across the road—till to-night.

'Dang the 'osses!' he exclaims, making a wild grab at Dobbin's tail to save himself from going headlong off the shafts. 'What the dev——? Hullo, guv'nor, where did you come from?' Ahead of him, in the roadway, there stands the figure of a man, with his arm uplifted. It is this man's sudden apparition in their path that has startled the horses.

The spoken answer comes clear on the frosty air. Spoken!—rather is it wailed!

‘For the love of God stop and listen to me!’

Dave has slipped off the shafts and approached the stranger. ‘What is it, mate?’ he asks kindly; ‘be ye ill, or murdered, or——’ He stops suddenly. Standing close to the man, he has seen something which causes him to spring back quickly into an attitude of defence.

The stranger who has stopped him on the highway at midnight wears the dress of a convicted felon.

‘Don’t shrink back from me; I don’t want to harm you; I want your help. For four days and nights I have been crawling along behind hedges and over ploughed fields, hiding in thickets and ditches by day, tramping along under the cover of the night. I haven’t tasted bite nor sup all that time. I’m perished with cold, and my feet are cut to the bone. Give me a lift, for God’s sake! help me now, and I’ll pray God for you all the days o’ my life.’

Dave scratches his honest head, and still holds the butt-end of his whip in readiness for action.

‘You be a convict, guv’nor,’ he answers presently, ‘and you’ve escaped from gaol, I suppose. I’m an honest man as pays his way, and says his prayers for himself. Why should I go for to make myself as bad as you by helpin’ you? Perhaps you was innocent. Most of you coves are, ‘cordin’ to your own way o’ tellin’ the story. Get out o’ the way and let me pass.’

Down on his trembling knees in the snow the convict sinks, and raises his clasped hands to the waggoner.

‘Hear me! I escaped from gaol four days ago. Up

in London there I believe my wife, that I would have given my heart's blood to save, lies dyin' I swore in my cell when she wrote as I might never see her again, that I *would*. If there was mercy in heaven I believed that God would hear my prayer. I shrieked my petition for help to the Throne of Grace from the lonely dungeon where I lay, and He heard me. I escaped. I got clear away, and I've got here—here where I can almost see the lights of London. I can't move another step nearer the great town without detection. Up in a miserable attic over there my wife lies dying, my name perhaps even now upon her lips. I have dared so much to get so near; will you not help me home? God will reward you. Think of your own wife at home, and if you should be within a few miles of her and then be struck down upon the road, to moan for help, and no help should come! For your wife's sake, for the sake of a poor dying woman and a weak, heartbroken wretch, have pity on me now; have pity—pit——'

The convict could not finish the sentence. The exertion and the excitement following on the exhaustion caused by four days of travel and starvation had done their work, and he fell forward in the snow at the waggoner's feet.

'Dang it all, old chap!' exclaimed Dave, 'don't 'ee take on like that. Here, I'll help you, Lord love yer, whatever it costs. Here, take a sup o' this, it 'ull do you good.'

The kindly-hearted fellow raised the convict's head, and, kneeling beside him in the snow, poured the contents of his little brandy-bottle down his throat. The fiery liquor revived the man, and he opened his eyes.

'You'll help me!' he gasped.

'Ay, ay, lad; never fear. There's summut in your way o' talkin' as makes me believe you, and if you're a tellin' lies they're on your soul, and not mine. But I can't take you into London in them clothes, ye know. A convict atop of a load o' holly ain't seen in Covent Garden so often as not to be noticed, ye know. Here, I know; shove this on—it'll hide them prison things, and keep ye warm.'

Quietly divesting himself of his big, long waggoner's coat, Dave put it gently over the convict's shivering form, and then, giving him his old glazed wet-weather hat to put on his head, hoisted him up on to the shafts.

'Now, sit tight, guv'nor,' he whispered, 'and don't be afeard; you're my mate. Hold on well, mind, 'cos these here horses knows they're nigh town, and they goes over the ruts anyhow as soon as they sees the lights o' London.'

* * * * *

Rumbling along over the hard, white road went Dave Finnighy's load of holly, bound for the Christmas market. And Dave himself held the stranger firmly on the shafts, and never felt the loss of his overcoat. Only every now and then he looked at the man by his side, and once he muttered, 'Poor chap! if I'm a compoundin' a felerny, as they calls it, I can't help it. I know my old woman 'ud say I was right if she could see him and hear him carry on about his missis.'

The moment Dave had made up his mind that his deed would have the approval of his 'old woman,' he ceased to trouble himself any further on the score of criminality. His old woman was supreme arbiter in all

questions where he was concerned, and now that his conscience whispered that she would concur he was happy in his mind.

Nearer and nearer to London drew the holly cart. Hyde Park Corner was passed, and then they jolted over the stony streets in the early hours of the morning. About three the horses halted at their well-known spot in the Garden, and looked round for their nosebags ; but before Dave put them on he lifted his human burden gently from the shafts.

‘ Now, mate,’ he whispered, setting the man on his trembling legs, ‘ cut along, and get to your journey’s end while it’s dark. Nobody won’t notice nothing under that coat, and you can give it me next time we meet. Ha ! ha !’

The stranger never spoke. He put out his hands and clasped the waggoner’s brawny fist and shook it feebly. Then he turned and shuffled off painfully towards the Strand.

The waggoner suddenly plucked something from the cart and ran after him.

‘ Here, mate,’ he whispered, ‘ take this here, and give it to your missis and something with it, and say it’s with Dave Finnighy’s best love and wishin’ her better.’

The waggoner had given the convict a sprig of mistle-toe.

CHAPTER II.

BESS.

It is the morning of the 24th of December, and the great city is getting ready for Christmas. East and west,

north and south, the note of preparation has been sounded. Do not for a minute let it be supposed I insinuate that there was an air of frivolity or joviality about the commercial centre of civilization. To represent Londoners preparing for a festival in a manner inconsistent with business deportment would be to libel them. The busy bees of Babylon prefer on such occasions to improve the shining hour (I should not like to be compelled to indicate on the clock the 'shining' hour of a London 24th of December), and they prepare for Father Christmas by dragging that miserable old gentleman into their service as a trade decoy-duck. And a very fine old decoy-duck he makes! The worst of meat fetches twopence a pound extra if you call it 'Christmas beef,' the leanest of turkeys and geese fetch fancy prices if you ticket them 'Christmas poultry,' and all the fancy trash that is unsaleable for eleven months in the year is fought for by enthusiastic purchasers if you label it 'Christmas presents.' So when I say that London was preparing for Christmas, I mean that the shops were very gay, the shopmen very busy, and the thoroughfares crowded with bargain-hunting humanity. Even the Borough was gay. I know it is very hard for anyone acquainted with that famous metropolitan district to realize such a state of things, but I assure you it was a fact. The butchers' shops and the grocers' shops were decorated with imitation holly leaves and small flags, and the drapers' windows were bright with Christmas presents in silver and gold, 'any of this lot sixpence,' and wax dolls and highly-coloured ornaments for the Christmas-tree, and the hundred-and-one useless knick-knacks which at any other season of the year a right-minded draper in the Borough

would reject with scorn. But at Christmas-time, even in the Borough, people will waste money, and so they must be provided with the excuse in the handiest and, to the vendor, the most profitable shape. Mr. Moggs, the leviathan of the neighbourhood, has this year distanced all competitors in his magnificent display. First of all, he has backed-in his window with a red baize curtain on which is artistically stitched in white tape the compliment of 'A Merry Christmas to you all,' and in order that you may have something to make merry with, Mr. Moggs's window is crammed with pin-cushions, thimble-cases, work boxes, paper-knives, ink-stands, blotting-books, purses, scent-bottles, date-indicators, watch-stands, and other small articles declared in bold black letters by Mr. Moggs himself to be 'useful and seasonable presents.' Such a display has naturally attracted a crowd, and the women and children stand in six-deep rows admiring the useful articles a little and the red baize very much. If you stop to glance in and approach too closely, you must not be in a hurry, for the crowd grows in quick layers, and you are shut in and squeezed forward to the plate-glass window before you know where you are. Such a fate has just befallen a pretty, delicate-looking little woman, thinly clad, and blue with the cold. She stopped heedlessly to peep, and here she is being pushed to and fro by the swaying crowd. That the woman is terribly weak and ill anyone can see by her face, and she cries out as vigorous elbows are pressed into her sides. Now, a cry is to a London rough what a red rag is to a bull—it incites him to deeds of disorder at once. Did you ever see a man in a fit in the streets that it didn't take one policeman to hold him and four police-

men to keep the crowd from trampling on him? So it happened that when the poor little woman shrieked out that she was hurt, the London rough swooped on to the fringe of the crowd with a wild 'What's up?' and drove with full force against the plate-glass window. Then Mr. Moggs and his assistant, fearing for the front and the seasonable articles, rushed out and charged the crowd backwards, and there began a free fight all round. And right in the middle of the clenched fists and trampling feet down went the poor little woman in a dead faint, and somehow or other the crowd broke away and she was left on the pavement mistress of the situation. And just at that moment there came slouching along, with slow and painfully lifted feet, a man with his hat over his eyes and a long waggoner's coat buttoned round him. With his eyes furtively glancing from side to side, he went plodding along, and came right up to where the little woman lay.

'Look out, governor!' called a woman standing by. 'Can't you see the woman's ill?'

The man looked down, and then, with a strange cry, half of joy and half of pain, fell on his knees by the fainting woman and lifted her head tenderly from the ground.

'Bess! Bess!' he shrieked. 'Great God, why doesn't she speak? Bess, are you hurt? Speak, for God's sake!'

The woman opened her eyes. For a moment she seemed nearly dazed, and then consciousness came to her in one swift spasm. Imbued with a sudden strength, she scrambled to her feet, and, flinging her arms about the man's neck, sobbed out, 'Jo—my Jo! Thank God!'

The inhabitants and visitors to the Borough had been

treated to a little domestic melodrama which they did not have the opportunity of witnessing often. Jo Powell the convict and his wife had met.

CHAPTER III.

A STEP ON THE STAIRS.

LATER on in the day Jo Powell sat beside his wife in the miserable garret where she managed to keep body and soul together by making shirts for a slop-house in the City. Escaping down a side-street from the astonished bystanders, Jo, who had no wish to be too attentively scrutinized, had arrived with his wife at her 'residence' by devious paths. There was ever present in his mind the fact that in a moment he might be pounced upon. Under the kindly waggoner's coat was the convict's dress, and under his slouched hat was his prison-cropped hair. The slightest accident might betray him, and so, hardly speaking to his wife on the road, he bade her hurry on in front and take the byways where she could.

At last they were together and alone, and then the convict, clasping the trembling little woman to his breast, kissed her and cried over her till she gently bade him be a man, and then she broke down herself, and they sat side by side like two children, red-eyed and sobbing.

And then Jo had to tell Bess the whole truth. How he had received her letter saying she was ill, and how he had got it into his head that he might never see her again, and then how he'd thought and thought until the idea had grown upon him that he must see her; how he

had lain awake night after night in his cell, fancying perhaps she was dying, and calling him and praying to see him once more, and how at last he determined to get out if he could, and how his plan had succeeded, and there he was. 'And we'll spend Christmas Day together, Bess, my darling,' he added, laying her head on his bosom and smoothing the bright brown hair with his hand. 'We'll spend it together, my lass, if it's the last day we spend together on earth.'

Hush! there is a step on the stairs. It is coming up towards the garret.

Instinctively the convict leaps to his feet and grasps the chair.

'What is it?' he whispers. 'Hark! it is coming here. Bolt the door.'

Quick as lightning, Bess has flown to the door and slipped the rickety bolt.

Then they hold their breath and listen, their bosoms heaving, every nerve upon the strain. The step comes right up to the door. It is the heavy tramp of a man. He tries the door, and then knocks with his knuckles.

'What do you want?' gasps the terrified woman, the cold perspiration standing out in beads upon the marble forehead.

'To speak to you.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' she laughs hysterically, and catches at her breath. 'It's Ja—it's Jack.' She speaks with difficulty, her hand at her side, and she gasps at every word. The excitement has prostrated her. 'It's Jack Barnes,' she falters. Then she sinks into the chair, still with her hand on her heart.

'Jack Barnes?' cries the convict. 'What, our old

friend?' He hesitates a moment, then advances to the door and pulls the bolt back. Seeing what he was about to do, Bess sprang forward, but it was too late. Jack Barnes is in the room and has recognised his friend.

Jack Barnes is a big burly fellow, and a master carpenter, and he has his apron on and his white cap, for his shop is at the back of this very house.

But, burly as he is, he shakes and trembles at the sight of Jo, and against his white apron and cap the sudden crimson of his cheeks comes out in bold relief.

Jo Powell puts his old friend's agitation down to the surprise of such a meeting, and steps forward to take his hand.

'Jack, old friend,' he says nervously, 'my life's in your hands. Of course you're my friend, I know, but I only tell you so as you may be cautious. I've escaped—come home to see the old woman once again—to spend Christmas with her.' He smiles a ghastly smile. 'It's a queer notion, ain't it, for a convict wanting to spend Christmas with his wife; but it come to me so strong I couldn't choke it off, and here I am, and you won't betray me, will you?'

Jack Barnes has not recovered his composure yet, and he hesitates. Bess comes quickly forward and takes his hand.

'You'll keep our secret, won't you, Jack, for my sake?'

There is a world of pleading in her voice, and a look in her eyes that would have told a story to some men at once. It said nothing to Jo Powell. It made Jack Barnes answer at once.

'All right, Bess,' he said, assuming an air of gaiety. 'All right, my girl; you may trust me. I won't peach

on an old pal.' Bess dropped the man's hand and Jo took it and shook it heartily.

'I knew you wouldn't, old fellow. I was sure of it. Oh, Jack, if you knew what I've been through to get here—how I've hidden days in the woods and ditches, frozen and hungry; how I've toiled along the hard, bleak roads at night, lame and stiff and sick at heart, yet compelled to dodge at every turn like a hunted beast—you'd be sorry for me, Jack.'

The carpenter grew more at his ease.

'So I am, Jo,' he said; 'so I am. And now what do you propose to do?'

'Stop here—as long as I can.'

'Nonsense! Stop here to-morrow, if you must, but if you'll take my advice you'll slope as quickly after Christmas Day as you can. The 'tecs 'll find out your wife's address from the letters as was sent to the prison and as the governor keeps—and this'll be the first place they'll come to.'

'You're right, Jack—you're right. They'll come here. We must go at once—but where?'

'No, you mustn't both go.'

'Why not?'

'Because there'll be two to follow, and that's easy work. The missis must stop here. That'll throw 'em off the scent. Come to my place this evening. I'll give you a bed; and Bess can come to you to-morrow, and you can spend Christmas Day with me. Will that do?'

'Yes,' answered the convict eagerly; 'that'll do—but——'

Bess interrupts:

'That'll do. It will be best as Jack says, Jo dear.

Come back when you've finished work this evening, and Jo shall go with you,' she says. 'Leave him with me now.'

The old pleading tone is in her voice, the old meaning look in her eyes.

'All right,' says the carpenter, 'that's a bargain. Keep your pecker up, old man, and I'll pull you through. Ta-ta, Bess.'

As he goes out of the door he gives the convict's wife a meaning glance.

She follows him outside, whispers to him, and returns in a moment.

How blind you are, Jo Powell!

* * * * *

Jack Barnes, finishing the panel of a front door in his shop, talks to himself: 'Clever woman, that Bess Powell! Who'd ha' thought o' this fellow turnin' up just when he wasn't wanted! I fancy I shall bring you to your senses now, Bess, my girl, and you won't be so darned fast refusin' a good offer. Me betray her husband! 'Taint likely. *Not till a reward's offered.* Twenty pounds and Bess Powell won't be a bad day's work.' And then Mr. Barnes whistled 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and went on with his work, absorbed in meditation.

* * * * *

Up in the attic Jo Powell and his wife sat talking. The woman's voice trembled, and her face was flushed. The man was deadly pale.

'And this scoundrel—this man that called himself my friend—did this. Why, curse him! it was him and his gang that first sent me wrong. I'd never have taken the

money, you know that, Bess, if I hadn't ha' thought I should win and be able to put it back. They told me I should. Why, this Jack Barnes knew as I was going to take the money, because he'd told me I was sure to win.'

'Don't talk about that, Jo. I though I should ha' died then, but it's done now and it can't be undone; talk about yourself and what you are going to do.'

'Talk about myself!' answers the man passionately. 'What am I? An escaped convict, a gaol-bird, and all because I listened to this man. I see it all now. Since I've been in gaol this devil has persecuted you with his offers. Bess, he wanted to get me out of the way.'

'It's true, Jo,' cried Bess, 'and you're in his way still. He'll go and peach on you now. I swear it. He'll do it for his own evil purposes. You must get away after to-morrow. He wants to get you at his place, and keep you safe until it suits him to give you up.'

The convict starts up.

'He may be gone now!' he cries.

'No; I am sure he has not.'

There is a strange expression on the woman's face.

'Why are you sure?' asks Jo.

'Because if he spares you over to-morrow, I have promised him——'

'Promised him what?'

'To live with him when you're in prison again'

CHAPTER IV

FLIGHT.

For a moment the woman's extraordinary confession struck poor Jo Powell speechless. When the full import

of her words dawned upon him, he rose and walked towards the door.

‘Where are you going, Jo?’ asked the woman nervously.

‘To the nearest police-station, to give myself up. Do you think I have sunk so low as to purchase liberty at such a price?’

‘Jo, stop one moment, and listen to me. Sit down close to me, and give me your hand. We haven’t long to be together, perhaps. Let no doubt or distrust of each other mar our short happiness. Listen to my story.’

She half coaxed, half dragged the unwilling man into the chair beside her, and told him hurriedly the history of her life since they had been parted. She told him how, feigning compassion for her, Jack Barnes had come to her after the trial and offered to let her live in the garret of this house, which belonged to him, rent free. How at first she believed in his friendship, but had gradually discovered that the man wished to trade upon her helpless condition to induce her to live with him. How at last, affecting to be carried away by his passion, and deploring her misfortunes and sufferings, he had urged her to accept his protection. How she had been prostrated by a serious illness, and too ill and weak to get about to earn sufficient to make a fresh home, and how she had fenced with all his protestations, and endeavoured to treat them as ill-timed jests. ‘And only yesterday,’ she concluded, ‘he told me he should come for my final answer to-day, and I had determined to end his persecutions by leaving the place and trusting to God to temper the storm to me.’

‘But you say you promised him. When?’

‘To-day, when I saw that you were in his power and that he could betray you at once. I promised with my eyes and with my voice, and he understood me. I promised him at the door. It was a bargain between us. I whispered, “Only till to-morrow,” as I took his hand. You never heard me.’

‘But, Bess, you——’

‘Listen, Jo. Do you think I have borne up through the misery and horror of all this weary time and that I shall break down now—now that I have you once again by my side? I will leave this place with you at once, after nightfall. It is not safe. Even though he will bide his time to betray you, the police may be on your track and find you here. I will go with you.’

‘Where? You are ill and weak, Bess; you can’t starve and tramp as I have had to do. You can’t lie hiding in the damp ditches and the ice-bound fields.’

‘I can’t lie here, Jo Powell, and know that you are suffering alone when I might be with you—that perhaps the cruel men are at your heels and have you in their clutch once more. The agony of doubt and suspense would kill me. Something tells me that you may yet get clear away. Wait here while I go out and fetch a few things, and after the darkness falls we’ll start. We must go away from London. Let us only get as far as Hertford, and my sister’s husband will hide us for a time. I know he will.’

‘Ay, I never thought of him. But how shall we get there? I haven’t a penny in the world, and you——’

‘I’ve got two shillings left, Jo, and that must buy us food now and on the road.’

‘But, Bess, my poor girl, weak and ill as you are, you can never walk that distance.’

‘Yes, I can, Jo; with you by my side I could walk to my death. I won’t be left alone!’

The convict catches the brave little woman to his heart, and hugs her.

‘My brave Bess,’ he cries, ‘you shall have your way. Maybe luck’ll go with us, and God’ll be merciful to a bad man for the sake of a good woman. We’ll spend Christmas Day together, my lass, in spite of ’em all, even if we have to tramp twenty miles of frozen road to do it.’

* * * * *

Soon after five o’clock on the afternoon of the 24th of December, when the darkness of night had fallen upon the town, Jo Powell and his wife were making their way as rapidly as they could out of the Metropolis. Over her scanty clothes the woman had only her thin red shawl, and as the biting blast swept round the corners she shivered from head to foot. But clutching her husband’s arm, she stepped out bravely, and he shuffled along as swiftly as his feet, bruised and swollen with his previous journey, would let him. Hope had suddenly dawned upon them, at a moment when all seemed black as night.

Thanks to Bess’s plot, the carpenter would not peach on Jo that day, and he would not have done his work that night, she knew, till nearly eight. He had told her so; and that would give them three good hours to get clear of London before he discovered their flight.

So far they felt safe, and at the end of their journey they saw hope, for Bess had talked it over with Jo, and

they'd made up their minds that her sister would hide them for a day or two, and her sister's husband would give them the means to get out of the country, for he was a well-to-do tradesman ; and once out of the country, Jo, who was a cabinet carver and as clever a man as any in London, could work at his trade and make a new home, and they'd live happy ever afterwards, and nothing should separate them again.

They'd arranged it all, you see. Hope, the most glorious of all the blessings that a loving Providence showers upon the poor children of earth, had told its flattering tale, and they believed it. A glow of new-found happiness coursed through their veins, and trudging along the slippery pavement, with red hands and blue pinched faces, these hapless mortals saw far away beyond the black cloudland a haven of rest and the roseate dawn of a new life.

As they got into the suburbs away from the crowds and the lights, the night seemed to grow bleaker, and the wind, sweeping along a broader highway, stung their faces till the woman almost cried out.

But gradually the first sensation of pain passed off, and the rapid rate at which they toiled along sent a new warmth through their numbed bodies, which was a welcome relief. As the clock struck eight they were passing through Enfield. There for the first time they broke their fast. A cup of hot coffee and three thick slices of bread-and-butter were rapidly consumed at the humble little coffee-shop, for there were customers about, and Jo Powell never forgot that under the waggoner's coat he wore the dress of a convicted felon. To rest poor Bess's weary limbs, they sat for a moment at one

of the little tables. Thinking out loud rather than speaking, the woman said, 'I wonder how far it is to Hertford.' Joe nudged his wife hastily, but it was too late; the remark had been heard. 'How far is it to Hertford?' echoed a rough-looking fellow in the next box; 'why, about twelve miles from here—through Cheshunt and Hoddesdon.' Bess could have bitten her tongue out, but she said 'Thank you;' and they rose to leave at once. In a few minutes the convict and his wife were out in the open again, beating on against the weather on the highroad to Cheshunt.

* * * * *

At eight o'clock that evening Mr. Barnes presented himself at the garret-door, and knocked. Receiving no answer, he entered, and found it deserted. He took in the situation in a moment. 'Sold, by ——!' he shouted. 'Twenty pounds and that minx slipped through my fingers. They shall pay for this. I'm d—— if they shan't! I'll have 'em yet.' Mr. Barnes went straight off to the police-station to make inquiries. Had they heard that a convict had escaped from Portland? Yes, notices had been sent to all the police-stations. There was twenty pounds reward.

'Twenty pounds reward!' shouted the carpenter; 'then it's mine, guv'nor; for I can put you on the track.' Jack Barnes told the whole story of Powell's escape so far as he knew it.

'But do you know where they're gone?' asked the inspector.

'You oughtn't to take long to find that out,' answered Barnes. 'A man with a convict's dress under a long

coat, accompanied by a woman with a red shawl, oughtn't to get far away.'

'We'll telegraph to the stations,' said the inspector, 'that's all we can do, and have the outward roads watched; but it's most likely they're hiding somewhere handy. Their capture's only a question of time.'

'Well, then, take my name and address, please, because if you get a clue I'll go with you. They may get disguised somehow, but I should recognise 'em anywhere.'

The inspector took a note of his address, and Jack Barnes went home to spend his Christmas Eve, nursing his vengeance against the unhappy convict who had dared to take his wife away with him.

At ten o'clock that evening a rough-looking fellow entered the police-station. It was the stranger of the Enfield coffee-shop—a plain-clothes policeman.

'Well, Jones,' said the inspector, 'back again?'

'Yes, and had no luck. I was at the coffee-shop all the evening, and the men never came in. If they're in the swindle, they've got scent, and are keeping out of the way.'

'I suppose you didn't see a man in a waggoner's long coat and a woman with a red shawl, on the tramp, did you?' asked the inspector carelessly.

The man started.

'Well, I'm blest if that isn't rum!' he exclaimed. 'I did see 'em, and thought they looked queer. Are they wanted?'

'Yes—escaped convict, the man. Twenty pound Government reward.'

The plain-clothesman slapped his thigh.

'Then they're safe,' he cried. 'They're on the road to Hertford. Wire the Enfield Station to have a trap ready at once, and I'll go down by the next train. Better drive from Enfield than Cheshunt; they may have stopped between and not passed yet.'

In accordance with his promise the inspector sent round to Jack Barnes, and so it came about that soon after eleven the carpenter and the plain-clothesman, Jones, and a constable were rattling along to Cheshunt on the track of the convict and his wife.

CHAPTER V

'SAVED FROM THE STORM.'

THE night of the 24th of December, 187—, will long be remembered for the furious snowstorm that swept suddenly over the country, breaking down the railway traffic, burying the roads, and making numbers of them almost impassable. Many poor wretches were caught that night on the lonely highway, beaten down by the tempest and frozen to death; and as they fell to rise no more the heavens wrought their shroud of snow, and covered their staring eyes decently with a spotless sheet of white.

The tempest caught Jo Powell and Bess half-way between Cheshunt and Hoddesdon. The poor little woman had tramped bravely along so far, hiding the agony she was enduring from the man whose own sufferings were hard enough to bear. But when the fury of the storm increased, and the blinding snow swept into her face and settled thickly upon her scanty clothes, Bess could bear it no longer. She made one wild effort

to get forward, then staggered, and with a low moan let her head droop upon her husband's breast.

'I can go no further, Jo,' she moaned.

The man pressed his cold lips to hers and murmured :
'Poor lass ! What are we to do ?'

He looked around him in vain for shelter. They were in the open country, and there was no sign of a house to be seen. The snowflakes were falling thicker and thicker, and they were as white as the trees around them. The woman had sunk lower and lower. Long privation and the suffering of the past week had weakened him beyond the power of carrying her, and to stop there was death.

'Bess, my brave girl !' he cried, kissing her cold cheeks passionately. 'Bess, bear up a little while—only a mile or two more, and we'll get shelter somewhere. Bear up—come !'

But Bess answered him never a word. Her eyes were closed, and she lay a dead weight in his arms.

'O God !' cried the man ; 'mercy ! mercy ! not for me, but for this woman ! Spare us, O God ! and save us from a death like this !'

It *was* death that lay before them now. He would not leave her there to perish alone ; he could not carry her. If they stayed thus motionless on the highroad the cold would numb their senses, and they would sink down by the wayside to rise no more. The situation seemed hopeless.

The falling snow was caking already into a hard mass about the woman's shoulders, and her face was wet with the drippings from her hair. Letting her sink for a moment to the ground, Jo hastily pulled off his long

coat and wrapped it about her. He stood confessed in his convict’s garb then, but it mattered little. He would have given the world for someone to come near him now, though it were an officer of the law to seize him and drag him away to his dungeon again. At that moment he forgot himself, and thought only of his wife.

His lips moved fast in prayer. He cried, he blasphemed. It seemed so cruel now—when the end was almost reached—now, when shelter lay before them—that they should be stricken down and slaughtered by the way. He would have cried for help, but he knew it was useless. There was no sign of human life about him. Who but an outcast would be abroad on such a night? Peering through the darkness, he could see no light. Slowly a dull, icy sensation began to steal over him. His head began to feel too heavy for his body, and his eyelids were weighted down. He was losing his senses. He dragged his helpless wife towards the side of the road, peering for a break in the hedge. The exertion aroused him a little, and he shook off the numb feeling for a time. Stooping down and groping by the side of the roadway to find some slight shelter behind the hedgerows, if possible, he caught a faint odour that stole across the fields.

He knew it in a moment.

‘Saved!’ he cried. ‘Thank God! There is some mercy in heaven for us yet!’

He had caught the smell of burning bricks.

With a new-born energy he seized the senseless woman round the waist and dragged her through a gap in the hedge. Then he gave a shout of joy, for right ahead of him across the field lay the brick-kiln.

Panting for breath, and staggering with his heavy burden over the ice-bound furrows, Jo Powell at last succeeded in reaching the nearest shed, and laying his wife down in the warmth, he tried his best to rouse her.

Presently she opened her eyes. The heat revived her; the blood came once more into her pallid cheeks, and she spoke:

‘Where am I, Jo?’

‘Safe, my darling, safe!’ he cried. ‘We can lie here till the storm has passed, and rest, and to-morrow we can go on our way.’

With an old case lid which did duty for a door Jo closed the entrance, and then, gathering up the straw that lay about the shed into a little heap around them, he flung himself down beside his wife.

‘God has been merciful!’ he cried. ‘He has snatched us from a cruel death. Let us thank Him.’

Revived by the heat of the shed and cheered by the glow of the kiln, the convict and his wife raised their eyes to heaven, and humbly thanked God from their hearts for sparing them that night.

And as the last homely word of thankfulness died away on their lips, from the far-off steeple of a church the hour of midnight clanged out and told the world that Christmas had come again.

In the mansions of the great, by cheerful fires and around the wassail bowl, the sound was greeted with jovial words and toasts; in humbler homes there was more or less of kindly love in the hearts of those who heard it after a long day’s toil, and who thought of the dear ones at home and the dear ones that poverty scatters afar. In the wild snow-clad field, within the

shelter of the blessed shed, Jo Powell and his wife heard it, and thanked God for it.

‘We’ll spend our Christmas Day together, Jo, yet,’ cried the little woman, smiling faintly; ‘won’t we, dear?’

Jo had spread the waggoner’s coat over them both, and as he pulled it up something fell from the pocket. It was the sprig of mistletoe Dave Finnighy had given him. Jo saw it, and held it up over the little woman’s head. Then, with a whole world of love in his eyes, he stooped and kissed her, as the chimes died away, ‘under the mistletoe!’

CHAPTER VI.

CAUGHT.

THE policemen and Jack Barnes had a rough night of it. They drove carefully along the road from Enfield to Cheshunt, and found nothing. They heard at two places that their prey had passed on before—for the woman’s red shawl had caused many people to notice her—but they never came up with the fugitives.

Outside Cheshunt the snowstorm stopped their further progress, and they were fain to put the horse and trap up at a village inn and spend the night there themselves.

‘God help ’em on the road such a night as this!’ said the policeman; ‘I fancy he’ll wish himself back at Portland.’

‘Serve him right,’ answered Mr. Barnes surlily. ‘A d—— convict!’

‘Well, I suppose convicts is human beings,’ muttered the policeman. ‘I’m sorry for the cove, though it’s my

duty to take him. Let's have a hot drink and the compliments of the season; and, dash it! as it's Christmas-time, here's luck to the runaways!

'You're a pretty policeman!' growled Jack Barnes, taking his glass of hot grog from the landlady. 'Here's wishin' 'em dead, d—— 'em!'

'Well, wishin' such as them luck and wishin' 'em dead 's about the same thing, I reckon,' answered the philosophic officer. 'So here's towards you, and good-night. I'm going to turn in, and we'll start again as soon as it's light. Merry Christmas to you, guv'nor.'

A merry Christmas! And they were to spend it hunting down a poor devil of an escaped convict and his devoted wife!

* * * * *

Early on Christmas morning Messrs. Jones and Barnes and the constable were astir, and managed to get along the road slowly towards Hoddesdon. They peered about as they went for traces of the fugitives; they inquired at wayside houses and cottages, but no one had seen them, and they had asked no one for shelter. Half-way between Cheshunt and Hoddesdon Mr. Jones, who was looking at the hedges and humming 'The Mistletoe Bough,' suddenly broke off the harmony and shouted, 'What's that?'

His companions followed the direction of his finger, and saw a fragment of red material hanging on a gap in the snow-clad hedge. 'It's a bit of Bess Powell's shawl, I'm blest if it isn't!' exclaimed the carpenter. 'We're on their heels now.'

'Yes,' answered the officer. 'I can bet you a level quid I put my hand on 'em in five minutes. There's a

brick-kiln yonder. That's an old tramp's dodge. Leave the trap here and follow me quietly.'

The officers and Jack Barnes got down, and made their way cautiously across the fields.

Jones looked at the snow as they went along. 'They're in yonder shed,' he whispered. 'See the mark of the man's boots and a long sweep beside it. He's dragged her, I can see by the way the snow's swept aside here.'

Guided by these indications, the officers and Barnes went straight to the shed where the fugitives lay.

The doorway was blocked with an old case lid.

Pushing it in, Barnes was the first to enter.

The officers followed cautiously, and the constable was about to touch the man to arouse him, when something caused him to start back.

'They've escaped,' he said quietly.

'What do you mean?' cried Barnes. 'Here they are asleep.'

'You fool!—can't you see they're *dead*!'

*

*

*

*

*

It was true. Jo Powell and his wife were dead.

The fumes from the kiln had suffocated them, and they had passed peacefully away in their sleep to the land where partings are unknown.

There was a smile of calm contentment on their faces, their lips touched in death, and clasped in the convict's hand was the waggoner's gift, the sprig of mistletoe. God in His mercy had come to them, and bidden them to His Christmas feast. Safe from wind and tempest and the pitiless pursuit of man, who shall say that on that

blessed morning the convict and his wife did not pass to heaven to spend their Christmas Day together in the land beyond the roseate dawn?

What happier ending could Jo Powell have desired to his pilgrimage?

URBAIN AND ISETTE.

CHAPTER I.

THE STEWARDESS OF THE 'FLANDERS.'

It was a glorious starlight night in December, and the passengers by the good ship *Flanders*, from Antwerp to London, were nearly all on deck. The night was not only clear, but the sea was calm, and so ladies and all remained above rather than endure the agony of the stuffy cabin. It was about nine o'clock, and the vessel, which had left the city of Rubens in the afternoon, was now fairly out at sea. The long wearisome run down the Scheldt was over, and everybody was rejoicing in the chance of a calm and speedy voyage. The lady passengers were very few, and the stewardess, having a spare hour, was about to take the most comfortable sofa in the ladies' cabin and have forty winks, when a gruff voice hailed her from the cabin stairs, and, looking out, she saw a man and two little children.

'Stewardess,' said the gruff voice, 'take care of these children.'

The stewardess answered mechanically, 'Yes, sir,' and put out her hands to help the little ones down.

Without a word the man turned round and went up again on to the deck.

‘He’s a rum un,’ said the woman, half to herself, ‘with his gruff voice and his long cloak muffled about him. Blest if I could see anything of him but the tip of his nose!’ Then, turning to the children, with a true woman’s curiosity she said :

‘Is that your pa, my dears?’

‘Me don’t know,’ answered the little boy.

‘Eh!’ said the stewardess sharply; ‘you don’t know?’

The good woman was in her glory. Mystery she delighted in. She always invented elopements for the ladies who came under her tender care; she always wondered which of the gentlemen passengers was running away from his creditors and which was carrying abroad in his portmanteau the proceeds of the famous London jewel robberies.

She would build little romances round the young couples obviously on their honeymoon, and she would peer into the gentlemen’s cabin when they were asleep, expecting to hear one at least murmur a confession of murder.

Imagine her delight when the two little children who didn’t know if the gentleman with them was their pa or not were committed to her care.

Mrs. Peters, the stewardess, settled herself down on the crimson velvet sofa with the dignity of a Spanish inquisitor, and prepared to examine and cross-examine the prisoners before her.

But first she took a good look at the children. They were worthy her attention. They were brother and sister, and looked about four years old. They were both

of a height, and much alike. Mrs. Peters, seeing them side by side, exclaimed :

'Well, you are alike ! You must be twins !'

Mrs. Peters was quite right ; the children were twins. The boy's face was a little fuller than the girl's, and his hair, which hung in fair ringlets down his back, was shorter, but the well-formed mouth, the bright blue eyes, the rounded chin, and the broad, high forehead of the one child found their exact counterparts in the face of the other.

'So you don't know if it's your pa, that gent, don't you, my little dears ?'

The boy shook his head.

'What is your name ?'

'Peese I'm Urbain,' said the little boy.

'And peese I'm Isette,' said the little girl.

'And what's your other name ?'

'Ain't dot no uver name.'

'Furrenners,' muttered Mrs. Peters ; 'furrenners evidently ; them ain't Christian English names.' Then, turning to the children, still standing side by side meekly on the cabin floor, she said :

'Wouldn't you like to go to bed ?'

'Es, peese.' Both together this time.

'Very well, come here and I'll take off your wrappers and tuck you up.'

The children came shyly to where Mrs. Peters sat enthroned in state, and then, to her intense astonishment, knelt down and joined their hands in her lap. Before she could utter a word they had closed their little eyes and commenced, in a childish treble, the following prayer :

‘Pray Dod bless us and make us dood, and make us always love dear mamma; pray Dod bless dear papa, and turn his heart to love dear mamma and his little children; pray Dod bless us all this night evermore. Amen.’

Just as the children’s voices lisped their parents’ name to the great Father who loves us all, there was a cry on deck, then loud shouting, a babel of voices, the tramp of heavy-booted men running now here, now there, the screams of women, and over all the deep bass voice of the captain roaring orders to his crew.

The noise of the engine ceased suddenly, and the vessel stopped.

Mrs. Peters, seriously alarmed, bade the children stay where they were, and rushed on to the deck.

The news was told in a minute. It rang from end to end of the ship—‘A man overboard!’

He who has heard that cry once will never forget it. The flashing all in one direction of white, anxious faces, the cries and screams of women, the cross-directions, the mad tearing at boat ropes and seizing of life-buoys, and far out at sea a bobbing, wobbling something, then a faint cry borne across the ship by the breeze, two arms flung wildly in the air, and then nothing but the wild waste of waters and a knowledge of something left behind that may rise and float again, lonely and unseen of human eye, to sink at last and find a rocky tomb fathoms deep, there to lie till the sea gives up its dead.

‘A man overboard!’

The men of the *Flanders* lowered the boat and put out; they flung life-buoys, shouted, swore, and called each other names, but it was all of no avail.

The man had sunk and there was no sign of him. The *Flanders* waited about for half an hour, and then went on her way.

It was a deliberate case of suicide. Half a dozen of the passengers had seen it. He was leaning over the side, looking at the sea. Suddenly he gave a spring, and was overboard.

The stewardess heard all about it from the steward. He'd been on deck and seen it.

'Lord ! Lord !' she exclaimed, ' what a dreadful thing ! What sort of a man was he ?'

' Queer-looking man,' answered the steward, ' wrapped in a long mantle. You could just see his nose—spoke in a gruff voice.'

Mrs. Peters made a rush for the stairs, and tottered down into the ladies' cabin.

The children, frightened at the noise, were kneeling down and repeating their little prayer :

' Pray Dod bless papa.'

Mrs. Peters rushed at them, flung her motherly arms about them, and lifting them on her knee, kissed them and cried over them till their little faces were wet.

' My poor bairns !' she sobbed ; ' oh, my poor bairns ! God help you !'

' Peese, why do oo cry ?' asked Urbain.

' You'll know by-and-by, my poor bairns,' sobbed Mrs. Peters. ' There, go to sleep, and I'll take care of ye, never fear.'

The children cuddled up close to the stewardess, and put their arms about her neck ; and presently by their regular breathing she knew they were fast asleep.

' He's their father, right enough, poor dears,' she said

to herself; 'and a nice father he's been if that's how they've been taught to pray for him. Lord! Lord! Who knows as this night's work ain't the best thing as could have 'appened for the poor little orphans?'

Ah, indeed, Mrs. Peters, who knows?

CHAPTER II.

MRS. PETERS HAS AN IDEA.

WHEN daylight broke over the sea there were only the sailors on the deck of the *Flanders*. One by one the passengers had grown sleepy and sought the cabin. But soon after six there was a stir and a smell of hot coffee and eggs and bacon, and cries of 'Steward!' came from little boxes and curtained-off compartments where twenty gentlemen were practising the virtue that is next to godliness under considerable difficulties. By seven the ladies were astir, and the breakfast-table in the first-class cabin was fairly full. Everybody had been up on deck first to get the air and an appetite, and naturally everybody had a word to say about the dreadful occurrence of the previous night.

The morbidly inclined went looking about for a black bag, or an umbrella, or something belonging to *him*, just to look at. There wasn't a trace of anything, and it transpired that he had come on board at Antwerp with the children without a particle of luggage.

The morning air was fresh on the sea, and as the travellers sniffed at it and felt its marvellous power upon nerve and spirit, some of them looked across the

waters in the good ship's wake and thought of the man whose floating corpse the curtain of night covered no longer, but who lay, perhaps, tossed hither and thither by the frolicsome waves, his ghastly dead face lit by the rays of the December sun, while the keen north wind blew the spray into his staring eyes.

It wasn't a pleasant picture to contemplate, and one of a group of travellers who were discussing it turned away with a shudder, declaring it gave him the 'creeps,' and he was going to have his breakfast.

Breakfast was a magical cry, especially as the odour of fried soles and eggs and bacon from the cookhouse on deck was floating about in a most tantalizing manner.

Downstairs the passengers went, and the clatter of knives and forks and teaspoons commenced.

But even there they were to be haunted by the suicide. At the head of the table sat two dear little children, and over them bent the stewardess, now holding a cup of milk for one to sip, now cutting the bread-and-butter into 'ladies' fingers' for the other.

The stewardess had washed their faces and curled their little ringlets, like the good soul that she was.

'The pretty children' soon attracted universal attention, and when a whisper ran round the table that they belonged to *him*, there was quite a chorus of 'Poor little dears!'

The children, unconscious of all that had happened, and of the interest which they were exciting, drank their milk and ate their 'ladies' fingers,' and when a lady went up to them and asked them a few simple, motherly questions, they prattled to her as gaily as though they had known her for a year. The cabin was hushed in a

moment when the children began to speak ; the clatter of knives and forks ceased as if by magic, and even a fat Belgian, who was trying to see how much he could eat for half a crown, filled his mouth to last five minutes and put his knife aside.

‘Where is your home, dear?’ asked the lady of the little girl.

The child looked shyly up, and put her hand in her brother’s :

‘Peese, we mustn’t tell.’

‘Why?’

‘Betoze, if we do, ze gemplum will frow us into the sea.’

‘What gentleman, dear?’

‘Ze gemplum dat is our papa ; but if anyone asks us we must say we do not know if he is our papa.’

The lady takes Isette upon her knee.

‘And it was your papa who brought you here?’

‘Es.’

She hesitates at the next question.

‘Where is your mamma?’

‘Hush ! Our mamma will never see us again if we talk about her. *Ille* says so, ze gemplum dat is our papa.’

At this juncture the stewardess came to the rescue. She had a notion that this public examination was not quite the thing. So, exercising her prerogative, she secured the little ones and had them in the ladies’ cabin before anyone could protest.

‘Tain’t fair,’ she muttered to the steward as she passed, ‘a-holding a crowner’s quest at the breakfast-table and a-cross-examining the corpse’s own little angels.’

But when she had banged the door to, Mrs. Peters opened an inquest on her own account, and adroitly drew from Urbain and Isette a few important facts.

When, little by little, she had extracted enough to form a pretty accurate history of their domestic circumstances, the good woman was quite exhausted with the exertion of throwing up her hands and ejaculating, 'Lord ha' mussy on us!' 'Dear heart alive!' etc., and was obliged to sit still for a time and think.

Urbain and Isette played about on the cabin floor while the stewardess was lost in thought, and presently their merry laughter, as they ran from sofa to sofa after each other, rang through the vessel, causing those who heard it and knew what had happened in the night to shudder.

It aroused the stewardess from her reverie. 'Yes,' she said, 'if the captain 'll let me, that's what I'll do. I'll take the children to Mr. Tostevor and see what can be done for them.'

It was noon when the good ship *Flanders* made St. Katharine's Wharf. The stewardess had seen the captain and arranged to take charge of the children till someone claimed them. The owners knew her, and he was sure they would be satisfied if he reported what he had done; and besides, as Mrs. Peters very justly urged, if she didn't take them they'd have to go to the workhouse, and fancy them pretty dears in the workhouse! The captain did fancy it, and confessed it wasn't a pleasant fancy, and Mrs. Peters should have them.

'By-the-bye, though, Mrs. Peters,' he said, just as she was pinning her shawl and gathering together her odds and ends to go ashore, 'what are you going to do

with them when you're on duty? I hope you don't think of having them here?

'Lord, no, sir! You see, sir, I ain't going to keep 'em at my house at all. I knows where there's a good 'ome a waitin' for 'em, sir, or I wouldn't ha' took 'em—trust Jane Peters, sir. Only of course I'll be 'sponsible for 'em like.'

'All right, Mrs. Peters; then I'll reckon that when they're wanted you've got 'em. I must report the suicide at the office at once. Good-morning, Mrs. Peters.'

The passengers had long since fought for four-wheeled cabs and cleared away from the unattractive spot, so that Mrs. Peters claimed but little attention as, with Urbain and Isette clinging to her skirts, she walked ashore.

Once, as they were going along, Urbain looked up at her and said, 'Where's *he* ?'

'Oh, he's all right!' said Mrs. Peters. 'You ain't a-goin' to cry after him, are you?'

'Oh no!' said Urbain; and then he added in a whisper, 'But I s'all always pray to Dod for him, 'cause mamma said we was to—s'an't we, sister?'

'Oh des, bruver; but me dlad he stop on de puff-puff. Me hope me nebber see him adain, 'cos he make mammy cry so.'

The child knew not that Providence had avenged her mother's wrongs, and that the father she hoped never to see again had put an end to his wretched existence while they were kneeling in the little cabin of the good ship *Flanders*.

CHAPTER III.

THE ANIMALS' FRIEND.

MR. GEORGE TOSTEVOR was in one of his tantrums. He was often in them. In fact, the difficulty was to come upon Mr. George Tostevor when he was not in a tantrum. The worthy Mrs. Twiggs, who acted as housekeeper to the wealthy and eccentric bachelor, was wont to say that 'tantrums was his natural condition.'

It was quite a trifle that had upset Mr. Tostevor this evening, and Mrs. Twiggs, who stood nervously at the study door, ready to make a rush if the tantrums should get too violent, really did summon up the courage to say, 'Lor', sir, now do-ee sit down quiet and peaceable-like, sir. You couldn't go on worse, sir, really you couldn't, sir, if it was a Christian.'

Mr. Tostevor glared at Mrs. Twiggs.

'Christian! He is a Christian—better than hundreds of Christians. He loves me; Christians hate me. Turn as many Christians out in the back garden as you like, but never dare to turn my dog out again. Bruno!'

A big brown retriever leapt up at his master's voice and came bounding towards him.

Mr. Tostevor patted his head. 'Did they dare to turn you out in the cold back garden because you howled? We'll make an example of them—shall we, Bruno?'

'Bow! wow!' Two sharp, short barks and a violent wagging of the tail.

‘Now, Mrs. Twiggs, apologize to Bruno for turning him out.’

Mrs. Twiggs began to weep.

‘Do you hear?’ shouted Mr. Tostevor.

‘What!’ sobbed Mrs. Twiggs—‘me, a Christian woman, apologize to a dumb animile? You don’t mean it, sir!’

‘Indeed I do.’

‘He’s madder than ever!’ murmured Mrs. Twiggs.

‘Repeat what I say: “If you please, Bruno, I humbly apologize for turning you out in the cold this afternoon.”’

Mrs. Twiggs repeated the words viciously, with a warmth of expression that boded Bruno no good.

When she had finished Mr. Tostevor made a sign to the dog, who ran across the room and extended his paw to the housekeeper.

‘Shake hands with Bruno, Mrs. Twiggs; he forgives you.’

Mrs. Twiggs took the proffered paw and shook it with a bad grace, then rushed out of the room.

Once in her own apartments her indignation found vent. ‘I’ve put up with his goin’s on too long,’ she gasped, as she rocked herself to and fro in her chair. ‘If I done my dooty I’d inform the Commissionaires of Lunacy and have ’im locked up; he ain’t fit to be loose, a-makin’ a Christian woman ’pologize to a dawg. How would he look if I was to write to the *Timeses* as some women would as hadn’t lived with his mother and nussed him when a boy?’

Mrs. Twiggs would probably have said much more, but just at that minute there came a ring at the bell,

and John, the boy, having answered the door, came downstairs and announced, 'Mrs. Peters and two kids!'

'More animiles!' exclaimed Mrs. Twiggs. 'Drat the woman! ain't this place a carywansery already?—what with his dawgs and his cats and his birds.'

When, however, Mrs. Peters entered the housekeeper's room, leading by the hand two little children, Mrs. Twiggs was considerably mollified.

'Nevvy and niece, Mrs. Peters?' asked Mrs. Twiggs, pointing to Urbain and Isette.

Mrs. Peters laid her finger on her lip and whispered, 'Presently!' and Mrs. Twiggs understood that there was a mystery which should hereafter be revealed to her.

'Will you take a cup of tea, Mrs. Peters?'

Mrs. Peters would.

'And these little dears would like some jam, eh?' said Mrs. Twiggs, grimacing violently, and imagining that she was favouring the children with a particularly encouraging smile.

'Des, we sood,' answered Urbain. 'Me like dam; do oo like dam?'

Mrs. Twiggs confessed the soft impeachment.

Isette had slipped from Mrs. Peters, and was examining the articles in the room, and her brother followed her.

Then the heads of Mrs. Twiggs and Mrs. Peters approached, and there was much whispering, interrupted by sundry ejaculations on the part of Mrs. Twiggs.

'And you think he'll do it?' said Mrs. Twiggs presently

‘ Well, he finds lost dogs ’omes, and lost cats ’omes ; I thought he’d do something, perhaps, for lost children.’

‘ Ah, my dear, don’t be too sure. Children is huming beings, and huming beings ain’t animiles. Them as is so pertickler about their animiles ain’t always pertickler about Christians.’

It was on the tip of Mrs. Twiggs’s tongue to relate the indignity to which she as a Christian had just been subjected, but on second thoughts she preferred to lock the degrading incident in her own bosom.

The good ladies made a hearty tea. Mrs. Twiggs was always generous with Mr. Tostevor’s good things, and Urbain and Isette had so much bread-and-jam that at last they ate the jam and left the bread, and then Mrs. Peters thought it was time to come to the more serious business of the evening.

Here, perhaps, it is as well the reader should understand what chain of circumstances brought the stewardess of the *Flanders* to the house of the eccentric Mr. Tostevor with the two little orphans.

Mrs. Peters was a widow. In her married days, before she took to the sea, she was the wife of a small dealer in dogs, monkeys, foreign birds, etc. He was something on board a ship, and had frequent opportunities of buying animals and bringing them home. While he was at sea Mrs. Peters managed the shop and sold the animals.

Mr. Tostevor was a good customer. At one time he had a rage for collecting birds, beasts, and fishes. The house he lived in now was a mansion, splendidly furnished and decorated. Mr. Tostevor had taken it and gone to great expense with it because he was going to

be married, and he thought nothing too good for his wife that was to be.

Something went wrong; what, no one ever knew, but the lady never came home, and Mr. Tostevor was a changed man. Some people called him eccentric, some mad. Every room in the great house was given over to animals. Cats, dogs, squirrels, monkeys, tame mice—everything that would stay and make itself at home was welcome. Dogs dozed on the hearthrugs, cats curled themselves up on chairs and sofas, birdcages large and small hung about the drawing room, and in them parrots shrieked and whistled, canaries sang, bullfinches piped, doves cooed, and love-birds twittered.

It was when this craze for lavishing all his affection on dumb creatures was at its height that Mrs. Peters had frequent opportunities of seeing Mr. Tostevor.

One day that he had ordered a cockatoo and a marmoset, and was expatiating on the superiority of animals over human beings, he imparted to her his intention of leaving all his money for a home for lost and friendless animals.

‘A werry noble idea, sir,’ said Mrs. Peters. ‘But don’t you think as a ’ome for lost and friendless children would be more Christianlike?’

‘No; I think if they’re lost and friendless, death is a mercy to them. I wouldn’t be responsible for saving them to grow up mischievous, ungrateful men and women.’

‘Don’t you like children, Mr. Tostevor?’

‘Yes, I do—if they’d always stop children. Mind you, I’d take home and shelter a lost and friendless child, just as I would a stray cat or a lost dog, though

I know the cat would love me for my care, so would the dog, but the child might not.'

'You never tried, sir.'

Mr. Tostevor laughed. 'No; I haven't begun adopting orphans yet. When you come across a nice interesting sample, bring it to me, and I'll make the experiment.'

'That's a bargain,' answered Mrs. Peters, with a smile; and the conversation turned back upon Mr. Tostevor's order again. Both the parties to that interview had long forgotten the conversation. But when that night on board the *Flanders* Mrs. Peters sat and thought over the future fate of these poor deserted children, it suddenly came back to her, and she determined to see if her eccentric customer would redeem his promise.

* * * * *

'And so, my good soul, you've remembered an idle conversation of many years ago, and have come to see if George Tostevor will keep his word?'

'Yes, sir.'

Mrs. Peters had imparted to Mr. Tostevor so much of the history of the two orphans as she knew herself, and was now awaiting his decision.

Urbain and Isette, with every trace of damson jam removed from their faces, stood nervously clutching at Mrs. Peters's gown, and stared furtively with their big blue eyes at the strange gentleman who paced the room with his hands in his pockets, and kicked the things out of his way so unceremoniously.

The only other occupant of the room—it was Mr. Tostevor's study—was Bruno, the brown retriever.

Bruno lay stretched on the hearthrug in front of the fire pretending to be asleep, but every now and then stealing a sidelong glance at the intruders under his eyelids.

Mr. Tostevor paced the room uneasily for a moment, then he suddenly dropped down with a flop into an easy-chair.

‘Bruno!’

The dog was up and at his master’s knee in a moment. Then Mr. Tostevor said gently :

‘Children, come here.’

Mrs. Peters gave the children a little push. Isette slipped her hand into Urbain’s, and shyly they toddled across the room to where Mr. Tostevor sat.

‘Are you afraid of dogs?’

‘Oh no!’ said Urbain.

‘No; nor me isn’t,’ answered Isette.

‘Then pat Bruno.’

The children reached across to where the dog sat, and patted his brown head with their little hands.

Bruno sniffed for a minute, and Mr. Tostevor watched him anxiously.

Bruno wagged his tail.

‘Mrs. Peters, I accept these homeless children. Bruno does not object to them. If he did, it would have been most unfair to destroy his happiness by obtruding them upon him. He was here first.’

‘Lor’, sir, you wouldn’t count a dog——’ began Mrs. Peters, but something in Mr. Tostevor’s eye warned her, and she changed her tone.

‘Thank you kindly, sir. When shall I bring them?’

‘I never do things by halves, Mrs. Peters. I intend

to take you along with the children. They must have someone to look after them. I can't wash and dress them, you know, and John can't. He has enough to do to attend to the animals. And I am sure Mrs. Twiggs wouldn't. She'd be shutting them out in the back yard, or something, because they howled. Give up your berth on the *Flanders*; bring the children at the end of the week. We'll be ready for you by then.'

Before Mrs. Peters could get over her astonishment and reply, Mr. Tostevor had politely bundled her and the children out of the room and shut the door.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. TOSTEVOR'S SECRET.

THE presence of the children gradually changed the aspect of Mr. Tostevor's house. Slowly and surely the icy cynicism in which the disappointed man had wrapped himself thawed and disappeared.

At first Urbain and Isette and Mrs. Peters, who was only too glad to give up the sea, had been relegated to a distant part of the house, and beyond inquiring occasionally if they were comfortable, Mr. Tostevor troubled himself very little about them.

He spent his days out of doors, eagerly pursuing his self-appointed task. The task of Mr. Tostevor was a peculiar one. He was the self-constituted champion of the brute creation: a kind of Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals all by himself.

If a dog appeared to be lost, Mr. Tostevor would follow it from street to street to make sure of the fact;

make friends with it, bring it home, and advertise for the owner in the *Telegraph*. Stray curs he would provide with meaty bones, which he carried in his capacious pockets. Cats that had got down wrong areas and could not get out, and kittens who had gone astray, were all taken under Mr. Tostevor's immediate protection, and woe betide the butcher boy or the street arab who should attempt to 'play larks' with them.

Horses were also the especial objects of Mr. Tostevor's care. Let a driver unmercifully belabour his animal, and Mr. Tostevor was down on him. Many and many a time would he find himself the centre of a huge crowd, while he loudly denounced the barbarity of some hulking ruffian who had been venting his spite on a poor dumb brute. The policemen knew him, the magistrates knew him; and if the horses of the Metropolis had been properly grateful, they would have subscribed together and presented Mr. Tostevor with a testimonial.

Of an evening, his daily task accomplished, Mr. Tostevor would sit at home and discuss the aspect of affairs with his constant companion, Bruno.

There were generally half a dozen lost dogs in the kennels which had been built in the garden, and after tea Mr. Tostevor would go round and give a pat to each, then he would stroke the cats, who made the kitchen their home.

The birds he left to Mrs. Twiggs. He liked birds very well, but cats and dogs were his especial favourites.

Having interviewed John, the boy, as to the health of the other animals, Mr. Tostevor would return to his study and spend the evening with his books.

At first Bruno alone was allowed to enter this

particular room, but after a time the children took to coming in just to say 'Good-night.'

They were bright, intelligent children, and gradually Mr. Tostevor found himself taking pleasure in their innocent prattle and pretty ways. They came earlier and stayed later. After a time the rooms where animals had been allowed to roam at will were kept for the children. Mr. Tostevor found homes for the strays, and didn't bring any fresh ones. He didn't go about looking for them now. He preferred to take Urbain and Isette to Hampstead, or to walk with them round the quiet squares.

Their quaint remarks amused him, interested him, gave him a fresh object in life. In time they were allowed to play freely about the great house, and the long silent rooms echoed with their merry laughter. He took them to the Polytechnic one day, and he felt a child himself again. The intense delight of the little ones quickened his own pulses; they asked a thousand questions, and he answered them.

So at last he dropped into the position of a loving father. He brought them home presents and toys. They listened for his knock, and ran to greet him in the hall. One day he let Mrs. Peters take them to the Crystal Palace, and he was quite miserable.

When the darkness came on he sat and listened for the cab. He grew anxious; he paced the room. They were late. Could anything have happened to them?

They came at last; and as they ran to him and leapt upon his knee and flung their arms about his neck, he bent down and kissed them tenderly, and felt proud of the love which he had won.

But when the children had gone to bed and were asleep in each other's arms, he would sit and talk to Bruno very seriously. There was a vague sense of insecurity on his mind. Might not these children, whom he had grown to love, who were bound up in his life, be taken away from him as suddenly as they had been given?

Not once, but twenty times, had little Urbain told him all he knew of his brief career, and Isette had corroborated the facts, chiming in with her lisped assurance that she could remember everything.

What their surname was neither of them knew. All they could tell was that they had a dear mamma far, far away, who loved them and cried over them, and sometimes was in bed and very ill, and that a gentleman they thought was their papa was cross to her, and sometimes hit her—oh, so hard!—and then she would cry. One day this gentleman went away and did not come back for a long time, and then he spoke very loud to mamma and locked her in a room. Then he put on their things and told them to come with him, and he brought them, oh! miles and miles—oh, so fast!—past trees and hedges and fields in a train; then they got out of the train and into the big ship, and came over the sea with Mrs. Peters, and they had never seen the gentleman they thought was their papa any more.

Mr. Tostevor had advertised in many papers, home and foreign, the fact that two children, named Urbain and Isette, might be heard of by applying to Messrs. S. and Co., his solicitors, but the months had gone by and no claim had been made.

Then he fancied that the mother might be dead, or that, perhaps, she was glad to be rid of the children.

A thousand surmises would pass through his mind, but he always ended by turning to Bruno and declaring that it would be only his luck if, just as the children had become a necessary part of his existence, they should be snatched away from him.

Bruno was still the recipient of all his master's secrets. The big brown retriever would sit on his haunches by the hour together and listen to Mr. Tostevor's confessions, now and then cocking his head on one side, as much as to say, 'Most interesting! Indeed! Really, you surprise me!'

Bruno knew what was hidden from every living creature, the one great secret and the one great trouble of his master's life.

Often in the long winter evenings before the children came Mr. Tostevor would tell him the painful story and dwell upon his wrongs. Oh, how he loved that girl! Bruno felt many a hot tear trickle down upon his shiny coat when his master told that story. Young and amiable, sweet Agnes Earle had won his heart, and was to be his wife. He had wealth, and he would lay it all at her feet. His love was returned. She was poor and all that, but she was a lady. All was ready, and a few short weeks would have seen her his wife and the light of his home; and then—she went away. Went away with never a word; wrote him a cold, cruel letter that it was best they should part—that perhaps some day he would know all and pity her. Then he heard that she had married and gone abroad, and the rest was blank. From that hour she was dead to him. Only in the quiet evenings as he sat alone thoughts of what might have been would crowd upon him, and Bruno's coat would be

wet with his master's falling tears. From the hour of his disappointment George Tostevor was an altered man. He looked upon men and women as his enemies, and lavished all his affection on dumb animals. *They* were grateful.

The little children sent so strangely to him had considerably altered his views. He was more cheerful. He told *that* story very rarely to Bruno now, and even Mrs. Twiggs was induced after a time to declare that he was 'treating Christians more as if they was Christians, and not a bemeaning them below the animiles, as he did afore them orphins come.'

And Mrs. Peters, who spent the evening generally in Mrs. Twiggs's room, quite coincided, and added that, to her thinking, 'orphins was the best things as could possibly have happened to the master.'

CHAPTER V

THE MAD ENGLISHWOMAN.

It is the hot mid-day in the ancient city of Bruges, and the streets are nearly empty. The silence is only broken at intervals as a weary dog comes panting along with lolling tongue, drawing a heavy cart that rumbles over the great stones, while the wooden shoes of his mistress clatter behind him on the burning flags.

The shops are empty; there is no one buying and no one selling; the doors are set wide open that the air may enter, but it enters alone.

The white shutters of the private houses are firmly closed, and the *estaminets* give no sign of life. Even a

solitary peasant-girl who sits at an open door has fallen asleep over her bobbing, and the Flanders lace she makes from morn to night is the resting-place of a drowsy bluebottle. It is like a city of the dead. It is Bruges in summer at mid-day.

Signs of its vanished greatness linger still, but they are few and far between, and as the English traveller roams along the deserted streets he thinks of the fabled city which fell under the wizard's spell and went to sleep for ages, and he finds it difficult to believe that this quaint and silent town was once a great commercial capital.

Such a traveller is now wending his way through the deserted thoroughfares in search of the cathedral, and is wondering whether the ugly brick building in front of him can possibly be dignified by such a title.

He would ask, if he could see any signs of a human being, but there are none.

Just as he is searching in despair the delusive 'Guide to the Antiquities of Bruges,' which he has purchased in Ostend for a couple of francs, he hears a light footfall behind him, and, turning, sees a lady coming towards him.

He raises his hat, and points to the building :

'Pardon, madame ; la cathédrale ?'

His accent is unmistakable, and the lady replies in English :

'Yes, this is the cathedral,' and then, suddenly, she exclaims : 'Mr. Marsden !'

Richard Marsden looks at the lady earnestly, and then it is his turn to be astonished.

'Why, good gracious me, Mrs. Leslie, what are you doing here ? Do you live here ?'

‘Yes; I live here.’

‘And Mr. Leslie, how is he? Why, I haven’t seen you since you married, ten years ago.’

‘Hush!’ she put her hand on his arm. ‘Can I confide in you?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

‘I have no friends here. I am alone in the world. When I tell the people about here what I tell you they turn away and pity me, and say I am mad.’

Richard Marsden began to feel uncomfortable.

‘They say I am mad, but you won’t say so. You knew me years ago, didn’t you—when I was pretty, and men ran after me—when I married Ralph Leslie?’

‘Yes.’

‘Mr. Marsden, the man I married was a villain; he married me because he hated me; he married me to make my life a hell, and he succeeded.’

‘Dear me, Mrs. Leslie!’ gasped Richard Marsden, getting more and more uncomfortable, ‘how very dreadful!’

‘He brought me abroad, away from every soul I knew, the better to carry out his fiendish plan. He beat me, starved me, Richard Marsden, and when his fiendish malice had exhausted all its plans, he stole my little children from me.’

‘Stole your children?’

‘Yes. Heaven, after the lapse of years, cursed our union with two hapless babes, twins, a boy and a girl. A year ago he took them from me with a fearful oath that if I sought him or them, that moment he would kill them.’

‘My dear lady,’ said Marsden, with a shudder, ‘you

are a prey to some dreadful delusion. No man would do such a barbarous thing.'

'He did it.'

'But have you made no effort to discover where he is—where the children are? The law would certainly assist you.'

'The law!' She laughed a bitter, grating laugh. 'Do you know what the law would do for me if I went to it?'

'Assist you, certainly.'

'Assist me? No. They would put me in a lunatic asylum. Then my last hope of finding my children would be gone.'

'But, my dear madam, if you are sane, how can they put you in an asylum?'

'He threatened it once, when we first came to live here. He gave it out that I was mad—harmless, but mad on certain points. The people believed him. He kept me locked up for weeks, sometimes, and beat me till I shrieked. When I cried out, the people said, "Listen to the mad Englishwoman; she is bad to-night." I found out his scheme and I was quiet. I let him abuse me and said nothing. If he hurt me I bit my lip and would not cry. I went almost mad at last.'

'But there is a law in this land as well as your own for ill-treated wives. Surely you could have claimed protection?'

'I dare not. *He knew something!*'

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike Richard Marsden.

'Mrs. Leslie,' he said, 'you loved this man when you married him?'

'No; I never loved him. *He knew something!*'

‘What did he know?’

‘Something so dreadful that I dare not whisper it—something that had he spoken it aloud would have brought shame and ruin on those near and dear to me.’

Richard Marsden pressed her no further. He quite saw how affairs stood. The poor creature was not mad, perhaps, but she was evidently not right in her head. He felt anxious to finish the conversation and get away.

‘How do you live?—if it is not a rude question,’ he asked.

‘I don’t live. I keep body and soul together. I teach English to a few people here, and I go to some of the schools. I am not too mad for that.’

Richard Marsden pitied the woman. There was a look in her face that told how sorrow had eaten into her heart. He remembered her a bright and happy girl, and he had been one of the invited guests when Leslie led her to the altar.

It had been very sudden, he remembered. Everybody fancied she was going to marry someone else; in fact, rumour whispered she had been engaged to him. Her father was a struggling artist, a Bohemian of the old school, who kept open house, and whose pretty daughter tempted many a brother of the palette to his merry supper-parties.

Leslie was an artist too, but a saturnine, ill-conditioned fellow, and just the last man one would have thought the gay-hearted girl would marry.

‘Well, Mrs. Leslie,’ said Marsden after a pause, ‘is there anything I can do for you—any message to old friends in England?’

‘When do you go to England?’ she asked eagerly.

‘Oh, in about a month!’

She clutched his arm and frightened him by her vehemence.

‘Richard Marsden,’ she said, ‘give me your pocket-book.’

He gave it her, and she scribbled her address in it.

‘There’s my address. If ever you come across my husband or hear of him, find out where my children are and let me know at once. I will go to the world’s end to see them again.’ Her voice quivered, and she broke down, moaning out, ‘Oh, my children—my poor, lost darlings!’

‘There, there,’ said Richard, swallowing the big lump in his throat; ‘you’ll hear of them soon, depend upon it. He’s travelling about. When he’s settled down he’ll let you know.’

‘Never!’ she wailed. ‘He will let me die and never clasp them more. He hates me.’

‘Well, look here. Directly I get to England I’ll try and find him out if he’s there, and if I hear anything I’ll let you know. By-the-by, what are the children’s names?’

He asked more as an assumption of interest in the case than as a matter of curiosity.

‘Urbain and Isette,’ she answered.

‘Quaint names. I shan’t forget them. Good-day.’

He shook hands and hurried into the cathedral, and Mrs. Leslie went on her way to the shop of the rich pastrycook, whose daughter was learning English, that she might speak it behind the counter to the English travellers, who were so fond of cream cakes and ate so many ices.

*

*

*

*

*

The summer went by and the autumn came. The days grew short and the leaves fell from the trees, and then came the first cold days of winter. In the winter Madame Leslie fell ill, and could not give her lessons. But one morning the postman brought a letter for her, and she rose from her sick-bed and dressed herself, and cried, and counted up her little hoard of money, and said she was going on a long journey; and she was so weak and ill that Marie, the servant where she lodged, went with her to the station, and took her a ticket, third class, to Antwerp. All this Marie told the other servants next day in the vegetable market, when she was buying the carrots and the turnips for the mid-day meal.

It was quite true, all that she said, though often Marie had been known to exaggerate. But what Marie did not know was that the letter was from Richard Marsden, who wrote from Italy:

‘DEAR MRS. LESLIE,

‘I came across the enclosed advertisement in an English newspaper the other day. A book that I bought at the English library in Rome was sent home wrapped in it. The date is torn off, but you will see that the address given is in London, and that the names mentioned are Urbain and Isette.’

And the careless fellow had never enclosed the cutting, and had never put an address at the head of his letter.

The poor mother knew only that her lost children were in London, perhaps ill, and at the mercy of strangers. Their father had deserted them. She rose from her sick-bed, counted up her little store of gold,

saved by denying herself the bare necessities of life, and in the stormy winter weather she set out on her search, with nothing to guide her but the vague letter of Richard Marsden.

‘God will guide a mother’s heart aright,’ she thought, and so took comfort and went on her pilgrimage.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW SANTA KLAUS CAME.

CHRISTMAS EVE had come round, and Urbain and Isette had been George Tostevor’s pets for over a year.

The first Christmas Eve they had only been a few days with him ; he cared nothing for them then ; but now they were his children, and for weeks he had been scheming and thinking how best he could amuse them and give them a little treat.

The idea of a Christmas-tree had at last prevailed, and for many evenings Mr. Tostevor had been busily engaged on it after the children had gone to bed. There were little wax-candles to fix among the branches, packets of sweets, dolls, sugar pigs, tin frying-pans, and tiny toys to tie on, and no end of delicate operations to perform before the task was complete, and there was one special prize, labelled ‘For Urbain and Isette, with best love,’ which required a deal of care and attention. The children had gone to bed, specially warned by Mrs. Peters to hang their stockings out, as Santa Klaus was bound to come round and drop something in.

Urbain and Isette did as they were bidden. They

carefully suspended their stockings from the bottom of the bed and prepared to go to sleep.

But sleep was out of the question ; they were much too excited, and, besides, they wanted to see Santa Klaus.

Urbain had a notion that Santa Klaus was a gentleman, but Isette was sure it was a lady.

From talking of Santa Klaus their thoughts wandered back to the dim remembrance of their early home, and they talked of their mamma. She was only a dream to them now. They were too young to grieve that they never saw her, or to speculate much as to the cause.

One thing they had never forgotten, the simple English prayer that so astonished the good stewardess of the *Flanders*. Night after night in their snowy bedgowns Urbain and Isette joined their little hands and prayed that God would bless their dear mamma ; and still they asked Him to bless their dear papa and turn his heart to love dear mamma.

Mrs. Peters had not liked to stop them saying it. She was superstitious on the point. But the prayer sounded odd to her, for the children always called Mr. Tostevor 'papa' now ; and as she explained to Mrs. Twiggs, 'it do sound rayther queer them poor innocents a-askin' God to turn Mr. Tostevor's heart to love their poor ma, as may be dead and buried, poor soul, who knows !'

The children had said their prayer as usual this Christmas Eve, and Mrs. Peters had left them with parting injunctions about Santa Klaus.

'I wonder whether we shall ever see dear mamma again,' said Urbain, with a sigh.

‘P'r'aps when we're old enough to go back over the sea,’ answered Isette.

Then she got up to feel in her stocking. There was nothing in it. Santa Klaus had not been.

Presently Isette suggested that Urbain should get up and look out of window, and see if Santa Klaus was in the street anywhere.

It was a bright, moonlight night, bitterly cold, and the snow lay frozen in hard patches on the pavement.

Urbain slipped out of bed, and, climbing on a chair near the window, peered through the venetian blinds.

Presently he uttered a cry of joy:

‘Sister—sister, come and look! Here's Santa Klaus on the doorstep. Perhaps she can't get in.’

Isette rolled out of bed and went to look too.

Yes, there was Santa Klaus. Santa Klaus was a lady, then, and all in black.

‘Oh, look, Urbain!’ cried Isette. ‘Santa Klaus has fallen down. She's tired, perhaps, with going to so many places. Run and tell Mrs. Peters to let her in with our presents.’

Down the stairs tore Urbain in his nightgown, shouting at the top of his voice, ‘Nurse—nurse!’

George Tostevor heard the child's voice as he sat among the toys and the sugar pigs in his study, and rushed out.

‘My boy—my boy! what is the matter? Where is Isette?’

The man's voice trembled with emotion as he picked the child up and clasped him to his breast.

‘Don't!’ gasped Urbain. ‘It's Santa Klaus. Santa Klaus on the doorstep.’

‘Thank God!’

The energy with which he spoke the words told how great had been the fear of evil in the man’s heart.

‘It’s Santa Klaus,’ cried Urbain. ‘Oh, please let her in! She’s fallen down on the doorstep.’

‘What, Santa Klaus on the doorstep! Why, what does my pet mean?’ said George Tostevor, laughing.

He walked to the window of his study, the boy still in his arms, and looked out. There, on his doorstep, lay the fallen figure of a woman.

Half an hour before he had sent out and brought in a lost and shivering puppy that whined on his doorstep. Should he call the police or take this poor wretch in?

But little of the old cynicism remained. For a moment he wavered, then glanced at the face of the eager boy, trembling with excitement in his arms, kissed him, and rang the bell. Mrs. Twiggs came up.

‘Mrs. Twiggs, there is a poor creature on my doorstep.’

‘What, another dawg, sir?’

‘No, a woman. Take her in; see what is the matter with her, and let me know.’

Mrs. Twiggs raised her eyes to heaven, turned sharply round, and flounced downstairs.

‘I never see sich a man. The dawgs’ ’ome was bad enough—now it’s agoin’ to be a workus and a orsepital. He ain’t right in his ’ed; he ain’t, really.’

Grumbling to herself, Mrs. Twiggs proceeded leisurely to the front door, calling Mrs. Peters to come too.

There lay a woman, sure enough. They poked their fingers into her ribs, and called her ‘Young ’oman’ and ‘My dear,’ but she never moved.

‘Poor thing!’ said Mrs. Peters, ‘she’s reg’lar bad.’

‘Master says as ’ow we’re to take her in.’

‘Well, then, the best thing we can do’s to do it.’

With which practical remark Mrs. Peters put her strong arms under the fallen woman’s shoulders, and half carried, half dragged her into the hall.

‘She’s friz to death,’ said Mrs. Twiggs.

‘Not she,’ answered Mrs. Peters, putting her hand on the woman’s heart. ‘She’s only fainted. Get her to the fire.’

Mr. Tostevor had carried Urbain upstairs again, and was sitting with the children. He did not want Urbain to see the poor woman, or to know anything of such dreadful things.

‘It isn’t Santa Klaus, dears,’ he said. ‘Santa Klaus never comes till little girls and boys are asleep.’

Bruno had gone to see what the disturbance was, and having satisfied himself, came bounding up into the study.

His master heard him, and suddenly recollected that in his confusion he had left sweetmeats and sugar pigs about unprotected. Sweets were Bruno’s weak point, and he had even been known to steal Mrs. Twiggs’s peppermints.

Mr. Tostevor rushed down to save his pigs. When he entered the room Mrs. Peters was there.

‘She’s a lady evidently, sir, and she’s reg’lar bad. We’ve took her to Mrs. Twiggs’s room. What shall we do with her?’

‘Do? Why, let her stop there, and send for a doctor at once.’

‘Yes, sir. Will you see her?’

‘No. Why should I?’

Mrs. Peters remembered what she had heard of Mr. Tostevor’s dislike for women, and went her way.

An hour later she returned and told her master that the poor woman was put to bed. The doctor said it was want and fatigue, and had ordered her food and warm drink, and that she seemed light-headed like, and had dropped off to sleep in Mrs. Twiggs’s bed.

‘I’m an awful fool,’ thought George Tostevor to himself; ‘but somehow or other I feel ten years younger for taking that poor wretch in. If I go on at this rate there won’t be room for any animals presently—I shall be getting married next.’

Then his face darkened suddenly, and he murmured:

‘Oh, Agnes, Agnes, how happy we might have been!’

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

EARLY on Christmas morning Mrs. Peters came upstairs and rapped at Mr. Tostevor’s door. That gentleman was fast asleep, dreaming that he was a Christmas-tree, and that Urbain was throwing plum-puddings at him, and Isette was setting light to his branches with the flame of a very magnificent snapdragon.

Mr. Tostevor had for days been full of the Christmas treat which he intended to give his little ones, and he had called in the assistance not only of Mrs. Twiggs and Mrs. Peters, but of John as to the proper things to be done on Christmas Day, for, truth to tell, the last ten

years of Mr. Tostevor's life had been so little burdened with seasonable festivities that he was quite at sea with regard to them.

It is possible that this fact may account for Christmas haunting his dreams in so unceremonious a fashion. He had stirred the pudding round for luck when it was being mixed, he had personally superintended the decoration of the room with holly, and he had even gone the length of suspending a piece of mistletoe from the chandelier in the centre of the nursery, much to the horror of Mrs. Twiggs, who skipped gracefully on one side whenever she came within a yard of it.

The nursery was to be the scene of the Christmas festivities, dinner and all, for Mr. Tostevor was the invited guest of Master Urbain and Miss Isette. It had pleased him that it should be so. 'He hadn't been asked out to dinner on Christmas Day for ten years,' he said, and so he gratefully accepted the invitation. After dinner there was to be a Christmas-tree; Mrs. Twiggs had been allowed to invite a deaf aunt, and John was going to bring his sister, and it was to be quite a big party, and all at the invitation of Master Urbain and Miss Isette.

George Tostevor, roused from his dream by the rapping at his door, at once imagined that something especially Christmassy had gone wrong.

'It isn't the pudding, Mrs. Peters?' he gasped. 'Don't say it's the pudding.'

'No, sir,' answered Mrs. Peters; 'it ain't the puddin', sir; it's that poor creature as we took in last night.'

'By Jove! I'd quite forgotten; not dead, I hope?'

George Tostevor shuddered. He wanted no black

shadow to fall across this, the first Christmas Day he had cared about for so many years.

‘No, thank God, sir, she ain’t dead; she’s better, and she wants to go.’

‘Well, let her go.’

‘I’d like for you to see her first, sir; I think she’d tell you more than she will us; I don’t believe she’s a ’ome to go to, and it seems hard as a animile, let alone a human woman, should wander the streets to-day.’

‘No, no,’ said George Tostevor, ‘it shall not be; she shan’t go. By Jove! Mrs. Peters, does she know there’s plum-pudding and a Christmas-tree?’

George Tostevor laughed and chuckled to himself. He didn’t know what had come to him. He felt as if he wanted to run out in the street and shake hands with everybody, and beg them to live happy ever afterwards—like he intended to do.

‘I think, sir,’ said Mrs. Peters, ‘she’s a real lady from her way o’ talkin’, and she feels intruding like.’

‘I dare say,’ said Mr. Tostevor, who was rapidly slipping on sufficient garments to make a presentable appearance at the bedroom door. ‘I dare say. Well, she shall be invited. Mrs. Peters, I’ll ask her to dine with us.’

‘What, with the children, sir?’

‘Yes, of course—though, I forgot, I can’t. I’m only a guest myself. They must invite her. Give her one of the invitation cards.’

It had been a whim of Mr. Tostevor’s to write out in bold letters on a card embroidered with holly this invitation to all who were bidden to the children’s Christmas feast:

‘Urbain and Isette send their love, and request the pleasure of your company to dinner on Christmas Day at half-past one for two sharp.’

Some of the cards which had not been used lay on his dressing-table, and he opened the door and handed one to Mrs. Peters.

‘There; give her that and see what she says. That’s a proper invitation.’

Mrs. Peters took the card and went downstairs.

The poor woman had insisted upon getting up, and had dressed herself.

Mrs. Peters came in, and was surprised to find her trying to put on her shawl.

‘You’re never going, my dear?’ she said, in her good motherly way. ‘You ain’t fit to yet, you know. Look here, we’ve got a Christmas party to-day. We’re all going to it, servants and all. Here’s an invitation for you.’

The woman took the card mechanically and looked at it; then with a wild cry she fell forward into Mrs. Peters’s outstretched arms.

‘She’s fainted,’ said Mrs. Peters. ‘Dear, dear! whatever is the matter with her?’

Mrs. Twiggs and Mrs. Peters laid her on the sofa and commenced to slap her hands and bathe her temples with vinegar, and at that moment Mr. Tostevor, who had heard the cry, came running into the room.

‘She’s fainted, sir,’ said Mrs. Peters; ‘she’ll be better directly.’

George Tostevor came up to the sofa and looked down at the prostrate form, and then, to the intense astonishment of the two women, reeled back and cried out:

‘Agnes!’

In a moment he had recovered his self-possession.

‘Leave this lady to me, Mrs. Peters,’ he said; ‘you and Mrs. Twiggs go up and see to the children.’

His face was ghastly white, and great beads of perspiration stood upon his brow.

Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Twiggs, with many furtively-exchanged glances, went out of the room as they were bidden.

George Tostevor sat down beside the sofa and looked with a strange awe on the senseless form upon it.

After ten years the woman who had cursed and marred his life had come back to him—come back on the very day when he had agreed to bury all remembrance of her and lead a new life.

He looked at the pale, wan face and the thin, worn black dress, and read the truth.

‘Poor Agnes!’ he murmured aloud, ‘your punishment has been harder than mine.’

The woman opened her eyes at the sound of her name and looked at him.

Illness and long travel and the great shock she had just had had left her so prostrate that she could not cry out. The sudden sight of her children’s names had produced such an effect that had the dead risen from their grave to confront her she could not have felt any stronger emotion.

‘George,’ she murmured, ‘why do you come to haunt me now?’

She passed her hands across her eyes and looked again, as though she expected the vision would have faded.

‘You are ill, madam,’ said the man by her side. ‘You fainted near my house last night, and my servants brought you in. I trust you will believe that had I known who my visitor was I would not have inflicted my presence on her.’

The colour came slowly back to the woman’s cheeks.

‘Mr. Tostevor,’ she said softly, ‘some strange fate has brought me here.’

She lifted up the crumpled card that had been clenched tightly in her hand, and raised herself on the sofa.

‘Look at this card, and tell me what you know of it—of Urbain and Isette.’

‘Urbain and Isette! What do you know of them?’

‘What do I know of them, George Tostevor? Only this—that I have come hundreds of weary miles to find them and clasp them to my heart again. They are my children!’

Her children!

Weirdly the words fell upon George Tostevor’s ears. Her children! So the black shadow had fallen across his life once more, the blow had come to crush hope and love out of his heart, and again it was her hand that dealt it.

Her children! Her children that he had grown to love as his own—that he had hoped yet to see grow up to be the light of his lonely home, the stars to illumine the once dark pathway of his purposeless life!

Her children!

He heard their prattling voices in the distance, then the patter of their footsteps on the stairs.

They were coming!

He would have rushed out and stopped them, but he could not move; a strange fear held him back, and glued him to the spot.

Nearer and nearer sounded the childish voices.

The woman heard them and sprang up, her lips parted, her eyes bright with love. How beautiful she looked!—he could notice that even then.

Nearer and nearer—they were down now by the door—a moment, and they were in the room.

They ran towards their guardian, lisping out, ‘A merry Christmas!’ He stretched his hands to catch them, but at that moment the woman leapt between them, and crying, ‘My babies! Oh, my babies!’ caught them to her heart, and the children, looking up, cried, ‘Mamma! dear mamma!’ and George Tostevor was forgotten.

Not quite forgotten, for Bruno, who had followed the children, leapt up and put his paws on his dear master’s breast and wished him a merry Christmas as plainly as a dog could say it.

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

WHILE the church-bells rang out merrily, and the streets were filled with the comfortable-looking folks who seem specially designed for the figures in a Christmas scene, Mrs. Peters came down with a message to where Agnes sat with her children.

Mr. Tostevor had retired with Bruno to his study. He shut himself in, and the old cynicism came back.

What a fool he had been to love these children! Here was his reward. They would be taken from him, and by her—by the very woman who had cursed his life once before.

All his ideas of a happy Christmas Day had vanished. The unfinished tree was by his side; there were several sugar pigs still to hang and ticket, but he took no notice of them.

He had intended to go upstairs and finish decorating the children's room, but he hadn't the heart to do that now.

'Curse her! Curse Christmas! Curse the chil——'

No; he stopped his wicked tongue at that.

'God bless them evermore!' he cried; 'for they have blessed my life indeed—how much I only know now that they are to be taken from me.'

He leaned back in his chair, and Bruno looked up wistfully at his face.

'Poor beast!' sighed his master; 'you at least are faithful to the end. Ah, Bruno, my dog, we shall soon have the old house to ourselves again. The sound of the merry voices will echo through the great rooms no more. They'll go away and leave us, and forget us, Bruno.'

Suddenly George Tostevor paused. He wondered where they would go to. Had she a home? How did she come to be lying on his doorstep? Did she know of the death of her husband? She was a widow now, of course.

He rose and paced the room, vague thoughts surging through his brain.

He rang the bell, and Mrs. Peters came up.

‘Mrs. Peters, ask that lady if she will do me the honour to see me here for a few minutes.’

Presently Mrs. Peters returned, and ushered Agnes into Mr. Tostevor’s study.

For one long hour they sat there together, and in that hour a life’s history was unfolded.

Mr. Tostevor found that Mrs. Leslie was utterly ignorant of her husband’s fate, and that she had come to search for her children, knowing nothing of what had happened.

When she knew that her persecutor was no more, and that she was free from the terror and dread which had overshadowed her life for ten long years, she told George Tostevor her miserable story.

It was a revelation to him.

He had fancied her a heartless girl; he found that she had sacrificed herself to save a father’s honour.

The old Bohemian, pressed and harassed by creditors, and with a sick wife, had signed Leslie’s name as an endorsement to a bill which he could not get discounted without. Leslie had refused to do it himself.

When the man found out what had been done he made an offer. He had been rejected by Agnes with scorn and contempt. Now he came to her and bade her marry him, or her father should stand in the felon’s dock.

It was then that she gave up George Tostevor, without a word, and married Leslie. She could not hope, she said, that any man could marry a felon’s daughter had she refused the wretch who triumphed in her misery.

He took her abroad, and ill-treated her from the first—tried to make out that she was mad. He told her that he hated her for refusing him with contempt, and

that he had only married her to bring her pride to the dust. If she protested, if she threatened to leave him, he always conquered with the same weapon. He would ruin her father and bring shame upon her name for evermore.

Agnes loved her father dearly, and she knew that Leslie was villain enough to keep his word. She knew nothing of the niceties of the law, or of the value of the fact that Leslie had traded on the knowledge and compounded the felony.

Year after year she bore his insults and injuries. Now in Dusseldorf, now in Brussels, and at last at Bruges, where they settled after a time. In Bruges he put it about that she was mad, and many of the people believed it.

One dreadful night when she cried out against him and moaned that she would kill herself, he seized the children and carried them away, telling her that if she followed him or made any inquiry after them he would kill them, and when she fell on her knees and prayed of him to leave her the children and do what he would, he struck her down. She fell senseless, and when she came to herself he had gone, and from that day both he and the children were lost to her, and she had not dared to make inquiry after them lest he should do them an injury.

It was only when she heard from Marsden that she got some clue and came to London to find them, thinking that the father must be dead or have deserted them. There also she found that her own father, with whom Leslie had forbidden her to hold any intercourse, was long since dead.

She wandered from place to place making inquiries,

and hearing nothing, and at last, her small stock of money almost gone, she was making her way to the little coffee-house where she slept, when, worn out, ill, and weary, her limbs gave way and she fell senseless on George Tostevor's doorstep.

'Did it never strike you, Agnes, that your husband was mad?' said Mr. Tostevor, after a pause.

'Not then; but now I see it all. He was mad, undoubtedly. That would account for his fearful cruelty to me.'

'He was mad beyond a doubt when he married you. He was quite mad when he stole the children and leapt overboard from the *Flanders*.'

George Tostevor spoke so kindly and softly now to the poor mother sitting opposite to him. He looked in her sweet, sad face, and thought of the agony she had endured for ten long years, and how all that time he had cursed and upbraided her as a heartless fool.

'Agnes,' he said presently, looking at her earnestly; 'tell me this. At the time you married this Leslie had you killed your love for me?'

She answered him proudly:

'No, George Tostevor; I told you the day we met for the last time that I loved you with my whole heart. It was no lie.'

He rose and went across to the sofa where she sat.

'Agnes, forgive me. I have wronged you cruelly. You have been good and noble, while I have been false and mean.'

She let her hand lie in his.

'Agnes, is it too late to repair the mischief of the past? God sent your children to me, and now He has brought

you beneath my roof. Urbain and Isette are happy here ; they love me as a father, and it would break my heart to part with them. Agnes, this is their home. Can it not be your home too ?’

He had fallen on his knees, and her head had drooped and drooped until it lay upon his shoulder.

‘ Is it love, or pity, George ?’ she whispered.

‘ Love, my darling !’ he cried. ‘ Love tried and sanctified.’

She looked up at him, and put her arms about his neck.

‘ Blot out ten years from both our lives,’ she whispered, ‘ and let us be sweethearts again, if you wish it.’

‘ My darling !’

He kissed her pale lips reverently and tenderly, and then for a moment neither of them spoke.

And Bruno, finding himself unnoticed and quite *de trop*, revenged himself on society by eating the sugar pigs intended for the Christmas-tree.

* * * * *

It was a happy Christmas party in the children’s nursery that afternoon. Urbain and Isette were beside themselves with joy. They had so much to tell dear mamma, so much to eat and so much to look at, that they got quite excited, and talked so much, and ate so much, and laughed so much, that Mrs. Peters declared they’d both have apoplexy or St. Vitus’s dance ; and the good soul got quite confused herself at last, and patted Mr. Tostevor on the back when Urbain ate a piece of pudding in the middle of a sentence and nearly choked himself. Mr. Tostevor was supremely happy—happy while the children’s fresh laughter rang in his ears, happy when they climbed about his knee and asked for fairy

stories, and happier still when they kissed him to say good-night, and then, having kissed their mamma, called back from the door, 'Good-night, dear mamma; good-night, dear papa.' And he was happiest of all when that Christmas night, after the children were in bed, and when Mrs. Peters had fallen fast asleep in the easy-chair, he and Agnes—his Agnes once again—sat and talked over their plans for the future.

She was to stay with her little ones that night, and on the morrow she was to go to an hotel and stop there for a few weeks, and then they would be quietly married.

That night, when Agnes lay fast asleep with her children's little arms about her neck, George Tostevor sat in his study and talked to Bruno.

'It's been a blessed day, Bruno,' he said. 'God has been very good to me, old dog. We shan't lose the children's merry voices—we shall hear them still, Bruno; and we shall see her sweet face flitting through these dull old rooms, making sunshine wherever it goes. We shall always remember Christmas Day and keep it as the happiest in our lives, and thank the merciful Providence that sent the wanderer to us on the eve of Santa Klaus.'

And Bruno looks up with his kind eyes, and, seeing his master is glad, lays his head upon his knee and wags his tail.

* * * *

Midnight chimes forth from the great clock-tower, and booms across the vast city, telling that another Christmas Day has come and gone, a day of friends united, sad hearts healed, and weary ones buoyed up; a day when the loosened bonds of affection are knitted close, and a

spirit of love and forgiveness should glow in the hearts of all ; a day hallowed by the memory of God's precious gift to man. Cold and gray lay London under the bright stars in the frosty air ; cold, gray and unlovely ; but as the spirit of Christmas passed with silent wings from house to house, to see who had used her gifts aright and obeyed her loving precepts, sweet and holy were the sights she saw under many a dull, gray roof. And none was sweeter or holier than the poor mother, happy at last, after years of anguish and suffering, dreaming once more of him who won her heart in her fair youth, and clasping her long-lost darlings in her fond embrace. And there was none more welcome to the good spirit's soul than the noble-hearted man led back from a miserable cynicism to faith in womanhood and sympathy with his kind by the gentle hands of two young children.

MY DOG PICKLE.

‘THERE can’t be much harm in doing it, can there, my doggie?’

‘Bow, wow, wow!’

The question was put by an individual whom I would rather not describe, no one being so incompetent a critic of a personal appearance as its owner, and was answered by a little dog of doubtful breed. She—the little dog was of the unenfranchised sex—was too evidently the offspring of an ill-assorted match. Her mamma was a member of the famous Skye family, and her papa connected by birth with the black-and-tans. Superficial judges would have pronounced her ‘the image of her father,’ but the learned in points would have detected traces of the female side of the family in a moment. Still, to all intents and purposes she was a black-and-tan terrier. The undescribed biped, as the reader has undoubtedly surmised, was the narrator of the occurrences ‘hereinafter set forth,’ as the lawyers have it; the fully-described quadruped was my dear little dog Pickle, the companion of my solitude on the desert island where I write, my fellow-fugitive from the haunts of men, the sharer of my awful secret.

For ten long years Pickle and I have lived alone upon this island, which shall be nameless, latitudeless, and longitudeless. A young and sprightly pup of some twelve revolving moons when we landed, age has since told its tale upon my little dog. The muzzle, once a rich jet black, is very gray now; the lithe little limbs move more leisurely and methodically at my call; the soft, brown eyes that look up lovingly into mine have lost the sparkle and the clearness of youth. My dog is old and feeble, and I cannot disguise from myself the fact that soon—very soon—we shall be parted by the cruel constable who hauls off all animals to the eternal lock-up, irrespective of the number of their legs. And when my poor little Pickle is dead, I can leave this lonely place and commence the world anew—but not till then.

‘Well, if that’s all, why couldn’t you kill the dog and come back?’

Thank you, Mr. Somebody; I fancied you would say that. Ten years of isolation have not made me forget that there are cold-hearted ruffians in the world.

Kill my dog! Go and kill your wife, sir—the woman who marks your every gesture with admiration, and worships you, and thinks there never was a man in all the world like you. Go and kill your little child, who watches for you from your going out to your coming in, who leaps upon your knee and nestles in your arms. Confound it, sir! go and destroy every link that binds you to the past. Sell the letters your mother wrote you when you were a boy at school to the buttermilk; throw the massive old turnip that was your father’s and your

grandfather's on to the dust-heap. But, pshaw! I waste words on you! A man who would suggest the butchering of a faithful beast would do all these things, and dine with better appetite for the exercise. Go you, rather, and be vivisected in the interests of science, tell me how it feels, and then I will tell you why I did not kill my dog. Here, don't you read any more of my story! Put it down at once—you won't understand it! Kill my dog, indeed!

'Bow, wow, wow!'

'Go on, you bad dog! I shall get angry if I like. Leave off wagging that silly old tail, do. Look here, Miss Pickle, if you come and interrupt me again, I'll—I'll Von Glabenize you—there!'

If you had seen my dog Pickle when I said those words, you would have jumped instantly to the conclusion—— But perhaps you wouldn't: some people are awfully dull where animals are concerned. I'd better tell you all about it in the ordinary way.

Firstly, then, you will please understand that it is agreed between my dog Pickle and myself that it will be a great relief to our feelings if we unburden ourselves of a secret that oppresses us. Secondly, living as we do upon a desert island, we run no risk of suffering for our candour. Thirdly, it is not intended to bottle this confession and hurl it into the sea, after the fashion of the humdrum castaway; it is written with island home-made pen and ink, on island home-made paper, and will be deposited in a suitable place on the coast, so that, in the event of my predeceasing Pickle, the story of a strange affair may be left on record; and in the event of Pickle predeceasing me—well, then I may perhaps go back to

civilization and keep it to myself. Now for the confession :

Towards the close of a dull November day, in the year 186—, a young man was standing, with his back to the fire, in a small but well-furnished apartment in ——— Street. Scattered about upon the table were several open and evil-looking volumes, bearing, as their titles indicated, upon witchcraft, spiritualism, mesmerism, and various supernatural phenomena. Their appearance showed that they were frequently and deeply studied. Seated on the hearthrug, close to the young man's feet, was a small black-and-tan mongrel, very sharp about the muzzle, very bright about the eyes, and very tremulous about the tail. Every now and then she looked up into her master's face with that look of wistful wonder so common to the canine features, giving at the same time a little subdued whimper, in order to attract his attention.

‘What is it, Pickle?’ he exclaimed at last, roused from his reverie, and looking down at the dog. ‘What is it, my girl?’

‘Bow, wow, wow!’

‘That's a very general answer, my doggie.’

At that moment some peculiar idea evidently flashed across his brain, for, looking earnestly at the dog, he exclaimed :

‘By Jove! I've a good mind to try the experiment. Let me just read it over again.’

He walked quickly from the fireplace to the table, and opened one of the volumes at a marked place. For a quarter of an hour he sat and never raised his eyes from

the book ; then, leaving it open, he pushed it a little way aside and called the dog. In was on his knee in a second.

‘Pickle,’ he said gently, ‘would you like to talk?’

‘Bow, wow, wow!’

‘No, not to bow, wow, wow, but to talk—like I do?’

The dog put its head on one side and looked at him earnestly, with that painful endeavour to understand which everyone who talks to a dog must often have noticed.

‘Let me see what it says once more,’ muttered her master, and he turned to the book again. ‘H’m!—power of strong will—condition produced by mesmerism—experiment of Von Glaben*—act on brain and tongue—transmitted capacity and sympathetic action on muscles. Yes, I’ll do it, come what may.’

With these words he lifted the dog from his knee and placed it upon the table in front of him, so that its face was level with his ; then he raised his finger and exclaimed sharply :

‘Pickle, look at me!’

The dog’s eyes were riveted on his in a moment. The last rays of the November sun had long ago departed, and the room was filled with that visible darkness which gives a weird aspect to the commonest of objects. In this obscurity, relieved only by a fitful flare from the dying embers in the grate, the pupils of the animal seemed to the young man to dilate under his glance, and

* Von Glaben was a German scientist, who carried mesmerism out of itself, and developed a far superior method of procedure. At the time of writing, I believe only one of his disciples still exists. Ten years ago, I knew of six others : two were lost in an extinct crater, one was killed at a level crossing, and the remaining three died mysteriously in lunatic asylums.

become balls of liquid fire. Never for a moment allowing his steadfast gaze to vary, he lifted his hands quickly from his side and made the usual passes, adding to them certain others, evidently prescribed in the recently-studied article.

At the first few strokes the dog trembled violently, and the bristles rose round its neck like a ruff. Then it suddenly became rigid, the jaws dropped asunder, and the ears were pricked in almost painful tension.

‘Pickle!’ exclaimed the young man, bringing his face suddenly so close to the dog’s that their noses touched—‘Pickle, speak to me! Say “Master.”’

The open jaws closed with a sudden snap, the lips twitched spasmodically, the working of the throat showed that the tongue was violently agitated.

‘Pickle, if you love me, speak.’

The words were this time accompanied by a powerful attack upon the animal’s brain and tongue. The same symptoms followed the second appeal, and then from between the clenched teeth there came, harsh and grating, as though tearing its way up the dog’s throat, the word ‘Master.’

Pronounced in an unearthly tone, the word, half expected as it was, had a momentary effect upon the operator’s nerves; but before the current of his influence over the dog had been destroyed he recovered himself, and continued the experiment.

‘Do you understand what I say to you?’

This time the answer fell easily and softly from the dog’s lips. The unused muscles of the throat had, under the influence of Von Glabenism, got quickly over the first shock and fallen at once into working order.

‘I understand all you say to me.’

‘Can you speak except under the influence? I mean, can you speak if I withdraw my eyes from you—so?’

The young man turned away, and destroyed for a moment the *rapport* between the dog and himself. The animal was powerless to reply. Resuming the former conditions, the operator then continued :

‘Do you retain the remembrance of your former life, or are you oblivious to the past?’

‘You use very long words.’

‘Is your condition altered? Do you remember anything that happened to-day?’

‘I am still your little dog Pickle, and please will you give me that big bone you sent away on your plate at dinner-time?’

‘Yes; and every night, if you are good, you shall have a big bone after you’ve been mesmerised. I want you to go about into people’s gardens and houses, and hear all you can, and then in the evening you must tell me all about it.’

‘Yes; but let me go now. I want to scratch myself, and I can’t move my leg.’

Rapidly making the liberating passes the young man withdrew his eyes from the dog, and instantly springing from the table, it rolled over on the hearthrug, and, heaving a deep sigh, went off into a doze. It was evident that the experiment had prostrated the dog, and left it weak and languid. For the moment even the bone was forgotten.

Not at first did the full meaning of the feat he had performed dawn upon Pickle’s master. It was only by degrees, as he sat thinking before the dying embers, that

the revelation came to him of what he might accomplish with a talking dog. He never for a moment entertained the idea of making the discovery public. Rather should it be to him a source of secret enjoyment, heightened by the knowledge that the whole proceeding was in direct violation of the laws of nature, and as 'uncanny' as the wild revels peculiar to a witch's holiday.

For many a night after that Pickle and her master talked together for a quarter of an hour in the evening. The doors were always carefully locked before the preliminaries commenced, and the Von Glabenistic influence was limited to a short period, as the dog evidently suffered physically if the interview was prolonged.

An intelligent and observant animal, Pickle brought to her master many queer items of news about his neighbours, and he encouraged her prying habits, having already conceived the idea of earning fame as an amateur detective, and employing the dog as an unsuspected agent.

When Pickle had anything of importance to communicate, her intelligence was rewarded with a choice bone; but when she had been spending the day with other dogs, and listening to them instead of to their owners, her conversation was not interesting to her master, and she forfeited the dainty *honorarium*.

One evening, she had been out all day, and returned long after her usual time, looking very muddy about the feet and very tumbled and dirty about the coat. Her tail, usually defiantly poised in the air, was curled tightly between her legs, and she crawled rather than walked into the library, where her master was waiting for her.

The door was closed and the curtain was drawn, and then Pickle, looking the picture of downcast doggedness, was lifted on the table and Von Glabenized.

‘You bad dog!’ exclaimed her master sharply; ‘what makes you so late? You’ve been playing with those low dogs by the canal. Look at your coat!’

‘No, I haven’t been playing by the canal, and I don’t know any low dogs.’

‘Where have you been, then?’

‘Only next door.’

‘Then, you wicked dog, why didn’t you come in before?’

‘Because—well, because I didn’t want the police inspector to see me.’

‘What had you done, then?’

‘Don’t be cross, and I’ll tell you all about it. You know little Tommy Bowles, who lives next door?’

‘The boy that comes after my apple-tree?’

‘Yes; and you said you’d cut his head off if you caught him again. Well, *somebody has cut his head off*, for his father found him lying just against the garden wall without it, and I saw him picked up, and so I thought I’d listen; and presently I heard them say they believed you’d done it, and they sent for the inspector from the police-station up the street; and I hid under the table, and when he came he said there was no doubt you’d done it, but the difficulty would be to prove it.’

‘But I never cut Tommy Bowles’s head off.’

‘Yes, you did.’

‘What do you mean, dog? Are you mad?’

‘You know you flung a broken plate over the wall this morning, didn’t you?’

‘Well?’

‘Well, just as you threw it Tommy Bowles was climbing up the wall to get at your apple-tree, and it caught his neck, *and cut his head right off.*’

The young man sprang to his feet in an instant. A cold perspiration burst from every pore. He had taken human life, and his victim lay headless next door. He turned hurriedly to Pickle for further information, but the dog had left the table, and was stretched quietly on the hearthrug gnawing a bone. The concentration of her master’s will had been disturbed, the conditions under which the phenomena were possible had been destroyed.

For fully an hour he endeavoured vainly to bring himself into a fit state to control the animal’s will. At last, by a mighty effort, he succeeded.

‘Pickle, go on; tell me *all* you heard.’

The influence was evidently weak, for Pickle, instead of answering, cast a wistful glance at the half-gnawed bone on the hearthrug.

‘You shan’t have that bone again at all if you don’t answer!’ cried her master angrily.

For a moment the dog cocked her head on one side, and appeared to be thinking; then she resumed her narrative, but in a hesitating, timorous manner not usual with her when talking.

‘Did anyone see the—ah—accident, Pickle?’

‘No; but Tommy Bowles’s father and a neighbour who’d dropped in said they’d heard you threaten to do it over and over again. Then one of them said, “Ah, if that dog of his could speak, it would tell us all about it. I warrant!” and then——’

‘Go on—go on!’

‘Hush! Perhaps somebody’s listening.’

‘Whisper.’

‘Well, then the inspector jumped up and said, “By Jove! it wouldn’t be the first dog who’d hanged a man!” and then said presently, “If that dog saw it done—and ten to one she did—I’ll have it out of her, see if I don’t.”’

‘What did he mean, Pickle?’

‘Why, he’s found out you Von Glabenize me, and make me talk; *and he’ll do the same if he catches me.* When I heard this, master, I sneaked out of the room and ran for my life; and I went, oh! such a long way round, and waited till it was quite dark for fear he should see me come in; and that’s what made me so late. I may finish that bone now, mayn’t I?’

Freeing the dog from control, the young man flung himself heavily into a chair. His position was desperate. The little harmless dog, gnawing away at its bone as though nothing had happened, had his life upon its tongue. Why, in the hands of a man like the inspector—a man who evidently knew the secret he fancied he himself alone possessed—the dog’s evidence would hang him twenty times over. He felt his collar tighten round his neck as he thought of it. Who would believe it was only an accident? His threat to cut off Tommy Bowles’s head had been heard all over the neighbourhood. He had flung the fatal plate; the dog had seen him do it; the dog could be made to speak, and the inspector knew how to make it.

Suddenly the thought struck him, ‘Pickle is the only

witness who could prove the actual deed. How if I were to—to—put her out of the way?’

The young man’s face had been ghastly pale till then. Hardly had his brain conceived the thought than his cheeks were suffused with a blush of honest shame.

‘Kill his dear, faithful little Pickle! Never. The accidentally-shed gore of Tommy Bowles was on his hands already; should he dye them a deeper crimson with the blood of an innocent, loving little dog? Perish the thought! Come what might, they would share the worst together.

The worst! Great Powers! Why, at any moment the myrmidons of the law might be hammering at his door; he might be in gaol, and Pickle in the power of that confounded meddling inspector. Not a second was to be lost.

* * * * *

Late that night a young man stole cautiously down the steps of the house in —— Street, and hailed a passing hansom. From beneath the folds of his ulster peered the sharp black muzzle of a little dog.

Three weeks later man and dog stood upon the deck of the good ship *Grampus*, bound for Ujiji with ice, lucifer matches, and gray shirtings.

‘What is that island yonder?’ asked the man of the first mate, who was leaning over the bulwark near him.

The man shaded his eyes and looked.

‘That? Oh, that’s a desert island. We’re out of our course, through the fogs, a good bit, or we shouldn’t be near it.’

‘Don’t ships ever go nearer than this to it?’

‘No fear. There’s generally nasty rocks off such

places. We always keep as far away from 'em as we can.'

That night, shortly after dark, the captain, walking round his ship, must have noticed an unusual appearance on the port side, for one of the boats was missing.

And so were the man and the dog.

And the man and the dog are sitting side by side now, as this confession is written, and the boat is high and dry on the desert island, where it has been their hut and home for ten long years.

So ends our confession.

'Bow, wow, wow!'

'Ah, my doggie, if you'd never been able to speak any language but that, we shouldn't be here now. Still, it was best we came. Wherever we had gone among the haunts of men, we should have been recognised. A man and a dog—full description—five hundred pounds reward! No, my poor old Pickle, we should have been caught; and you wouldn't have liked to hang your master, would you? By Jove! Pickle, I've a good mind to Von Glabenize you again, just to talk over old times. I've never done it since that fatal evening. Shall we have a talk again, just for once? Shall we, old girl?

'Why, if ever a dog said "Yes" with her eyes and tail, you do now. So I will, then! So! look at me well while I make the passes. Come, that's it! Why, you go off easier now, my dog, than you did ten years ago. Steady! now for a try. Pickle, why, how you tremble!'

'Master!'

'Why, what a tone! Are you frightened, my dog?'

‘Master, I want to talk about Tommy Bowles.’

‘No, hang it, my dog! some pleasanter subject than that, please.’

‘But, master, I’ve been wanting to tell you about Tommy Bowles for ten years. Oh, master, you didn’t cut his head off.’

‘What!’

‘Nobody cut it off—it wasn’t cut off at all. Oh, do forgive me!—and there wasn’t any inspector; and, please, I made it all up.’

‘But—surely—confound it, Pickle! I don’t understand. Ain’t I a murderer, then?’

‘No.’

‘But, in the name of all that’s canine, why should you make all this up?’

‘Because I *had* been playing with low dogs up by the canal all day, and I thought you wouldn’t give me the bone if I didn’t tell you something, and be cross with me, and so I made it up about Tommy Bowles.’

‘Oh, Pickle, Pickle! and for ten long years have you and I been on this desert island because you told me a lie! Why the deuce didn’t you undeceive me before?’

‘How could I? You never Von Glabenized me.’

‘Pickle, old dog, we’ve been friends too long to quarrel over this. Give me your paw. I forgive you.’

‘Master, do men ever, when people want news, and they haven’t got any to give them, make things up like I did?’

‘Certainly not; only a foolish dog would do such a thing as that. Halloa! there’s a boat coming, Pickle. We’re discovered.’

‘Bow, wow, wow!’

‘It comes nearer!. Never mind; we don’t dread it now. Why, Pickle, look! That face in the bows! Why, I’m blest if it isn’t Tommy Bowles!’

From the *Times*, August 13th, 187—.

‘The ship *Jemima*, Captain Bowles, with iron rails and cutlery from Ujiji, reached Millwall this morning. She brings with her a gentleman and his dog, who were discovered by Captain Bowles’s son Thomas on a desert island, where they had been cast away ten years ago.’

There is no reason now why this confession, written on that island, should be kept from the public. Pickle is agreeable to its publication; and if she is not ashamed of her share in the story, I am sure I need not be of mine.

A TALE OF ITALICS.

THE water did look disgustingly cold !

There was hardly a soul on the Embankment, and if I once jumped in, my chance of being pulled out again was excessively remote. But there ! what was the use of thinking the matter over ? I'd made up my mind to end my miseries as quietly and decently as possible, and the sooner I got the preliminaries over the better. If you are inquisitive enough to inquire why I wanted to commit suicide, I'm sorry I can't gratify your very legitimate curiosity. I didn't know myself then, and I've never quite found out since.

Money was scarce, friends were unkind, town was dull, I was out of sorts, and an unsuccessful author. Smith said my verse was vapid jingle, Jones said my prose was slipshod bosh. Everything was as wrong as wrong could be, and I'd just found out that I couldn't be a famous writer in three weeks. I suppose all these things, acting on a badly-balanced brain, had something to do with it ; but the only thing about which I am positive is, that at five o'clock one July morning I was sitting on the parapet of the Thames Embankment, waiting to drop into the river.

The longer I looked at the water the less I liked it. Not only did it look uninvitingly cold, but it was dirty—and it smelt. The uneasy spirits of dogs and cats prompted their inanimate carcasses to revisit the surface, and there was a look about them that did not tempt a closer acquaintance. I wondered what I should look like when I came to the top, after a couple of days in the mud. I put my hands into my pockets to think the matter calmly out. The fingers of my right hand came in contact with a hard metallic substance, round in shape, and smooth to the touch; I drew it gently forth, and gazed at it with astonishment. It was a sovereign—a whole sovereign! I'd actually been contemplating suicide with a pound in my pocket! At least I would spend that first. Nobody should be twenty shillings the better for my untimely end.

At this moment Big Ben struck six; signs of life became apparent in the streets and on the water. My chance for a quiet plunge was over, and I had a fresh object in life. From six to midnight was eighteen hours. I would postpone my little experiment for that period, spend a happy day and my sovereign, and drop off Westminster Bridge as the clock struck twelve. Besides, the darkness was much more suitable to the deed than the garish light of day. You see, I went about the business methodically; I was a prey to no violent emotions. No thought of the wickedness of my intended deed ever entered my brain. I was simply in that state of mind in which there is a general petrification of the senses round one object. I had made up my mind to die as I should have made up my mind to buy a penny bun. I am not a psychologist, and I can-

not account for my extraordinary mental condition. I know that when I had settled on a postponement, life to me was a period of eighteen hours; and I determined to jog comfortably to its limit, as a weary traveller strolls quietly towards the inn which is to shelter him for the night.

With a careless air, that was not in the least assumed, I sauntered off the Embankment, and entered a coffee-house in the Strand. The morning air had sharpened my appetite, and I despatched a dish of ham and eggs with rather more celerity than is becoming in a man who breakfasts for the last time. When I had finished my meal, instinctively I picked up a newspaper and commenced to read. I skimmed the leaders, glanced, from habit, down the theatrical advertisements, and allowed my attention to be riveted by a trial for murder which was then progressing. Eagerly I followed every question of counsel, every answer of the witnesses. At the bottom of the report I found that the case was likely to last several days. I flung down the paper in disgust. The trial had lost all interest for me, because I could never know how it would end. Then, for the first time, I appreciated my peculiar position. I was a man *without a morrow*.

To the first twinge of annoyance succeeded a feeling of novel enjoyment. There was something so delightfully fresh and romantic about the situation. I had a day to do what I liked in, totally independent of all after-consequences. I paid for my breakfast, and, lighting a cigar, strolled into the street to meditate upon the programme for the day. Should I go into the country or wander about London? I was a Cockney born and

bred, and, true to the instincts of my race, I determined to consecrate my last hours to pavements and shop-fronts. The roar and rattle of the streets, the hustle and bustle of the surging crowd, and all the dash and confusion of London life, were more in harmony with my present mood than the drowsy dulness and pulseless vegetation of the country. I wandered aimlessly through the great thoroughfares; I stared into the shop-windows; I stood at street-corners with old ladies who were waiting for 'buses; I went into public-houses, and drank with clerks and loafers at the bar. One thought was uppermost in my mind. I wondered what the thousands of people passing me by and jostling me with such unconcern would say if they knew that in a few hours I should be a dank and ghastly corpse.

I wondered whether any of them, when they read the description of 'A body found in the Thames,' would remember that they hustled such a person in Regent Street or the Strand on the previous day. It was on my tongue twenty times that morning, when someone's glance casually met mine, to say, 'Look at me well—I'm an important person; I am going to commit suicide.' I had half an idea that I ought to do something eccentric; that it was against the laws of nature for a man with one leg in the grave to stroll about the streets with his hands in his pockets and a cigar in his mouth. To tell the honest truth, I felt like a comic journalist, who sees people reading his witticisms from a paper in the shop-window, and longs to tap them on the shoulder and say, 'I'm the author of that joke. What d'ye think of it?' I felt it a positive injustice that the hero of a terrible tragedy should be passed by with such indifference.

People might say 'Poor fellow!' 'How shocking!' and all that sort of thing to-morrow, and it annoyed me to think that I couldn't discount their sympathy.

A little after two I made my way to a West-End restaurant, thinking that an early dinner would leave me a free evening, if I made up my mind to go to a place of amusement. The waiter brought me the bill of fare, and waited for my order. I read the bill carefully down, and for the first time in my life I realized the great variety of food in which a hungry man can indulge. Soups, fish, joints, entrées, pastry, cheese—what a choice! Now, on an ordinary occasion, if you say to a man, 'What will you have?' he hasn't much trouble to decide. If he chooses mutton to-day, he can have beef to-morrow and pork the day after. With me it was different. This was my last dinner. Whatever I chose to-day I chose once and for ever. The waiter stood silent and grim as the mute he doubtless had often been. The agony of the two minutes during which I endeavoured to decide was supreme. I weighed the relative merits of beef and Yorkshire, mutton and mashed, and rumpsteak-pie, to a nicety. And still I hesitated to 'give it a name.' At last I flung the bill from me with a desperate effort, and in a trembling voice exclaimed, 'Bring me whatever's in best cut.' Evidently relieved that the silence was broken, the waiter darted at a pipe in the wall and blew a message up it. In two minutes he returned and placed before me a plate of *something*. I was glad I left the choice to him then, for I never knew which joint I had tasted for the last time, and I was spared the pain of wishing it had been one of the others. To my intense relief, when it came to pastry, there was only currant

and raspberry tart 'on.' Now, under ordinary circumstances, pastry has the effect of upsetting me for a week. Upon this occasion I consumed two portions with the blessed knowledge that before it could make me ill I should be beyond its malign influence.

I have dwelt somewhat minutely on this question of choice, because throughout the whole day it was the one painful thing against which I had to contend. No matter whether it was where to go, what to do, or what to eat, the terrible fact remained, that, whatever I decided upon, I bade good-bye to everything else of its kind for ever.

I spent the afternoon in Hyde Park, watching the tide of fashion flow through its broad arteries. I gazed at the gorgeously-attired dames lolling in their elegant chariots, and the tightly-coated, loose-trouser'd 'swells' talking and smoking against the iron rails. Few of them, I thought, but are troubled about to-morrow. The men have creditors to avoid, bills to meet, and awkward love affairs to settle; the women have milliners' bills to hide from their lords, home quarrels to renew, scandals to face, and undutiful children to weep over. Yes, for them, in spite of wealth and position, there was a morrow, and I could read in their faces how many of them dreaded it. But I—I the outcast—sitting back and closing my eyes, I could hum the words of Donizetti's ballad with the appreciation of a disciple :

'Scherzo e bevo e derido gl'insani
Che si dan del futuro pensier :
Non curiamo l'incerto domani,
Se quest' oggi ne è dato goder.'

'Never care then what fate brings to-morrow.' How

could I, when every possible misfortune that might occur would find me *non est*?

The monotonous rattle of the carriages, the rustling of the leaves, the soft air blowing in my face, and the warm sun, must have sent me to sleep, for a neighbouring clock striking seven brought me to my feet with a jump. Why, I had slept half the afternoon away — wasted a portion of my last day! Suddenly I recollected that I had slept for the last time. I should have liked my slumber over again then, just to have known I was sleeping.

That dull, dreamy sense of unconsciousness called dozing is one of the most ethereal pleasures of life—and I had slept a vulgar sleep. If I had only known what I was going to do, I would have kept myself awake, and dozed. When a man is within five hours of his grave, you cannot grumble at him for drawing nice distinctions.

I shook off the feeling of lethargy which sitting so long in the open air had produced, and walked rapidly out of the park into Oxford Street. I bought an evening newspaper, and read it in a coffee-shop over a cup of tea and a cup of coffee. (The same painful difficulty of choosing presented itself here, so I had both.) Skimming the theatrical advertisements, the announcement of the last night of the Italian Opera season at Drury Lane caught my attention. The opera to be performed was Wagner's 'Lohengrin,' with Nilsson as Elsi di Brabante, and Titiens as Ortruda. I was passionately fond of music, and familiar with the soft Italian tongue. I must pass my last evening somewhere, why not in listening to the glorious strains of the great German master? There was a grim appropriateness in a man with four hours to

live listening to the music of the future. I had five shillings left out of my sovereign—two would buy me a seat in the gallery. The die was cast; my last night upon earth should be passed at the opera.

A fierce battle of fists and elbows procured me a front seat. My hat was considerably damaged in the conflict, but as I only required its services a few hours longer, that was immaterial. I invested eighteenpence in a book of the words, and settled myself down to a thorough evening's enjoyment.

When the curtain rose the house was crammed; not a single box, and hardly a stall, was vacant. The splendour of the ladies' dresses, the sparkling of precious gems, the glittering of the brilliant armour worn by the knights who crowded the stage, and the soul-stirring strains of the glorious music swelling through the thronged edifice—all this made up an *ensemble* intoxicating to every sense.

As I looked down from the giddy height upon the myriad heads below, and watched the audience listening silent and motionless to Wagner's weird romance, I was struck with an idea which, under similar circumstances, had often presented itself before. What would be the effect upon the house if, in the midst of some splendid dramatic situation, a man leapt suddenly from the gallery and fell with a crash to the ground?

I had often felt that terrible temptation to jump over which many people experience when looking down from a height.

To-night I would yield to that temptation.

Such a death, after all, would be preferable to sneaking into eternity through a dirty river. There would be

a certain amount of *éclat* attached to a suicide committed to a Wagnerian accompaniment, and with such dramatic surroundings. The moment I had thoroughly digested the idea, I determined to act upon it. I turned to the libretto of the third act, and searched for a passage which would serve me as a signal to leap. I selected one immediately preceding the termination of the opera, because, as I should never enter a theatre again, I might as well have my money's worth. Like several other portions of the book, the passage I determined upon was printed in italics. Elsa has indulged in the fatal curiosity of asking her lord his name, and Lohengrin informs her that for this he must leave her for ever.

LOHENGRIN. *The crime thou only dar'dst to perpetrate,
But I must share the punishment with thee ;
Although we shall be separate,
Still shall each the other see.*

[ELSA falls with a shriek to the ground.]

I would do the same.

From the moment I had made up my mind, words and music became one monotonous buzz of sound. The curtain fell on the first act, rose again, and fell on the second. I never moved from my place ; I never turned my head ; my whole being was concentrated upon one idea.

When the third act commenced, I buttoned my coat tightly round me to prevent it catching against any projection. Immediately beneath me in the stalls were four vacant places, and I had calculated the manner in which I should leap to avoid injuring anyone below. The words immediately preceding those which were to terminate my career were :

Mi manca il piede, pietoso ciel!
Ahimè, mi serpe in seno un gel!

‘The ground is rocking; it is night! give aid to me unhappy!’ The final scene between Elsa and Lohengrin came at last. I clutched the railings firmly, and slightly raised myself in my seat. Every thought of the enormity of my act was banished by the wild excitement of the moment. The supreme second came at last. Nilsson, with her lovely fair hair floating over her shoulders, fell at Lohengrin’s feet, and wailed, ‘Give aid to me unhappy!’ Every nerve in my body twitched; the blood ran through my veins like molten lead. I sprang up in my seat, and prepared to vault. ‘Sit down in front!’ yelled the infuriated two-shilling critics behind; but I heard them not. I waited for Lohengrin’s speech and Elsa’s shriek. They never came!

The King and the knights rushed forward and commenced the final chorus. I fell back in my seat and turned hurriedly to the printed libretto. Then, for the first time, I noticed a footnote:

‘The passages printed in italics are omitted in representation.’

* * * *

The sudden revulsion of feeling following on the fearful tension of the last few minutes produced a sweeping change in my mental condition.

Heedless of the exclamations of the gods, I fought my way through them to the door, and staggered down the gallery stairs into the streets.

The idiocy and wickedness of my mad resolve came

to me as a sudden inspiration, and instead of seeking the bed of the river, I went quietly home to my own.

I had come back to life by a 'short cut,' and I've never since had the least desire to leave it in a round-about way.

MR. STRICKLAND'S BLACK EYE.

WE had been married just two months.

Our honeymoon, spent in the most delightfully expensive hotels which the Continent can afford and the tourist can't, had come to an end a week since, and we were now enjoying a glorious view of green trees from two penny seats in Hyde Park. 'We!' My wife and I. My wife and I. Delightful words! There is a novelty about the utterance for the first two or three months which adds to its charm for the utterer. Jones, married three months, always says, 'My wife and I'; Jones, married three years, generally says, 'Mrs. Jones and myself.' I haven't discovered the reason yet. When I've been married three years perhaps I may.

In Hyde Park, people who sit on two chairs during the first three months of matrimonial partnership talk *to* each other. Later on in their career, I have been given to understand, they talk *at* each other. We naturally did the former. We talked of the old days before we were married, before we knew each other. We had no secrets. Newly-married people never have. She told me of the friends of her girlhood; of her dear Araminta Jobson—a young lady of poetic feeling in

admirable harmony with her own—of how they would spend long summer days in the fields, reading Tennyson and eating jumbles. Then she explained that to thoroughly enjoy the Laureate you must always have something handy to munch—chocolate, acid drops, apples, or jumbles. She and Araminta Jobson preferred jumbles, especially with the ‘*Idylls of the King*.’ I understand now how it is I never thoroughly appreciated the drawing-room bard ; I never tried him with jumbles. Then there was Julia Culpepper, who was always eager to be off to battlefields to nurse the sick and wounded. It mattered not where the war might be, it seems Julia was always burning with eagerness to go, and generally wanted my little girl to go with her. Julia’s notion of nursing the sick and wounded was confined, I ascertained, to reading handsome ensigns to sleep, and making jellies for lame privates, who would sit in easy-chairs and God-bless her winsome face, and ask her to write long letters to the goodwife and the bairns at home, in which there would be many references to an angel-lady, with fairy fingers and beautiful smiles, whose mortal name was Julia Culpepper.

Could I do less than return my darling’s confidence ? Should I deny her a glimpse at the young Bayards and Josephs who had been my early friends ? Long and lovingly I dwelt upon the companions of my bachelorhood. She was pleased to hear that my friends had been selected for their sagacity and virtue ; that they accompanied me thrice a week to lectures on the Christian martyrs and dissolving views of Palestine. How her little face beamed with satisfaction when she learned that our wildest orgie had been an evening at the

Polytechnic! Would she have any objection to my continuing the acquaintance of these delightful young men? Might they come and see me sometimes? Might I occasionally in their society renew my severed connection with the martyrs and Palestine? How could she refuse? She should be, oh! so glad to meet them. Her mamma had told her—she didn't mind confessing it now—to beware of billiard-rooms, and to look on my coat-sleeves for chalk if I came home late; but she was sure there could be no objection to the martyrs and Palestine, because, of course, it was like going to church on a week-day. Dear little woman! If the park-keeper hadn't been looking straight at us, I think I should have kissed her there and then. But there was one friend I should mention specially to her. He was older—oh! considerably older than any of the rest, and what was called a good fellow. He was between forty and fifty, but he took a great interest in young men, and went about with them, and joined in their innocent amusements, and was a capital talker. He had given me sound advice in many matters when I was single, and I felt very grateful to him. He had done so much for me, in fact, that I really ought to keep up the acquaintance and ask him to dinner now and then. His name was Strickland, and he was a most exemplary man in every respect. I hoped—— Why, how singular! There he was, coming up the avenue. I knew his walk in a moment. I would introduce him at once.

‘Hi, Strick—Strick, old fellow!’ He turns—he approaches—he recognises me! ‘Why, Strickland, old boy, I am glad. Let me introduce you to my—— Why, what the dickens have you done to your eye?’

‘Only another row last night at the——’

‘Hush! Ahem! My wife’s behind us on the chair. I must introduce you now. Jolly unfortunate, though. Come along.’

It was awkward, that eye, which was as beautifully black as a blow could make it. Perhaps it was that compelled him to wear his hat so dreadfully on one side. There was just the faintest odour, too, of—— It *was* unfortunate—but, there, it couldn’t be helped now.

‘Ahem! My dear, allow me to introduce you to my old friend Strickland, the gentleman I was mentioning to you a moment ago.’

My little wife bowed civilly enough, but I saw her eye rest inquiringly upon his. I thought she was trying to reconcile virtue and sagacity with black eyes and tilted hats.

With perfect ease—I never knew the man disconcerted in my life—my old friend took a vacant chair, exchanged a few commonplaces, and then, glancing furtively at me, exclaimed :

‘I suppose, old fellow, you haven’t told your wife the story of my life?’

I answered, hesitatingly, that I had not told my wife any stories about his life.

‘Then, my dear madam,’ he replied, after a pause, ‘I should like you to know it. I regret that Bi——, that William has not already enlightened you, as it would have spared me referring to this very painful affair.’

He touched his eye as he spoke with a delicacy that showed that it *was* a painful affair.

‘You have observed it, I make no doubt. You could hardly help it. If I falter in my narrative you will

excuse me: I am weak, and suffering from a violent shock to the system. But for medical advice and a—little stimulant, I should now have been confined to my room instead of sitting in the park. Ah, my dear madam, mine is an old, old story!’

He pulled out a handkerchief, and I thought he was going to weep. I think he saw that his handkerchief had a horse on it, for he put it in his pocket again instantly and didn’t weep. I was glad he didn’t—I had seen him weep before.

‘Years ago, when Bi—, when your big, handsome husband there was a small boy, I was a full-grown young man, and fancied the only thing wanting to complete my manhood was a wife. I picked one up from the only female society into which I was flung. My youth, I regret to say, had been a neglected one. I married a young woman whose friends were in the refreshment business. The match was an unhappy one from the first. We quarrelled, we—I blush to mention it to a lady—we fought, and we separated. It was not my fault, I assure you. It is a sad story, and I will hurry over it. My wife went to America with her friends. Months afterwards I heard that she was dead. I cannot say that I shed tears. I am not a hypocrite; you know that, old fellow.’

I murmured assent.

‘Well, years passed on, and there came a time when the wounds inflicted by matrimony commenced to heal. I had begun by believing that all women were endowed with that faculty for making men wretched which my late wife possessed in a superlative degree. By gradual stages I arrived at the conclusion that I had merely been

the victim of an unfortunate choice; that marriage was a lucky-bag in which there was only one blank, and that an evil destiny had guided that blank to my grasp.

‘I have said I arrived at this conclusion by stages. They were three. The first was a delightful little creature—fair, plump, and merry. I felt certain she couldn’t look cross if she tried; and as to those tiny little rose-tipped fingers of hers ever assuming the offensive, I knew that it was an absurdity. They might, perhaps, have boxed a kitten’s ears for drinking out of the milk-jug; but I fancy the kitten would have whisked his tail, and had another drink directly. I admired that first stage extremely. I was on the point of loving her, when her papa got into difficulties through obliging a friend with his autograph; and one day, when I called to sit in my accustomed seat and worship her, I found my accustomed seat being valued by a broker at four and sixpence, and the object of my worship informing the baker’s man that her papa had gone to his country cottage for a week, but on his return the other cottages should be settled for. The baker came in a week, and so did I. We were both disappointed.

‘My second stage was a widow. When I looked at that woman pouring out tea, and heard her asking if her guests took milk and sugar, I settled in my mind at once that the dear departed had been petted to death. Alas! my dear madam, the cruel fate which has followed me through life walked over the widow’s threshold with me, and put his dirty boots under the widow’s mahogany side by side with mine—which, by-the-bye, were *not* dirty, as, knowing how particular widows invariably are about their carpets, I always wiped them carefully on

the hall mat. Would you believe it?—the very day that I came to make a formal proposal for the widowed hand and heart, I met a gentleman in the drawing-room who had forestalled me by five minutes! I took in the situation in a moment, and smothering my grief in a few remarks about the weather, departed.

‘These were mere scratches. My third stage was a wound—a wound which at this moment is unhealed, and which time alone can close. Ah! my dear madam, I may have spoken lightly of my former griefs—let me approach this with the reverence which is its due. Lovely, talented, gentle, and well off, she was all that a man who had lived upon thorns would require in the way of roses. I felt that she was too good for me, and yet I knew that without her life would be a double-sanded Sahara. This time I determined I would risk no delay. I took every opportunity of being in her society; I watched her, and pump—and conversed with her until I felt convinced that I was not indifferent to her.

‘One evening I lingered after the other guests had departed, and asked if she should be at home the next evening. Yes. Might I call upon her, as I had something of great importance to communicate? Oh yes; her mamma would be at home, and they would both be very pleased to see me. I knew what that meant. I went home; rehearsed my little speech for her, my little speech for mamma, and totted up my income and expectations on paper to be ready for papa. At last I was going to know what real happiness meant.

‘The next evening I started full of hope for the house of my adored one. I got to the corner of the street and came suddenly upon a great deal of smoke, a very large

crowd, and a house on fire. It was what is popularly called 'a good fire.' There was only one window that wasn't belching forth smoke and flame. Suddenly that window was flung open, and a woman's face flashed white through the smoke and flames around.

"Save her!" roared the crowd.

'It looked like certain death to mount a ladder, but one was placed.

"It's suicide," said a fireman; "but I'll go up if she won't jump."

'She wouldn't jump; she shrieked out that she couldn't move. The voice struck me first. I rushed through the crowd and caught a closer view of the ghastly face with the lurid glare upon it. *It was my wife!*

'I never stopped to think why they should have sent me word she was dead when she wasn't. I only felt that if I let her die I should be a murderer. I knew, in saving her, I cast all my hopes of future happiness to the ground. I made one dash at the ladder, and went up it—up through the falling beams and the scalding lead that dripped; up through blinding smoke and scorching heat; up through the darting flames, that leaped out at me and hissed like writhing serpents defrauded of their prey!

'A sudden silence fell upon the crowd below. I heard that, but I felt nothing. I reached the window—how I know not—I stretched out my arms and dragged her through, holding her with a fierce, half-revengeful grip. I looked down below for a second, and then—and then—the flames must have burned the ladder through, for it fell with a crash, and we fell with it.'

‘And you had saved your wife?’

‘Wrong, my dear madam. I had saved somebody else’s. A striking likeness had deceived me, for when I came to myself a mild old gentleman came up to me and thanked me in a very mild way for saving his good lady. I was not in a condition to pay the important visit on which I was bound when I met the fire; but I took the mild old gentleman’s address, and the next day I called upon him to inquire after the health of the lady I had rescued. Poor old boy! I soon found out that I had cruelly injured him. My dear madam, the term *virago* was a mild one for the mild old gentleman’s rescued spouse. She was young enough to be his daughter; but he might have been a little boy, and she his mother, by the way she reprimanded and chastised him. She’d used him shamefully, he told me, for ten years; and as soon as she got over the shock of the fire, she expressed herself ready to go on for another decade. And she kept her word. I have seen that woman, my dear madam, knock him down, flour him, and roll him with a rolling-pin, pretending he was paste and she would make a pie of him. I have known her stand him on his head in a corner for an hour at a time. I have heard of her putting him in a copper with the washing, and boiling him within an inch of his life. The discovery was such a shock to me that I never called upon my third stage at all. I felt, with two such matrimonial experiences, it would be tempting Providence. When I knew to what torture by rescuing his wife I had condemned this unhappy man, I determined instead to atone for the evil I had wrought. I have lodgings in his house, and suffer in his stead. So long as she hammers someone her

temper is appeased. I undergo the rolling now; I stand on my head in the corner; I have known the inside of a copper, and can speak with authority concerning boiling suds. The moment they commence to quarrel I step between them and take the consequences. I owe this much to the man I have injured. She was very violent yesterday. I stepped between them—the consequence you perceive. That, my dear madam, is the story of my life and of my black eye.'

'Mr. Strickland,' exclaimed my wife, her cheeks glowing with enthusiasm, 'I admire your courage—I respect your self-sacrifice. I trust, as one of my husband's dearest friends, I shall see much of you. When he renews his visits to the martyrs and Palestine, I am sure he can do so in no better company than yours.'

We shook hands and parted.

I wondered then how it was my friend had never mentioned these singular circumstances to me before.

I wonder now.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S HUSBAND.

HUSHIA was one of the most delightful kingdoms under the sun. And as there are certain well-known kingdoms which it would be untruthful to describe as 'under the sun,' let me at once say it would compare favourably with them. Of course Hushia was governed by a Queen. How otherwise could it be a delightful kingdom? Did you ever know a Paradise possible where there was a King, or a Republic, or a Military Dictator? Kings make wicked Courts and corrupt politics; military dictators are always putting their fingers into the pie at the wrong moment; Republics foster swindles, and are dirty in their habits. But Queens are sugar and spice, and all that's nice; their Courts are virtuous, and they never bully their Ministers. High society wears its best respectability in public, and low society is overawed into goodness by bright and constant example. So naturally Hushia had a Queen, and though you deny the deduction, you must accept the fact. And the Queen of Hushia was a good Queen; so good that in her presence the Archbishops felt like naughty little boys, and so amiable that only once had she been known to be out of temper in her life, and that was when she was cutting her first tooth. Now, it is a matter for regret that so

nice a Sovereign should have been left a widow with an only daughter, because she deserved no trouble; and had this daughter had a wise father's watchful care, it is probable she would never have worried her dear mamma in the way she did.

I will not attempt a word-picture of the Princess Fortesprit. The gentleman who whitewashes our ceilings would be a presumptuous knave if he undertook to copy a Rubens with his pail and brush (though he might manage a Whistler with them), and the author would merit a like description if he attempted to reproduce with his clumsy pen the budding beauties of the Royal Rose of Hushia. Lady readers can ascertain what she usually wore by a reference to the back numbers of the local *Court Circular*; it is only necessary here to give a slight insight into her moral character. It is not pleasant or right to pull roses, especially royal ones, to pieces, so we will make the act as short as possible.

Briefly, then, the Princess was OBSTINATE and THOROUGH.

And here I would make a compact with the reader. In giving the narrative which follows, I am revealing a painful episode in the history of a highly-esteemed Royal Family, which I never would have consented to do but for the excellent moral which it conveys to young Princesses—a rapidly-increasing class of society; and I beg that if at any time I let a cat or even a kitten out of the bag which loyalty would have kept in, the reader will put it down to my earnest desire to warn these young Princesses against being obstinate and thorough.

*

*

.

*

.

There was a very large audience assembled to witness the performance of the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Kewtee—Kewtee is the capital of Hushia; and among them, in the gorgeous privacy of the royal box, sat the Princess Fortesprit and her august mamma. Ever since she could talk, the Princess Fortesprit had been allowed on her birthday to choose what she would have for dinner and how she would spend the evening. Now, this particular day happened to be the sixteenth anniversary of her Royal Highness's birth, and although a woman grown, she had not forfeited the childish privilege. Renouncing the sixteen courses of royalty, the natal feast had consisted of a mutton chop and fried potatoes, and a roly-poly jam pudding (a rare treat for a Princess, I assure you—ask any you happen to know); and for her evening's entertainment she had selected the pantomime at the Theatre Royal.

O fatal choice !

The transformation scene was just over. Miss Sarah Brown, Queen of the Fairies, had been spasmodically jerked up by machinery into the blue paper heavens, lavishly illuminated with Dutch metal stars; the asthmatic musical conductor had conquered his nightly red-fire choking fit; the consumptive Columbine had flung the railway rug from her shoulders, and bounded on to the boards of Elfin Land (awfully dirty boards they were too, and sorely in need of the Elfin charwoman's scrubbing-brush), and then with a wild burst of laughter, and a double somersault, there alighted right in the centre of the changing scene the Great Little Rummichap, the funniest Clown that ever was known.

Now, the Princess Fortesprit came of a critical race.

Her ancestors, ancient and modern, had been famous for their knowledge of art, literature, and the drama. In architecture and science her papa's word had been law. If he said, 'Mr. Biggs is a great architect,' or 'Mr. Bloggs is a great chemist,' Hushia accepted the verdict, and Messieurs Biggs and Bloggs were worshipped for the rest of their natural lives, with statues to follow. Her uncle was equally great among artists. He once praised the work of a little girl who chalked mackerel on the pavement, and in three years it was necessary to build her a Royal Academy all to herself. Her cousin was quite a lad, but if he went to the play and sent for the manager, and said, 'Mr. Manager, your new play is clever, and your first low comedian excellent,' there was instantly an end to all critical controversy; the thing was settled. So you may guess the excitement that ran round the house when her Royal Highness, having watched the antics of Rummichap for five minutes, turned round to the Prime Minister, who stood at the back of the box, and said, in an audible voice, 'What a capital Clown!'

That was her Royal Highness's first *début* in public as a critic, and it indicated at once the branch of art which would be placed under her immediate patronage. Henceforward, let no Clown in Hushia aspire to greatness until he had received his passport from the Princess Fortesprit.

The Prime Minister bowed at once a Ministerial bow of acquiescence, and said softly to the Queen, 'What discernment!'

The Queen tapped her daughter approvingly with her fan, and congratulated her upon her first step in the

walks of art. There was something more than the mother's pride in the tap, there was artistic sympathy, for her Majesty was of the great brotherhood—was she not a writer of books? Ay, and they were good books, too, for they were beautifully bound for the drawing-room table, and sold in large quantities, and it took up quite six columns of a review to get through their merits. So the Princess felt that she had made a hit, and all the evening she watched the Great Little Rummichap with the grave, unceasing gaze of a connoisseur. The news speedily spread that the Princess was a great critic of Clowns, and that she was studying Rummichap. Rummichap heard it at last, and grew nervous; but he pulled himself together, and took great pains with his sausages and his buttered slide, because he felt that it was a supreme moment in his artistic career. And when he came to the baby and perambulator scene, and the Princess was observed to be making notes on her playbill, the excitement grew so intense that the audience felt they must have the verdict there and then. A whispered conversation took place between the Princess and the Prime Minister, who saw that the public expected a speech, and then the latter advanced to the front of the box. The performers fell instantly into a straight line upon the stage, the manager, in evening dress, came on at the wings, and the audience rose eagerly, but respectfully, to its feet.

‘Her Royal Highness desires me to state,’ said the Prime Minister, ‘that a better Clown than Mr. Rummichap she never saw. There were one or two defects in his buttered slide, which she attributes to

nervousness, but his baby and perambulator scene is the finest performance of its kind in the kingdom.'

You never heard such a deafening roar of applause as greeted this announcement in your life. The Princess bowed, and the Queen bowed, and the people cheered. Rummichap was led off weeping by the manager in evening dress, who commenced short speeches all over the place, in which the sentences never finished, but ran into each other without meaning anything, and then Rummichap shook hands with the consumptive Columbine, and wished his mother had been alive to see that day.

The curtain came down, and everybody rushed out to see the Queen leave by the private door.

And the Princess sat back in the great chariot all the way home, and thought. She determined that her life should be devoted to the study of Clowns. She was obstinate and thorough, and you will see how she kept her word.

From that eventful evening forward no wearer of the motley made a first appearance in Kewtee but the performance was graced with the presence of the Princess. Theatres, circuses, and entertainments, she visited them all in pursuit of her special study. The post of Clown to her Royal Highness the Princess Fortesprit was instituted, and Rummichap was asked to accept it. The salary was £2,000 a year, and the duties were light. They consisted of delivering a weekly lecture at the Royal College for Clowns (instituted by H.R.H.), and taking the chair when the Princess conducted the half-yearly examination of the students.

It was about a year after the establishment of this

college that an article entitled 'The Clown considered in Seven Psychological Aspects,' signed by the Princess, appeared in the pages of the *Hushian Half-Quarterly Review*. It was very learned and exhaustive, and cast much new light upon the subject; but what caused it to be most eagerly discussed was the concluding paragraph, which ran as follows:

'In the seven psychological aspects, then, I have considered this important factor in our civilization; but there is yet another point of view from which, with the veneration of a disciple, I would approach it. It is the dream and desire of my life to master the details of this interesting subject, and to give the world a new science—the science of Clownology. Shall I pause timidly upon the threshold of the new world research is opening to me? On the contrary, I hope at some future date to lay before the readers the result of a closer observation of the Clown, and consider him scientifically as the lover, the husband, and head of the family, tracing the influence of comic scenes and professional training upon his domestic and social relations.'

Now, the Royal Literary Helps, who put in the punctuation and corrected the grammar, were so struck with the significance of this passage while going through the proofs, that they took them to the Prime Minister, who sought an interview with the Princess, and informed her it was his duty to bring the matter before the Queen, and obtain her consent to publication. The answer of the Princess was short and sweet.

'My dear Prime Minister, you are only plain Mister now; would you like to be a Duke?'

Now, the Prime Minister bore the same name under

which his great-grandfather had dealt in old, old clothes in the *Judenstrasse* of a Continental city, and a title was the desire of his life. He knew that if the Princess promised him a dukedom, he would have it, and the result was that the Queen saw the peculiar declaration of her daughter for the first time in the pages of the *Half-Quarterly* itself.

There was a terrible row about it.

Her Majesty sent for the Princess at once, and demanded an explanation. What did her Royal Highness intend to imply in this extraordinary paragraph?

Her Royal Highness's intention was easily explained. In the interests of science her Royal Highness intended to marry a Clown.

Once only had her Majesty fainted. It was when her late consort, in the course of some chemical experiments, blew the windows out of her morning-room. The Princess had the honour of sending her august parent flop on the floor for the second time in her life. Twenty Maids of Honour, with cold water and burnt feathers, ultimately restored consciousness, and then there was a scene.

Her Majesty screamed, her Majesty raved; but the Princess sat silent and calm.

Her Majesty mentioned the State prison, high treason, and banishment for life, and even hinted at blocks and axes, and Headoph Square (the Tower Hill of Kewtee); but still the Princess remained unmoved. Then her Majesty began to reason. It was wicked and unmaidenly for a Princess to marry a Clown. It was a crime against the State and against society; it was indecent—nay, worse than that, it was vulgar. There were Princes

ready and willing to espouse her—men of royal lineage. Let her wed one of them. After all, one or two among them would be a fair substitute for a Clown if her Royal Highness would be satisfied with the antics and mental capacity of the *genus*. There was Prince Zany, of Batterbrain, could stand on his head and keep up three oranges at once; there was Prince Sillybilli of Bedlamheim, who was always asking conundrums, and could imitate ducks and donkeys and pigs. If her Royal Highness wanted a fool, there were plenty of eligible ones in her own sphere of life.

At this point her Royal Highness begged her Majesty would remember she was not talking to a child, but to a disciple of art. Her Royal Highness was surprised to find that nonsense entered largely into her Majesty's arguments. Her Royal Highness had made no secret of a determination arrived at solely in the interests of science and art, and she would faithfully adhere to it, in spite of opposition. With which assurance her Royal Highness requested leave to retire from a very unnecessary and painful scene.

Within an hour of the Princess's departure from the royal presence a Privy Council was summoned and the state of affairs placed before it. One member suggested that all Clowns should be ordered to quit the kingdom under pain of death; another that her Royal Highness should be talked out of her weakness by the Archbishops; but no one could arrive at a really feasible way of meeting a delicate difficulty.

Now, there was an old Prince—a canny old gentleman—from the northern appanage of Hushia, who had a big title, a small income, and a large family, and who

had been sitting with the Queen as confidential adviser all through the discussion, and had said nothing. But when the others were gone, and the Queen was having a good cry, and rocking herself to and fro on the throne, he fell upon one knee reverently, and spoke as follows :

‘My gracious Suverin, there is a means by which your daughter may yet be saved from the consequences of her folly. I am of royal lineage, like yourself ; in fact, I believe my ancestors came over with the Conqueror of Hushia at least twenty minutes before your Majesty’s. I have a handsome, clever son, who loves the Princess devotedly, and would make any sacrifice to wed her. If we take him into our confidence, and allow him to woo the Princess in his own way, all may yet be well.’

‘But you know my daughter’s temper,’ sobbed the Queen ; ‘she will marry no one but a Clown.’

‘My gracious Suverin, your daughter does not know my son ; she has never noticed him ; and he is quite clever enough to master the art of clowning in six months. If he appears as a clown, how is she to know he is not one ? And, once married to him, the danger’s over.’

The Queen dried her eyes and left off rocking to and fro on the throne. She saw a gleam of hope.

‘You are a good and faithful servant, Prince,’ she said ; ‘and I shall take care that Parliament votes the young couple a handsome income. Bring this young man to me in the White Council-chamber in an hour’s time.’

Up to a late hour that afternoon the attendants could hear three voices in animated discussion in the White

Council-chamber, and when it was quite dark, the old Prince from the North left by the garden entrance, and with him went Allforher, his eldest son. And it was noticed by the royal dinner party that evening that the Queen was quite cheerful again, and even smiled at a joke of the German ambassador's, which showed she was quite equal to a great effort.

* * * * *

Six months elapsed with nothing in particular to disturb the course of events in Hushia. But suddenly an announcement was made which set Kewtee, and, in fact, the whole kingdom, in a state of wild excitement. A new Clown was to make his *début* at the Theatre Royal in a comic scene specially arranged for him by the Poet Laureate and the Editor of the *Half-Quarterly Review*, and the Queen and the Princess Fortesprit were to be present. Seats were at a premium directly. The stalls were reserved, by royal command, for the Council of the College of Clowns, but the other seats were sold by auction for fabulous sums. For it had been announced by the *Court Newsman* that the Princess would attend in her critical capacity, and contribute a scientific notice of the event to a leading morning journal. When the curtain rose, dukes and earls and mixed peers were packed together like mixed pickles, and the Speaker of the Hushian House of Commons was sitting on the lap of a famous burlesque actress, who had pawned her diamonds to pay for a place in the dress circle. It was a scene never likely to be forgotten, and when the clown came on, the people were so tightly wedged not a single hand could be raised to applaud.

The new Clown was nervous at first, but he got over it in a few minutes, and when the Princess was seen to smile approvingly at his first face, it was known that he was a real artist. His singing of 'Hot Codlins,' as altered by the Poet Laureate, caused a *furor*; and the manner in which he put on a crinoline, tried to walk, and fell on his nose, showed such a grandeur of conception and execution that the audience felt themselves in the presence of a master. His great triumph, however, was reserved for the final scene, one specially arranged by the Editor of the *Half-Quarterly*. He had to rub his hand along a leg of mutton, then lick his hand, and rub his epigastrium, implying that the taste was good. As he approached the butcher's shop, and it was known what he was going to attempt, you might have heard an eyelash fall. The performance was so true to nature, so perfect in its mastery of details, that when it was over the vast audience turned instinctively for the verdict of the Princess, and seeing it in her eyes, gave three ringing cheers.

The Princess Fortesprit's face was flushed with the divine enthusiasm of artistic sympathy. The mighty torrent of inspiration invaded her soul, and swept away the feeble barriers of reserve and caution. Her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving, she rose to her feet, and hurled her bouquet at the feet of the triumphant artist. Then she turned to her mother, and exclaimed in a firm voice :

'Your Majesty, yonder is my future husband !'

The Queen turned her face away and smiled. The elderly Prince from the North, standing behind her chair, nudged the Prime Minister, and they both smiled.

And then the royal party, bowing to the public, left the box.

* * * *

It was known soon afterwards all over Hushia that the new Clown had been sent for to the palace, and formally betrothed to the Princess Fortesprit. The sixpenny newspapers from time to time brought up little paragraphs from the royal kitchen, throwing more light on the affair. The opposition of the Queen, it seems, had in time been overcome by the earnest pleading of the Princess, who was merely carrying out the scheme she had foreshadowed in the *Half-Quarterly* article. But by-and-by, when it oozed out that the bridegroom was expected to be always a Clown, and dress and act as a Clown, people began to open their eyes very wide.

But in this case all the rumours were true, for on the day of their betrothal the Princess had said to her future lord :

‘Oh, Joeyjo’ (the ‘Great Joeyjo’ was his professional name), ‘be always a clown to me! If I ever saw you dressed as an ordinary man, or if you ever forgot you were a Clown, the shock would kill me.’

I wonder what it was made the Queen and the old Prince from the North go so white, and Joeyjo tremble at the knees, when the Princess made this very natural remark?

‘Swear to me, my love, my artist,’ she continued, ‘that you will always be Joeyjo the Great Clown to me; that you will never want to wash the paint off, but will stand on your head and tumble all day long, and make our lives one long and happy harlequinade. I dedicate

my future to the study of you, my Joeyjo, in your social and domestic relations as a Clown, not as an ordinary man. Grant me the opportunity of giving my scientific observations to the world and posterity. For my sake, and the sake of Clownology, I ask you to do this.'

The Queen had quitted the apartment hurriedly, the old Prince muttered something that sounded very like 'My poor boy!' and the face of Joeyjo the Clown grew longer and longer. He gulped an imaginary apple down his throat, then sprang forward and seized the Princess's hand.

'My darling!' he exclaimed, 'I love you passionately and devotedly. I dedicate my whole life to you henceforward. I will be your faithful, funny, comic Joeyjo till death us do part—I swear it!'

The lips of the Princess and the Clown met in the first fond embrace, the old Prince nearly fell forward out of the window, the Queen came in looking very red and confused, and the wedding-day was fixed.

And what a wedding-day it was!

The great cathedral of Kewtee was quite lit up with the brilliant uniforms and gleaming jewels of the foreign envoys, who came to be present at the union of a Princess and a Clown, and the bridal procession was worth a long journey to see. Joeyjo, to please the Princess, waited for her at the altar on stilts. The Archbishop had objected at first; but some eminent detectives, with a great knowledge of human nature, had managed to conquer his scruples. The bride's train was held by twelve Columbines, chosen from the leading pantomime houses of the world, and Joeyjo's comic antics with the ring quite convulsed the assembly. When the

ceremony was concluded, he stood on his head and asked the Archbishop how he was the day before yesterday to-morrow fortnight week, and the bride commenced to make notes for an essay on 'The Clown as a Husband.' The wedding breakfast was a great success. Joey, assisted by his best man, the Pantaloon, had all property hams and fowls and jellies put upon the table, and when the guests tried to cut them, the Princess fairly shrieked with laughter, and then, when the company found out the trick, the waiters, who were all supers, started 'a rally,' and threw the things at each other, while Joey kept up his character so well that the Queen sent out and had the carriage ordered at once, and kissed the Princess and put her inside, giving orders to the coachman to drive off instantly. But the bridegroom sat outside on the roof nursing a property baby till they got right out on the country roads; then he put the baby down, and two big tears came into his eyes, which he wiped away quickly lest the Princess should see them.

* * * * *

The days passed on and resembled each other. The first year of their married life was over, and the Clown Consort had never forgotten his word to his wife. Her essay on 'The Clown as a Husband' was approaching completion, and she was perfectly happy. But Joeyjo began to look thin, and under the paint you could almost make out the drawn expression of his face. He got no rest, and it was telling on him. If he sat down on a chair, he had always to throw a somersault over the back, or pretend to sit down and come whack on the floor, just after the manner of Clowns. If he drove

out with the Princess, he was always expected to amuse the crowd by bonneting the coachman, or sitting with his legs hanging out of a window. He couldn't even take his meals in peace: he had to rub the butter on his head, put the eggs and bacon in his pockets, and pelt the servants with hot rolls. Dinner was a purgatory, because, to keep up the character, and allow the Princess to swell her notes, he had constantly to invent new tricks with soup-tureens, *entrée*-dishes, and ice puddings, and consequently got very little to eat. But, with the self-sacrifice of one who loves truly with heart and soul, he bore his penance with heroic firmness, and never a murmur escaped his painted lips. 'If ever you cease to be a Clown to me I shall die.' The words of his beloved haunted him day and night. It was merely his life against the Princess's, and it was his duty not to shrink from the consequences of the sacrifice he had made.

It was about a year and a half after their union that the great work—'The Clown as a Husband: a Contribution to the Science of Clownology, by the Princess Fortesprit, with a Photograph of the Clown Consort'—made its appearance, and ran through a hundred editions in as many days. And while all the world was talking of it, it was announced that an important event had happened at the palace which would allow the Princess to commence the next work of the series—'The Clown as a Father'—at once.

On the very day that this auspicious event happened, the Clown Consort, while buttering a slide for the Prime Minister, was seized with a fit of giddiness, and fell backwards down some stairs, injuring his head severely. The footman, fancying it was part of the performance,

laughed, and let him lie, and it was half an hour before the doctor, coming from the Princess's room, found how matters stood, and had him carried upstairs to one of the private apartments. Here he lay ill and insensible so long that, before he was quite right in his mind, the Princess was able to walk up and see him. The old Prince had heard of her intended visit, and had painted his son's face and put on his Clown's dress, but the poor fellow was so weak that he fell asleep directly. The Princess came softly into the room, the nurse carrying the baby respectfully in the rear. Then the nurse was ordered to go, and the Princess laid the little one gently down by its sleeping father, just watching it to see that it didn't lick any paint off.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, drawing out her note-book and pencil; 'here is an opportunity for scientific criticism: "The Clown as a Father." The Clown is asleep; the babe he's never seen lies by his side. When he wakes, which will prevail—the instinct of the artist or of the man? Will nature prompt him to kiss the baby, or will art compel him to turn it wrong side up and sit upon it? I have no fear for the result here. A real artist like my Joeyjo will never forget that he is a Clown first and a father afterwards.'

Suddenly the sleeping man moved. She knew he was about to wake up, and put the child where his eyes would fall upon it instantly. Joeyjo stretched his arms, gave a deep sigh, sat up in bed, and saw the baby. He guessed the truth in an instant, and clasped it to his breast with a cry of joy.

'Our child!' he exclaimed; 'may Heaven bless and shield it!'

Then he pressed his painted face against its tiny cheeks, and wept. But the baby, horrified at the awful apparition, set up a shriek that brought half the household upstairs, the nurse leading ; and then, for the first time, he noticed that the Princess, his wife, was lying in a dead swoon on the floor.

* * * * *

From that day forward husband and wife never met again. A chance word allowed to slip by the Queen, who was hastily summoned to the scene, revealed to the agonized Princess that her artistic sympathies had been basely trifled with, and that Joeyjo was no other than the young Prince Allforher. Rising then and there from the swoon into which the shock of Joey's backsliding had flung her, she shrieked wildly :

‘I might have known he was no true Clown, or he would have turned the baby upside down and sat on it. He is a base and paltry impostor, and I will never look upon his face again.’

And in spite of the pleadings of the Queen and of the old Prince her father-in-law, that night she took her babe and left the palace. They heard, many years afterwards, that she was in foreign lands, travelling with a famous circus, to the proprietor of which the child had been apprenticed in order that he might thoroughly master the art of clowning. And in her boy she hopes at some future date to taste again that cup of joy so rudely dashed from her lips by its father.

When it was known that the Princess had renounced him for ever, kindly lips broke the sad news to Allforher, and kindly hands offered to wash the paint from his face, and brought him the long-unused garments of his

rank to don. But he refused their proffered services, saying that he would live and die in the garb in which he had won his dear lost love.

There was little doubt the shock had turned his brain, and people meeting the poor mad Clown, with hollow painted cheeks and strange wild eyes, would turn aside and weep at his ghastly fooling.

And one winter's night, when all was still and quiet, he took the Harlequin's wand, and crept down the palace stairs, out into the great park, and down to the still, calm waters of the lake. Someone passing heard him say, 'Are they ready, old un? I'm going to jump.' Then he struck the waters with his wand, and leapt as Clowns leap.

Let us hope that there were soft mattresses and strong arms waiting to catch him 'on the other side.'

THE OLD LADY OPPOSITE.

SHE was a strange old lady, tall, thin and athletic. I could see she was tall and thin, but I only guessed she was athletic.

She walked about her room by the hour together, and at times swung her arms violently in the air.

I presumed that when she did this she was either practising with the dumb-bells or Indian clubs.

She lived exactly opposite to me, and, by a singular chance, whenever she flattened her nose against her window-pane I was always flattening my nose against my window-pane.

I confess I was curious concerning this athletic old lady. I watched her as people watch spiders, and I began to take great interest in her movements.

One warm day, when she had her window wide open and the curtains back, I saw her balancing a feather brush on the end of her nose.

There was another old lady in the room with her always—a stout, ruddy-faced old lady—who took very little notice of her athletic performances, and never applauded them.

With the exception of a servant-girl of peculiarly slatternly appearance, these two old ladies were, as far

as I could make out, the sole occupants of the little villa on the other side of the road.

I began to take great interest in the dexterous feats of this athletic old lady. I concluded she was the widow of an Indian juggler or a champion equilibrist, and that these little rehearsals were reminiscences of bygone days.

Example is contagious with some dispositions. It is peculiarly so with mine.

I became fired with the spirit of emulation. If, I said to myself, this aged lady—she was seventy if she was a day—can balance a feather brush on her nose, why should not I? I purchased a feather brush, and commenced to practise in the silence of my chamber overlooking the back garden. At last proficiency rewarded my efforts, and with joy I repaired to my front room, opened the window, set the curtains back, and prepared to show the old lady opposite that in the matter of feather brushes and noses I was her equal.

Proudly I raised the implement of domestic cleanliness, and placed the handle on the tip of my nose.

Then, with my head thrown back and my nasal organ elevated in the air, I proceeded to promenade the room.

The brush balanced beautifully. I flung a certain amount of grace into my movements. Elated with my success, I even executed the outline of a ballet, and, although the brush waggled violently, I managed, by the exercise of great dexterity, to maintain it in its erect position. A glow of conscious triumph illuminated my cheeks, and I sighed, like Alexander, for more worlds to conquer.

I felt that I could have kept that brush balanced seated on the back of a fiery, untamed steed, careering

madly round a crowded circus. All the time I had not been able to steal a glance at the old lady opposite to see what she thought of the performance.

I had to keep my eyes intently fixed upon the wobbling brush. In balancing, the eye is the controlling influence.

It was in the height of my fancied triumph, and when, my outline of a ballet concluded, I was about to stand on one leg, toss the brush in the air and catch it on the end of my chin, that there came across the road a wild and unearthly 'Ha, ha!' It was a derisive 'Ha, ha!' It was a 'Ha, ha!' of mingled rage and scorn and jealousy. It was the 'Ha, ha!' of the old lady opposite.

It was not what I had expected, and I felt grieved.

I dropped the brush, put down my leg, and stepped into my balcony.

The old lady opposite had already stepped into hers.

I started back in amazement at the sight which met my eyes.

No wonder my performance with the feather-brush had excited her scorn.

She stood in her balcony, the rays of an August sun casting their golden beams upon her, and in her hand she held a dining-room chair at arm's length, and seated in that chair was the stout old lady her companion.

It was a prodigious feat of strength and dexterity. It was a feat concerning which I had read much, but which I had very seldom seen. I concealed my chagrin at being so completely crushed in my honest emulation, and bowed politely, laying my hand upon my heart.

'Madam,' I exclaimed, 'I retire, baffled and defeated, for the present, from this contest of strength and skill. But a time will come—no matter!'

With these words I retired from the balcony, closed the window, and flung myself upon the sofa in an agony of humiliation and tears, from which I was only aroused at intervals by scornful ‘Ha, ha’s!’ borne across the road on the breeze from the old lady opposite.

The early morning sun awoke me on the following day from the stupor into which I had fallen. I had a dear elderly aunt in the country, and to her I telegraphed :

‘DEAR AUNT,

‘Come to me at once! I am in deep distress, and you only can relieve me! Pray come! From your affectionate nephew.’

I would have said much more, but you can only have twenty-four words for a shilling.

My dear and venerable aunt arrived on the following day, and into her sympathetic ear I poured out my sorrow.

She sympathized with me. She mingled her tears with mine.

‘But what, my dear nephew, can I do?’ she exclaimed when, the first flush of sorrow over, we were having tea and potato-cake (her favourite dish, bless her!) in the front room.

‘Do, aunt? Behold!’

I pointed to the opposite house.

There on the balcony, mocking my despair, stood the old lady, holding a chair at arm’s length, in which was seated the other old lady.

‘Behold, aunt!’ I exclaimed. ‘I want you to be the old lady in the chair.’

She hesitated.

Across the road came the demoniacal 'Ha, ha!' of the old lady opposite.

That 'Ha, ha!' decided my aunt at once. It fired her blood; it made the rosebuds in her ancient cap blossom at once into roses. With a wild yell of defiance she sprang into my balcony, and hurled back a trumpet-tongued 'Ha, ha!' at the elderly athlete over the way.

The elderly athlete was evidently staggered. For a moment the chair in her hand shook, and its elderly occupant waggled ominously. But she was lowered to the ground with a graceful and steadied motion, and the lowerer bowed to my aunt.

'Is it a challenge?' she asked, in a voice of thunder.

'It is!' answered my aunt. 'In seven days we will appear in this balcony and knock your present performance into the middle of next week!'

'Tis well!' answered the old lady. 'So be it.'

* * * * *

For a week, day and night, I practised continually the art of lifting my aunt from the ground in a chair, and holding her at arm's length level with my shoulder. It was a difficult feat, but my aunt suffered more than I did. I tumbled her about dreadfully. I let her fall into the fender, on to the coal-scuttle, on to the table, and over the back of the chair. She fell in every variety of position—now on her head, now on her nose, sometimes on her back, but very rarely on her feet.

But she bore it all without a murmur. O inestimable aunt! thou knewest that such accidents were inseparable from the feat we contemplatedst, and thou didst take thy bruises kindly! At last we conquered

every difficulty. My aunt was nothing but bandages, sticking-plaster, goldbeaters'-skin, and bruises. But what of that? We were in a position to perform the feat of the old lady opposite, and my aunt forgot her aches and pains and her bruised and battered limbs in the prospective triumph over a rival.

On the seventh day we drew back the curtains, flung the window wide open, and stepped into the balcony.

The old lady opposite was waiting for us. She was in full evening dress, and had diamonds in her hair.

My aunt, who had determined that nothing should be wanted, had dressed herself in white muslin, and had twined roses round her brow. While I was making the preliminary preparations she played the overture on my concertina.

The old lady opposite graciously applauded the overture, and then, all being in readiness, my aunt took her seat in a dining-room chair.

I raised the chair and its precious burden from the ground and held it out at arm's length. Then I stepped into the balcony with it.

Woe is me!

Just as I had reached the balcony in triumph I tottered, the chair wobbled on one side, and my dear aunt fell violently in the area below.

I was by her side in a moment.

'My dear nephew,' she said, 'I forgive you, but I shall not die happy unless you promise me that you will continue this feat until you triumph. Your grandmother, will, I feel sure, in spite of her great age, be a willing instrument of your vengeance.'

With these sublime words this inestimable female

closed her eyes, and I am exceedingly sorry to say that she never opened them again.

When next I stole a glance at the opposite balcony the old lady was bursting with malicious laughter, and as she caught sight of me she uttered once more that malignant and inflammatory 'Ha, ha !'

My aged grandmother, to whom I communicated my aunt's sad end and last wishes, arrived by the next train.

'My grandson,' she exclaimed, as, panting from a furious altercation with the cabman, who had put her pattens outside and insisted on charging twopence for them, she deposited her parrot, her tame seal, her two cats, and her medicine chest in the hall—'my dear grandson, let's have tea directly, and revenge as soon as possible. I will sit on that chair for you, and I shall glory in avenging the end of poor Letitia, your aunt.'

I fell into my grandmother's arms and thanked her. She went out into the balcony as the sun was setting, and shook her umbrella at the house opposite. Through the closed windows we could see the old lady walking about holding up the chair with the other old lady in it, and we distinctly heard 'Ha, ha !'

My devoted grandmother never lived to assist in my triumph. On the third day after her arrival, while practising, she fell out just as I had raised her to the level of my shoulder, and, being extremely aged, she never sat upright again.

Her last words to me were to avenge the untimely fate of herself and Aunt Letitia :

'You have a cousin-german,' she said, 'who for the

sake of the family will, I am sure, gladly assist you in your scheme of vengeance.'

The old lady opposite evidently knew, when I did not make my appearance on the balcony, that my unfortunate grandmother had also fallen a victim, and loud and frequent were the 'Ha, ha's!' which floated across the road.

But I was not to be defeated. My cousin-german, a hearty farmer of Bucks, gladly fell in with my plans.

Alas! his end was sad. He had a pernicious habit of putting things into his mouth.

One day, while practising, I raised him too suddenly in the chair when he had a marble in his mouth. He never had a marble in his mouth again. A monumental marble now records his age and virtues.

Need I harrow my feelings by running through the long list of kind relatives who sacrificed themselves in the interests of my triumph over the old lady opposite?

At last the feat could not be attempted. Every relative I had in the world had been disposed of in the course of the long practice which was necessary to perfection. I was not rich enough to bribe a stranger.

On the anniversary of the day on which I had first seen the feat performed I stood on the balcony a changed and altered man.

The harrowing events and constant muscular practice of the last twelve months had whitened my locks, furrowed my brow, and broken my spirit.

Opposite to me stood the old lady, with a laurel wreath upon her brow, with the other old lady comfortably seated in the chair which she held by the leg at arm's length with one hand, while with the other she

waved the Union Jack to and fro. The old lady in the chair sang 'Rule Britannia,' and when she came to the last verse lit red fire.

I felt that my humiliation was complete, and I confessed it.

'Madam,' I said, 'I don't know who you are, but you are a very wonderful woman. I confess myself beaten. You have won a most honourable victory. I congratulate you. For myself, shorn of all my hopes, ambitions, and relatives, I am about to quit a world which is henceforth gall in my eyes and wormwood in my breast! Farewell!'

With these words I was about to close the window and quit England for the Far West, when I noticed a change come over the features of the old lady opposite.

The look of triumph faded out of her eyes, and a tear stood in one of them.

She put down the chair with the old lady, waved the smell of the red fire away with her pocket-handkerchief, and beckoned me across the road.

'Shake hands,' she said. 'Come over here.'

I went across the road to shake hands, thinking it would be only right and proper to part friends. I was ushered into the front room, the scene of her triumph.

On the sideboard were oranges and nuts, raisin wine and ginger wine, and sweet biscuits.

She poured me out a glass of ginger wine, and I raised it to my lips.

A dreamy sense of bliss seemed to creep over my senses, and I took a sweet biscuit.

Then I heard a voice whisper in my ear:

'Oh, darling, I have loved you long! I was once the

famous strong woman of Ginx's show, and I married the proprietor, and had his fortune when he died. I saw you once at Gospel Oak fair, and from that moment I loved you, and determined you should be mine. I retired from business, and came to live opposite to you. I knew that your relatives were proud, and would object to the match. I knew your pride, and so I taunted you with my feats, and cried "Ha, ha!" I knew you would, with your noble disposition, endeavour to out-shine me. I knew that none but your relatives would allow you to hold them at arm's length in a chair. Oh, darling, if it was wicked, forgive me! It was my love for you, and I wanted all your relatives out of the way. Now they are out of the way, and there is nothing to interfere with our happiness, be mine! I am no longer young, but I have fifty thousand pounds and a loving heart—they are yours.'

She brought me the fifty thousand pounds and laid them at my feet.

A sudden idea struck me.

'Discharge that servant,' I said.

She discharged her.

'Now discharge that old woman who sits in the chair for you.'

She discharged her.

'Now discharge that blunderbuss which hangs upon the wall.'

She discharged it.

'You have a trifling debt with the publican opposite.'

She confessed the soft impeachment.

'Discharge it,' I said.

She discharged it.

'Now,' I said, glancing at the fifty thousand pounds on the floor; 'I consent to be yours on one condition.'

'Name it!' she cried eagerly, in her excitement biting the fireirons in half, and cracking a cocoa-nut on her forehead. 'Name it, my own darling!'

I named it, helping myself to another glass of ginger wine.

'I have failed as yet to get anyone who could sit properly in a chair while I held it at arm's length. I can do it. I am quite as clever as you are. The reason I have never been able to do it properly is because they've all been such duffers who sat for me.'

She hesitated a moment.

'You want to triumph over me after all!' she said.

'I confess it. In marrying you I shall sacrifice a great deal. I am a young gentleman; you are an old woman, who performed about at country fairs in her younger days. Do not let me also have to marry the woman who beat me at chair-lifting. Save me this humiliation!'

She bit the door-handles and the brass plates and the wine bottles, lost in meditation. Then she hung on to the chandelier by her teeth, holding the sideboard in one hand and the piano in the other.

Her mind seemed to find relief in these reminiscences of her earlier days, and presently she came softly to me and whispered, 'I consent!'

I opened the window and stepped out upon the balcony.

She sat in the chair, and I raised it aloft.

I am sure it was an accident.

I am sure I never intended to do it.

But just as I had got her up even with my shoulder, I saw the cat over at my house chasing a fly all among my best china, and I screamed and let the chair tilt.

She was gone in a minute. I looked over and saw her down in the area.

‘How could you treat me thus?’ she cried.

‘My dear,’ I answered, ‘it’s exactly how I treated all my relatives, so you’ve got nothing to grumble at.’

I put the fifty thousand pounds in my pocket, and went out a wiser and a better man.

I was glad she had given me the money, because it saved me from the painful necessity of leaving it lying about.

The lesson I had learned has never faded from my memory. I have given up gymnastic exercises, and I am never tempted to emulate the deeds of athletic elderly females.

I have endeavoured to wipe the past from my memory, only sometimes I colour and blush when I hear the neighbours wondering what has become of the old lady opposite.

ONE WINTER NIGHT

THE poet sat alone in his study one winter night.

The fire burned brightly on the tiled hearth, and flung its ruddy glare upon the big brass dogs.

The crimson curtains, closely drawn, deadened the sound of the wind without that howled among the leafless trees.

The light of a lamp fell softly on the floor, just touching gently the well-beloved books that filled the quaint, old-fashioned shelves, but leaving undisturbed the shadowy land above where the poet loved to gaze.

That shadowy land he peopled with the children of his dreams. There where no light fell dwelt the spirits who sang to him and comforted him, who spoke to him of a beautiful kingdom in the realms of fancy, and who whispered to his soul the noble thoughts which he clothed in melodious language and sang again to the outer world.

But to-night, as he sits by the glowing embers, and gazes up where the soft shadows fall, he sees in the semi-darkness no angel forms and he hears no spirit voices.

The shadow-land is peopled only with memories of the past.

He sees himself there, a young, light-hearted singer, full of the glow and enthusiasm of youth, radiant with the happiness of a holy love.

And *she* is there too. He kneels beside her, her hand is clasped in his, he pours forth his passionate love ; and she bends down and kisses him, and whispers that she loves him too.

The shadows grow darker as the poet gazes, the fair face of the girl disappears, and he can see only his own. It is a demon's face that glares back upon him now. The eyes are fierce with jealousy and rage ; the lips that sang soft songs of love now rave and blaspheme, and pour forth the burning words of scorn and passionate grief.

Never again will the fair face lie against his ; never more will the tender eyes fling their rays of love into his soul, and set his pulses astir to the sweet music as of yore.

He has cast her from him, spurned her, and will see her no more. All is to be broken off for ever between them. She swears that she loves him still, that he is mad and jealous, but that she will bear with him, and endure even curses and blows for his sake, that she will be his slave and his wife ; she tells him that she worships him for his genius and loves him for himself. She throws her arms about him with a wild, despairing cry, but he flings her from him, and flies, to see her face no more.

The years have rolled on since then, and they have never met.

The unknown singer's name is on every tongue now. Fame has come to him, and men hang on each utterance

of his lips. Gold is his, and luxury and all that heart could crave, save one thing only—Love.

It is all dead-sea fruit; the fame that he pined for once is a bauble that he cares no longer for. It is a crown of heavy gold upon a brow that aches.

He would give name, fame, and wealth to-night for one sweet glance of those loving eyes. He is friendless and alone. He shuns the world and dwells ever with his melancholy thoughts. He lives alone with the ghostly inhabitants of his shadow-land.

He would give the world now to undo the past. He knows the value of that which he flung away.

He can see her to-night in the big arm-chair opposite to him. Her girlish face beams on him with the mellow grace of matronhood. His lonely study is peopled with bright young faces, and little arms are flung about his neck, and baby kisses fall upon his cheek. She reaches her hand across and clasps his. His chill, thin fingers glow with the pressure. His dull, sluggish blood is quickened, and flows through his veins once more as the blood of a man should flow.

He rises from his chair and paces the room. The sound of his footfall on the carpet startles him from his dream. He is awake once more to the ghostly silence of the place, to the unutterable loneliness of his lot.

Let him accept his fate. Let him gird at the world, and revile all things human and divine. That which has marred his life has envenomed his soul and poisoned the source of his inspiration. Let him sing the songs of the Devil. He has an angel's voice, and the people will listen with rapture, and fling gold to the singer, and crown him with bays.

He has cast the vision from him. He has turned from the shadow-land, and will not peer into it again. He turns up the lamp and stirs the fire, and so drives the shadows away.

He will go forth and wander for a while in the open country that lies around him. The fierce wind will bite his cheek, the hard white snow will crush and crack beneath his feet, and in the spectacle of the desolation around him his soul will find comfort.

He draws back the curtains and throws open the shutters to gaze out into the night. He flings up the window, and the wild north-east wind rushes in and tears madly about. It hurls the papers in the air. A sudden gust puts out the light of the lamp, and then, seizing the slender frame, dashes it to the ground with a crash.

The room is lit now only with the dull red glow of the embers of the fire.

The fury of the storm is attuned to the spirit of the man who gazes upon it. The fierce blast cools his brow, and the icy fingers of the night-wind toy with the tangled masses of his hair. He revels in the wild scene, and shouts aloud defiance to the elements.

The blasphemous words of the scoffer float afar. The wind takes up the echo of his song and carries it away, sullyng the purity of snow-clad fields as it passes over them with its unholy burden.

Higher and higher rises the song of the poet, and his face, stung and bitten by the wind, grows red, and his pulse is quickened by the roar and riot of the elements without.

Suddenly a voice answers his.

As the echo of his wild song dies away, the sound of a long, low wail is borne past him on the breeze.

He vaults lightly out of the window into the garden, and follows the course of the sound.

He shouts, and again the wail answers him.

The moon is up, and he can see every object in the snow-clad country around him.

Again he shouts, and again the answering wail floats back.

It comes from the lane that skirts his garden. He goes out at the gate and looks up and down. He sees only a long line of powdered hedge and a straight white stretch of snow, marvellously beautiful in the wan light of the moon.

Have his senses deceived him? Is it but some fantastic trick of the mischievous wind? He listens for a sound, and no sound comes. He shouts, but this time there is no answer.

Suddenly he catches sight of something fluttering to and fro in the wind close by the hedge. He goes towards it.

It is a woman's handkerchief.

He peers about, and presently, with a startled cry, stoops down and leans over something which he sees lying there.

It is the prostrate body of a woman!

He raises her gently in his arms and calls for help. The mocking winds take up the cry, but no human ear hears it.

He is far away from any human habitation. He has isolated himself from his fellow-men, and chosen his home for its loneliness. The old housekeeper who lives

with him has gone into the village, and will not be back for an hour.

It is half a mile to the nearest farmhouse. What shall he do?

The woman lies a dead weight in his arms. She is closely veiled, and he cannot see if she is young or old. He does not stop to think who or what she is. He fears that she is dying, and if she is to be saved she must be got into the warmth at once.

He staggers up the garden path with her, and finds the door locked. The housekeeper has the key with her. He forgot that he had vaulted out of the window. He makes for it at once, and slips his burden gently over the sill into the room. Then he leaps after her, and drags her up towards the fire. He lays her full length by it while he looks about for a light. He remembers that the wind has blown the lamp over and smashed it. The fire is so low now that it casts no light, and he has to group about on his hands and knees for the remains of the shattered lamp.

He finds it at last, and brings it towards the fire. It is only the globe that is broken; the stand and the wick are there. Without thinking, he thrusts it into the embers to obtain a light. There is a terrific explosion, he feels a sharp pain between the eyes, and reeling back falls senseless to the ground.

* * * * *

Days and nights of eternal darkness, half-formed visions floating across a wandering mind, a strange sense of something buzzing in the ears, of ill-defined sounds that come close and then float away, and gradually there comes a dawning knowledge that he is

lying in a darkened room, with his eyes covered and bandages about his head.

Slowly a dim sense of the past returns to the sufferer

He knows that he is lying somewhere in the dark, that for many days he must have been senseless. He knows that he is in pain, and that he must have been dangerously ill. Still he asks no questions. He cannot speak. He does not feel that he has the power to break the long silence. He feels drowsy still, though his senses have half returned ; but the power of his will has not come yet. His brain is busy, but it does not control his actions. He mumbles and mutters to himself, and when he hears the footstep of the old housekeeper he thinks he will say something, but the words die unuttered on his lips. It is a long lethargy, from which he seems powerless to arouse himself.

But as the days go on the feeling wears off. He begins to think of the past and to speculate on the future. He does more than answer the doctor in monosyllables. He asks him when he shall be able to have the bandages off—when he shall be able to see.

‘You are better, my friend,’ says the doctor ; ‘you are beginning to talk coherently again ; your senses have been wandering. We shall soon make a cure of you now.’

He pursues his question.

The doctor bids him wait a while. He must not talk much yet. He will tell him when he will be well—in a day or two.

‘He is much better,’ says the doctor aloud, as he leaves the room, to someone outside the door. ‘You may let him know now when you like.’

A lady comes softly into the room, and sits down beside the sick man's couch, motioning the housekeeper to take no notice of her. She sits quite still and watches him.

Presently he stretches out his hand, and accidentally touches her dress. She springs up like a startled fawn, and hurries from the room.

'Who was that?' asks the sufferer.

'It was the lady you saved, sir; she's stayed here and nursed you.'

'Ah! I remember. Of course! I saved her that night—the night of the accident.'

'Yes; and when I came home she told me how she'd come to herself, and found you senseless and bleeding, and she stayed by you while I went off for the doctor. Ah, it's a mercy you weren't killed! You were frightfully cut.'

'But the lady! Did she tell you how she came to be lying in the snow?'

'No; she hasn't told me that. I've been glad for her to stay,' adds the old woman half apologetically, 'for I never could have nursed you as she has done.'

He remembers all the circumstances now, and wants to know more. He sends the housekeeper with a message to the lady. He would like to see her. She sends word back that she has the doctor's orders that he is not to talk any more that day. To-morrow she will come.

That evening he has a strange fancy. He wants to be taken down into the study, and sit by the fire as he sat on the night the accident happened.

The housekeeper helps him down. Through the thick

bandages he can see nothing, but, seated in the old arm-chair, he feels the warm glow of the fire, and he knows that the lamplight is falling on the old bookshelves and the shadows are up above.

Into the shadows once more in fancy he peers, and sees again the woman's face that he saw that night. Once more imagination brings the old scene before him, and once more he thinks of what might have been.

He leans back and pictures to himself the happy home and the cosy fireside, with the one and only woman that he ever loved seated opposite to him on such a night as this. He thinks if this had been, what a different life would have been his, and over the shattered hope he heaves a sigh.

The sigh is echoed.

He hears it distinctly. He calls the housekeeper by name. No answer.

Yet he distinctly hears a sigh. Someone must be in the room unknown to him.

He wonders whether he can see if he raises the bandage. Great heavens! perhaps he is blind. He has never thought of that. He will know the worst at once.

He seizes the bandages and thrusts them up from his eyes. The light half blinds him; for a minute all is bleared and misty. Then through the haze the old familiar objects dawn upon him.

No, he is not blind, but he is dreaming. It must be a dream. There, opposite to him, in the arm-chair, sits the woman of his vision—the woman he loved in the long ago.

He rushes towards her and falls at her feet.

‘Marion!’ he cries, ‘speak to me! Say that you are

real; that you will not mock my touch and melt and vanish, as you do in the shadow-land up yonder! Marion, speak to me!’

She speaks no word, but lays her head gently on his shoulder and sobs.

He forgets all the past, and asks no question of her now. Only he clasps her closely, and begs her not to leave him. ‘Marion,’ he wails, ‘if you knew how I have suffered for my mad folly you would pity me. Let us bury the dead past and live only for the future! Oh, Marion, my darling, be my wife! Heaven sent you here—I know not how. You will never leave me again, will you?’

‘Never.’

The word is whispered in his ear, and seems like gentle music stealing into his soul and hushing his troubles like tired children to sleep.

Softly Marion disengages herself from his arms and draws the bandage down over his eyes again. ‘Darling,’ she whispers, ‘if you leave that off too soon you may be blind. Promise me never to raise it again until after we are married.’

It is a strange request to make, but Marion has her reasons.

‘Let me look in the glass once, and then I’ll keep it down again.’

She gives a little cry of terror, and turns it off with a laugh.

‘You vain darling!’ she says; ‘not on any account. Keep the bandage unmoved. The doctor says you may lose your eyesight if you don’t.’

Later on she explained to him how for years she had

borne her lot without a murmur. How heartbroken she had lived on, cherishing the hope that some day he would come and say it was all a mistake, and they might yet be happy; and how she had gloried in his rising fame, and loved him as passionately and devotedly as ever.

Then she told him how on the night he found her a strange fancy had come upon her to wander down into the country and look at the house where he lived, and how she had thought perhaps she might even see him from a distance. She had been looking across the lane at the lighted window where she knew he sat, when he had flung the window up, and, fearing he would see her, she had darted across the frosty road, slipped, injured her ankle, and fainted with the pain.

The noise of the explosion had aroused her, and she had found him bleeding and senseless; and then she told him how with the old housekeeper she had sat night after night and day after day by his side and nursed him, and how in his delirium he had raved of her, and she knew that he loved her still.

* * * * *

It was a quiet wedding one early morning at the little village church. Leaning on the doctor's arm, the blind man, as he laughingly called himself, was led to the altar. Marion's mother was the only invited guest.

When they got home again and were alone, Marion went over to her husband and took his hand gently 'My darling,' she said, 'I want you to prepare yourself for a great shock. I can help you to bear it now, so you may know it.'

Gently she took the bandage from his eyes and bade him look in the glass.

He started back with a cry of horror.

The metal of the lamp had cut the upper part of his face and the paraffin had blurred his features.

The disfigurement was terrible.

‘Marion,’ he cried, ‘why did you not let me know this before?’

‘Because, my darling, if I had you would not have let me marry you. It is too late now for you to repent,’ she added, laughing; ‘the deed is done.’

She flung her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek, and hid the poor disfigured face upon her bosom.

‘You are my own at last,’ she murmured, ‘and only death can part us. Sing your songs, O poet, now, and let the wondering world listen to your voice. All things will be lovelier in your eyes henceforth now the black shadow has fallen from your life, and the lamp of love flings its roseate rays along the pathway that we tread together.’

He silenced her with a kiss, and pointed upward to the ceiling.

‘The shadowland is vacant,’ he said, ‘and the shadows have departed. Henceforth, when I want inspiration, where am I to look?’

She raised her face to his, radiant with happiness, and he read the answer in her eyes.

JACK PALMER'S LITTLE TRICK.

If my uncle John had not been a morbid man, and an old fool into the bargain, the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me in my life would have been something else, and might not have been worth writing about.

If my friend Jack Palmer hadn't been such a consummate rascal, I might have been somebody's husband, and my cousin Kate might have been mine—my wife, I mean—and then very likely lots of things would have been different. If Shakespeare had been run over by an omnibus when he was a little boy, and killed, he would never have written 'Hamlet,' and then somebody else would have been the greatest dramatist that ever lived. I might have been, for instance. But when I try to argue out these things, I get a lumpy sort of feeling inside my head and become confused in my ideas. One of my distant relatives was very clever, and went mad, and sometimes I fancy I am clever, and shall go mad; so I never go too deeply into things when the lumpy feeling comes on, and I think it's very likely that Uncle John had a little of the distant relative about him; for though all his eccentricities were put down to

a morbid mind, I dare say it began with being clever and lumpy.

But he certainly was morbid, and the awful things he would do frightened everybody who came near him, and gave them the cold shivers.

They saw that when he was a little boy at school he would draw pictures of his mausoleum on his slate, and fill in the name and date of his decease. Only, when it came to putting in the year, he used to put 18, and leave the rest blank, because he felt whatever year he put in would be fatal to him.

Somebody suggested to him he should, for this reason, put in the year 2000, because that would give him a good many years to live without getting fidgety.

Of course he resented such a proposition as nonsense, and rebuked the schoolfellow who dared thus to trifle with his tender point; but one day, in a fit of absence of mind, he drew his tombstone as usual, and without thinking what he was doing, he put upon it :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN JOBSON,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON
JAN. 1ST, 2000.

When it was done he would have given all he possessed—three halfpence and a peg-top—to have blotted the deed from his remembrance, but he felt that would be trifling with destiny. It was written, and must remain. Some unseen power had guided his pencil in the spirit of prophecy. That which he had endeavoured to avoid had accomplished itself without the consent of his will. He was condemned to live out any amount of generations, and die a modern Methuselah in the year 2000.

From that hour his morbidity increased tenfold, and when I first became old enough to be left alone with him, and understand his awful goings on, one of the things which made my flesh creep and my arms go goosey was this same slate with the dated tombstone on it, which hung in a glass case over his bedroom mantelshelf.

One of his favourite amusements was writing out telegrams announcing his death: thus—‘Uncle John died this morning punctually at —— o’clock.’ He always left the time out for the same reason that he used to omit the date. These telegrams were always dated January 1st, 2000, and sometimes they got accidentally sent to people, and worried them very much, and at last everybody put Uncle John down as a lunatic. But they were quite wrong; he was as sane as possible, only very morbid.

Uncle John, in spite of his eccentricities, had found a young lady willing to put up with them, and when I was twenty he had a pretty daughter who was eighteen. She was so pretty that, although her papa’s society gave me the horrors, I found myself courting it every evening just for the sake of courting her.

Now, just about this time I made the acquaintance of a young medical student named Jack Palmer, who had been to a German university, and learned all manner of dreadful things, and was very clever. I told him one day accidentally about Uncle John’s mania, and he took such an interest in the case that he went with me one evening, and I introduced him to the old gentleman. It was wonderful how they took to each other. My friend would listen with great attention to all Uncle

John's queer fancies, and talk scientifically to him about the elixir of life, fate, predestiny, black arts, and all the other wickednesses taught in German universities. And I found him quite useful to me as well; for while he was talking to uncle at one end of the room, I and Cousin Kate had the conversation to ourselves at the other. One evening, when we left together, he said to me abruptly in the street:

'You're in love with that girl, George, my boy.'

It was rather sudden, and it startled me, and I answered, in some confusion:

'Yes, I—ah—think I am.'

'Does she reciprocate the tender feeling?'

'I hope so; but I haven't asked her yet. I really haven't thought seriously about it.'

'You're a lucky dog, my boy! Old man's worth a lot of money, isn't he?'

'Yes. She'll have about twenty thousand at her father's death, I believe.'

'*At her father's death! Phew!*' It was such a peculiar whistle that he gave that it brought me up sharp, and I began to feel lumpy directly.

'Why do you whistle like that?' I said.

'Because, my dear boy, as your uncle John does not intend to die till the year 2000, I fancy whoever marries Kate will have to—wait a bit.'

'Of course—exactly. But—but as I shouldn't marry Kate for her money, that won't matter to me.'

'Of course not. No offence. Here's my turning. Ta-ta, old man.'

Now, I never had a mercenary motive in falling in love with Kate, but Palmer's remark set me thinking.

Would Uncle John really live till the year 2000? It was nonsense to suppose such a thing, I knew, but queer things had happened. People lived to 100, 110, 120. Old Parr, who invented the pills, and a Mr. Somebody Jenkyns had lived to be more than that. It was just on the cards that Uncle John might top them both by a little bit; and there was no getting over the fact that fate was a wonderful thing. Look at Mother Shipton's prophecies; look at all the things Mr. Disraeli prophesied in his novels coming true; look at—but I feel that lumpy feeling coming on now I'm beginning to argue out, so I must just get back to a plain statement of facts. That seems to suit me best.

I don't know why or how it was, but every time I saw Uncle John now I found myself thinking about Kate not coming into her fortune until his death, and how unjust it was that, under his peculiar circumstances, he didn't make his will, so that his relations and friends might benefit by it during his lifetime, because, of course, when he died they would all be dead too. I don't think I quite understood how he was to make such a will, but I felt that, in common justice, say to Kate and myself, something ought to be done.

Instead of regarding him as a kind of family curiosity, to be treated with respect, I began to look upon him as a bar to my worldly prospects; and once or twice I found myself positively scowling at him when he was discussing what changes he should see in the world a hundred years hence.

Jack Palmer evidently noticed my changed demeanour, for when we left together he remarked upon it, and invited my confidence. He kept harping on the subject,

till at last one day he worked me up into a fit of indignation, in which I lost control over my tongue, and called Uncle John very bad names. When I had finished he shook my hand, and said he felt that, as a true friend, he should not keep secret from me any longer a thing much affecting my whole happiness. Then, in cautious words and hesitatingly, he told me how Uncle John had been impressed with his knowledge of strange arts and doctrines, and had taken him entirely into his confidence; that he had found out beyond the shadow of a doubt that Uncle John was mad, and given to the practice of supernatural and abominable mysteries, and had made up his mind Kate should marry no one but himself (Jack Palmer), in order that his son-in-law might always live with him and aid him in his experiments.

As I had that very day made up my mind to ask my uncle for permission to look upon myself as my cousin's accepted suitor, I need hardly say Palmer's information brought on an amount of lumpiness that made me feel as if I were going to have a fit; but I managed to get a little calm, and then I asked Jack what he intended to do.

'Do, my boy?' he answered. 'Why, stick to my old friend. I shan't reject the old chap's offer yet, because I must keep in his good books for your sake. In his present condition I feel convinced that he is likely to become a dangerous lunatic at any moment, and must be looked after. What do you think he proposed to-day?'

'Goodness only knows!'

'Why, that I should try on him the famous Eastern experiment of artificial sleep!'

‘What’s that?’

‘Simplest thing in the world. You prepare a peculiar powder and administer it to the patient, and as many grains as you administer, so many years will he sleep.’

I began to think Jack Palmer had caught a little of my uncle’s madness, but I let him continue without interruption.

‘Now, the moment he made this proposition to me I thought of you, and I directly saw that it was in our power—I say *our* because I should require you to act with me—to bring your uncle back to his senses, make him live a decent life, consent to your union with Kate, and die in the ordinary course of nature, as a respectable citizen and ratepayer ought to do.’

Evidently Palmer was *not* mad after all, so I asked him what his plan was.

‘Well, you see, he wants to be sent to sleep for ten years. He says, as he’s got nearly another hundred and fifty years to live, he can very well afford to sacrifice that space of time. Now, I know that a sudden shock has a peculiar effect on certain temperaments. Suppose Uncle John went to sleep, say, for two or three days, and woke suddenly to find *that the year 2000 had come*, what would be the effect of the shock?’

‘It would kill him!’ I exclaimed, turning pale at the very idea. ‘But how could the year 2000 come in three days?’

‘It need not come. He would only have to imagine that it had.’

‘Do you want me to be a party to the murder of my uncle?’ I asked indignantly.

‘Don’t be a fool!’ he answered sharply. ‘Who wants

to murder your uncle John? I simply want to humour this whim of his, and try and cure him of his folly, for your sake. He's been reading the accounts of this sleep business somewhere, and says that he finds only one person must be in the room, and that the Hindoos are the most skilful operators. In order not to rouse his suspicions in the slightest degree as to the genuineness of the thing, I have told him that I myself, although I know the secret of this elixir of sleep, am not competent to administer it, but that I know a Hindoo at present in London who is. Now, it won't do to take anyone into our confidence, and so——'

'And so?'

'You are to be the Hindoo. We will get you a complete costume in Bow Street; I will darken your face and make you up, and all you will have to do will be to roll your eyes, show your teeth, hold your tongue, and put the powder in his mouth.'

'But what good is all this to do?' I exclaimed.

'Good, man! Why, can't you see? The effect of the powder I shall give you will be to send your uncle to sleep for about eight hours. During that time, over the wall, where his calendar stands, we will arrange one that shall give the date as January 1st, 2000. This will be the first thing that will meet his eye when he wakes, and he will instantly imagine he has slept about a hundred and thirty years and woke upon the fatal day. Directly he finds he has been fooled he will be furious. I shall arrange that he believes I did it all, and that you knew nothing about it. He will instantly banish me for ever from his presence, consent to your union with Kate, and, as I tell you, be so convinced of the folly of his wild

ideas that he will forget all about his longevity, and die at a respectable time, leaving you and his daughter his nice little fortune.'

I confess I did *not* quite see it all as Palmer put it. I have told you how trying to think anything out always made me feel queer in the head, and I got queer in the head long before Jack had done drumming his plan into me. But amid the mental haze which came over me I could see distinctly two things—that this trick would make Uncle John hate my friend, and not want him to marry Kate; and, secondly, that when he left off coming to the house, Kate would have only me to talk to, and then she would not always be talking to Jack; for, I am sorry to say, lately, whenever I called, I found her so engaged.

I was not very bright, nor very handsome, nor very brilliant as a conversationalist, while Jack was all three; so that, on the mere chance of getting rid of a dangerous rival for ever, I agreed to the proposed performance without quite understanding how it was all to end as Jack anticipated.

The evening came round at last when the famous experiment was to be tried. It was arranged with Palmer that I was to arrive about midnight dressed as a Hindoo, and in order that the servants should not see a Hindoo arriving at that hour—a thing which might make them talk, Jack said—he had arranged with Uncle John that I should climb over the garden wall, get up on to the cistern, and so through the window into Uncle John's bedroom, which was on the first floor. Early in the evening Jack had given me a packet containing a white powder. This was, he said, fine gum arabic

powdered. I was to open Uncle John's mouth gently, and drop it in without saying a word, so that he should not recognise my voice. Jack was to wait outside until I had finished, as it was supposed by the practisers of this experiment that the presence of a third person would nullify the charm, and it would not do to arouse the suspicions of Uncle John by disregarding rules.

About a quarter to twelve I found myself, feeling very cold and uncomfortable, outside the garden wall of my uncle's villa at Hampstead. It was a detached house, and the rear looked on to fields, so I was not likely to be observed. I climbed over the wall, stole up the garden, and clambered on to the top of the water-cistern. From this I could reach the bedroom window with my hand. I found it unbolted, as Jack had promised, pushed it up gently, then, seizing the coping with both hands, hoisted myself up till my knees were on the sill. Making not the slightest noise, I slid gently into the room, pulled the window down, and, hot and trembling, turned round to survey the interior. I never felt so much like a murderer in my life. Suppose somebody should come! I thought. But then Uncle John knew the Hindoo with the powder was coming that way, so he would take precautions against my being interrupted; besides, Jack was outside, and he would make it all right. I jerked up a little courage and looked about me. A lamp, turned down low, stood on the side-table, and on the bed lay Uncle John, *fast asleep*. Now, I had expected to find him awake, and that he would recognise me, and request me to administer the powder. I remembered Jack's instruction, that I was on no account to speak, lest he should recognise my voice, so I couldn't

say, 'Uncle Jack, wake up.' Just as I was deliberating whether I should drop something, or what I should do, I heard a noise as of several approaching footsteps. I determined to accomplish my part of the trick and bolt. I was getting nervous, and I didn't like the situation; so I made one bolt at Uncle Jack, opened his mouth, and was about to pop the powder in, when, with a wild shriek of 'Murder!' Uncle John sprang from the bed, seized me by the throat, and forced me against the wall. His shrieks were echoed through the house, and the sound of swiftly-approaching feet clattered along the passages. In an instant the door was burst open. The first to rush in were Jack and Kate, and behind them a troop of affrighted servants armed with kitchen pokers and warming-pans.

'Oh!' shrieked the cook, 'it's a Injun a-murderin' master!'

'Seize him!' roared my uncle; 'seize the villain! Rub that black off his face, and let these people see who the unnatural monster is.'

He let go his hold for a moment, and I gasped out:

'There's some mistake.'

'That voice!' screamed Kate. 'Oh, Jack, it is too true: it is my cousin George!'

'Oh, you villain!' said Jack. 'So you disguise yourself as a Hindoo in order to murder your uncle. For shame, sir, for shame!'

This was too much; and although I felt getting lumpier and lumpier, I did manage to say, 'Come, I say, Jack!' but my uncle cut me short in a minute.

'Don't dare to address this gentleman, sir,' he said. 'Had it not been for him I should now have been a

corpse. Have the kindness, Mr. Palmer, to tell us what that paper contains.' He pointed to the packet of powder which had fallen on the bed.

Jack picked it up carefully, examined it attentively, and then, turning to my uncle, said gravely :

' I regret to say, sir, that it is strychnine.'

' Strychnine !' I shrieked. ' Why, it's gum arabic !'

' Villain !' exclaimed my uncle, paying no heed to my words ; ' hear what I have to say to you before you quit my presence for ever. I knew from this excellent young man that you hated me, because I should outlive you—that you thought, in marrying my daughter, you ought to come into my money. You knew that you were left a considerable sum of money in my will, and you thought I ought to die in order that you might have it. Don't interrupt, sir ! Then you conceived the idea of murdering me. Mr. Palmer saw it and warned me of it. He gained your confidence, watched you narrowly, and read your inmost thoughts. He warned us that to-night, disguised as a Hindoo, you would surreptitiously enter my apartment, attempt to poison me, and then effect your escape.'

I felt my brain begin to wander ; I went hot and cold, and had things come in my throat ; I could hardly believe my ears. I made another desperate effort to explain, but could not utter a coherent sentence. I never felt so lumpy and confused in my life. My cousin Kate, with tears in her eyes, clung to Jack for protection. My uncle had seized a sponge, and was wiping the colour from my face. The cold water seemed to pull me together a bit, and I managed to say, ' Uncle, I will explain.'

‘I dare say you will. A man who can disguise himself as a Hindoo in order to murder his uncle would come with some plausible tale in case of discovery. But we have been warned against that, sir, and are not to be deceived. To-night you quit my presence for ever. I will not hand my own nephew over to justice, but with the morning light you quit this house and England. And if ever you set your foot in it again, I will prosecute you, as sure as my name’s John.’

I had lost all control of myself by this time. It was going beyond a joke, and I felt savage; so I rushed up to Jack Palmer and yelled at him:

‘Why, you infernal scoundrel——’

In a second Kate flung herself between us, my uncle seized me by the Hindoo garment, which rent itself in twain in his hand, and the cook gave me a blow on the head with the warming-pan that made me feel lumpier than ever. I heard the rest in a semi-dream. I saw Uncle John place Kate’s hand in Jack Palmer’s. I heard him say that the preserver of his life deserved not only his daughter, but half his fortune, and should have it. I saw Kate look up at Jack in a way too affectionate to have been suddenly inspired by gratitude; and then I had a dim perception of the fact that I had been the victim of one of the most cold-blooded conspiracies ever concocted by a fiend in human shape.

But as to explaining anything, it was utterly beyond my power. Uncle John had rubbed the black into my eyes, and the cook’s warming-pan had flattened the top of my skull. All I know is that I was hooted out of the house at daybreak in an old suit of the butler’s, and that I live over at Boulogne, and am looked upon as

slightly eccentric by the natives and the visitors. I'm all right sometimes, and sometimes I'm not. If I begin to think or argue out a thing, I have quite a queer sensation come over me, and I get lumpy. Over here even I've heard people whispering that I'm a harmless lunatic, who once tried to murder his uncle, and has to be looked after. I don't know who looks after me, I'm sure, unless it is my man James. He certainly does speak rough, and order me about at times; but that's his way. I dare say I haven't been quite accurate in some things I've said about my painful story; but I never have been quite sure of things since that warming-pan.

THE PECULIAR NOSE ,
OR,
THE HANGMAN'S DAUGHTER.

THE remarkable incidents which I am about to relate occurred many years ago.

It is absolutely necessary that the reader should bear this in mind, otherwise it might be supposed that reference was intended to people still living. These people might resent the supposition, and it has been the great effort of my life to avoid giving cause for resentment to man, woman, or child.

It was towards the close of a gloomy day in the latter part of November, 18—, that I found myself vainly endeavouring to make my way up Baker Street. A dense fog had settled down upon the West-End. Traffic was almost entirely interrupted, and the unhappy pedestrians whom business compelled to be abroad were wildly clutching at railings and piteously shouting for someone to tell them where they were.

More fortunate than many, I knew where I was.

I had managed to make out the flaring gas-lamp of a

well-known public-house at which the 'buses stop, and I knew that I was not far from home.

I don't often go into a public-house, but the fog had got down my throat, and feeling a peculiar choking sensation, I thought it would be well to take a little neat brandy medicinally. So I went into the private bar and called for what I wanted. The bar was comparatively empty, but one individual in particular attracted my attention.

He was a stout fair man of about fifty, with a peculiar nose and a nervous twitching of the mouth. He was smoking a cigar and drinking hot brandy-and-water.

One by one the other customers went out. The bar-maid retired to her seat in the corner and took up the book she had laid down to serve me, and feeling oppressed by the fog and the silence, I ventured to remark to my fellow-guest that it was awful weather.

'Beastly!' he replied; 'and it doesn't look like lifting. I have to get to the other side of Regent's Park to-night, and I'm a stranger to these parts. I'm hanged if I know how I'm going to do it.'

'I am going to the other side of the park. I know every inch of the ground. I'll show you the way, if you like.'

'Thank you, it is very kind of you,' said the man with the peculiar nose. 'I'll accept your offer, for my business is important, and there doesn't seem much chance of getting a conveyance.'

I finished my brandy, the man with the peculiar nose finished his, and we set out together to make our way to the other side of the park.

We didn't talk much on the way, as the fog got down my throat and made me cough every time I opened my

mouth. My companion had told me the name of the street he wished to find. It was a small street near Primrose Hill. My way lay past it. When we reached the corner of the street the fog had become so dense that I could hardly see my companion as he shook hands with me and thanked me.

‘I’m all right now,’ he said. ‘I shall be able to find the number of the house I want. Don’t come out of your way.’

He fumbled in his pocket, took out a card-case, and gave me a card.

‘There’s my card,’ he said. ‘Perhaps some day I may be of service to you. Good-night.’

He shook hands with me and went down the street. It was much too foggy for me to read the card, so I put it in my pocket and went on my way.

When I got home I found some important letters awaiting me, and becoming absorbed in these, I forgot all about the card I had in my pocket.

I found it the next morning, when I was feeling in my pockets for some silver.

Mechanically I drew it out and looked at it. The name on the card was James Doolan (I have naturally used a false name here), and underneath it an address in a northern town.

The name and the address together told me something which caused me to drop the card with a little cry of horror.

My friend of the previous evening was *the public hangman*.

I remembered at once that in the accounts I had read of him he was always described as having a *peculiar nose*.

* * * * *

Two years went by, and I had forgotten all about my journey in the fog with the public hangman, when one day I found myself in the town mentioned on his card. I remembered the address, and made my way to the house, thinking I should like to see the place where the public executioner lived. To my astonishment I found it to be a charming little villa, with dainty white curtains up at the windows, and surrounded by a well-kept little garden full of the loveliest flowers.

I went up the little gravel path and knocked at the door. A young woman with a baby in her arms quickly made her appearance, and I asked her if Mr. Doolan was at home.

‘Mr. Doolan! There’s no one of that name here now, sir,’ was the reply.

‘Oh, he has left, has he?’

‘Oh yes—more than a month ago.’

‘Do you know where he lives now?’

‘No, sir; I don’t. My husband, who took the cottage of him, says that Mr. Doolan came into money and changed his name on account of his profession, and went to live in another part of the country altogether.’

‘Then he isn’t the hangman now?’

‘No, sir; I believe he’s retired.’

I thanked the young woman and walked away. There had not been any executions for a month, and I presumed it was on this account that Mr. Doolan’s retirement had not come under public notice. It might have been mentioned in the papers, but I had seen nothing about it.

I was away in the country for about a week, and when

I returned to town I found a letter from my dear old friend Jack Thornton. Jack wrote to tell me that he had fallen in love with the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world, and was now 'engaged.' His *fiancée* was a Miss Wilson, and he had met her only three weeks previously. It had been a case of love at first sight, but he had proposed and been accepted, with the approbation of her family.

Jack wanted me to come and stay with him and be introduced to his future bride; but he was now living at Liverpool, where he had a good position, representing the London firm in whose office he had been for some years.

Liverpool was too far for me to go, but six months later, when I received another letter asking me to be his best man at the wedding, which was coming off in a few weeks, I consented to make the journey. I was very fond of Jack, and was his oldest bachelor friend, and so, though I hate ceremonies of all kinds, I couldn't well refuse.

My business engagements being heavy, however, I could only manage to go down for the ceremony, and so I only arrived in Liverpool the night before the wedding.

Jack came to my hotel, and we had a long chat. He was full of his happiness, and spoke of his bride with the greatest enthusiasm. We parted at an early hour, as Jack wanted to look his best the next day, and it was agreed that I should meet Jack at his rooms in the morning, and then go with him to the church.

We arrived at the church in good time, as in duty bound, and it seemed an age before the bridal party arrived. I had never been a best man before, and I felt

rather uncomfortable. Jokingly I said to Jack that it was very like a condemned prisoner waiting for the hangman.

It was an extraordinary thing that this idea should have come into my head just as a little buzz of excitement announced the arrival of the bride. For as the bride came up the church, leaning on her father's arm, the light fell upon his face, and I recognised it in a moment.

The bride's father was Mr. James Doolan, my chance acquaintance of the foggy night. Yes! There before me stood the late public hangman. I recognised him by his peculiar nose.

I went hot and cold all over. 'Jack,' I gasped, 'what's the bride's father's name?'

'Why, Wilson, of course,' he said, 'the same as hers. What an absurd question!'

Then I recollected what I had heard at the cottage some months previously. Mr. Doolan had changed his name on account of his profession. Jack was evidently ignorant of the awful fact that he was about to wed the hangman's daughter.

My position was a terrible one. What could I say—what could I do? I could not cry out, 'I forbid the banns; this lady's father is the public executioner!'

A father's profession is no legal bar to a daughter's marriage.

And I could not whisper into the ear of that happy bridegroom as he stood at the altar, 'Stop! your father-in-law is Jack Ketch!'

The bridal procession was at the altar. The bride had taken her place.

I looked up and found the hangman's gaze fixed on me with astonishment. He was evidently surprised to see me there. I dropped my eyes and looked on the ground to cover my confusion. The blood was rushing to my face. I felt like a man with a guilty secret.

The ceremony commenced.

At the words 'If any of you here present know just cause or impediment' I felt for one mad moment inclined to cry out the truth even then. But my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth—the ceremony went on—the bridal blessing was given—the hangman's daughter was Jack Thornton's wife!

* * * * *

As the wedding party filed into the vestry to sign the register I felt like a man in a dream.

When the bride and bridegroom were signing I felt a touch on the arm.

I turned. The hangman was standing by my side.

'How odd that you should be here to-day!' he said. 'I never thought when we met that foggy night you would be at my daughter's wedding.'

'It is strange,' I said—'very strange.'

'By-the-bye,' he said, 'I've often thought of that night. How you must have been astonished when you looked at the card I gave you!'

'I *was* astonished,' I answered. 'In fact—I—er—was horrified.'

'Naturally. It was very careless of me, but it was all that infernal fog. You see, I've always had a fancy for horrors, and that day I'd been to Madame Tussaud's, and there I had been introduced to Doolan, the hangman—a man whom I had always wanted to see, because

I was told he had a nose like mine—and I had asked him for his card. I put it in my card-case to take care of it, and gave it to you in mistake for one of my own. I only found out what I had done the next morning.'

'Then your name is really Wilson,' I said, 'and you haven't changed it to Doolan?'

'Changed my name! Why—what—good heavens above! You didn't think I was the hangman, did you?'

With a fiery blush I confessed that when I first saw him that morning such had been my impression.

He looked a little staggered at first, but gradually his features relaxed into a big smile, and if we hadn't been in church he would have laughed outright.

At the wedding breakfast Mr. Wilson made a rattling speech, and he fairly convulsed the company when he informed them that the 'best man' had assisted at the ceremony under the impression that his friend was marrying 'the hangman's daughter.'

I couldn't help thinking that it was a very natural inference, taking into consideration the card, the change of name, and the peculiar nose.

THE END.

Thoughts, like Snowflakes on some far-off Mountain Side, go on accumulating till some great Truth is loosened, and falls like an Avalanche on the Waiting World.



Erasmus Wilson said: 'Remember that the Skin is AN EVERTED LUNG.'

A man may be guilty of many things contrary to his physical well-being, but if he will take care of his skin he will not suffer so much.

'I am satisfied that three-fourths of the Disease to which man is subject are attributable to the pores of the skin being stopped up.'—Dr. ROLI.

A glance at the above facts must be sufficient to convince anyone that disease and debility go hand-in-hand with neglect of the skin. It may be a silent process, this choking of twenty-eight miles of drain-pipes, but it is none the less sure, and no one can calculate the number of thousands of human beings that are destroyed annually by such wilful neglect.

'Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.'—TIMES.

LIFE IS A BATTLE, NOT A VICTORY.

Disobey ye who will, but ye who disobey must suffer.

Read Rules for Life in a 16-page pamphlet given with each Bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' on Fevers, Blood Poisons, and How to Keep a Healthy Skin; or, Premature Death: its Promotion or Prevention.

EXCITEMENT, CHANGES OF THE WEATHER, SLEEPLESSNESS, FEVERISH COLD, WITH HIGH TEMPERATURE AND QUICK PULSE, USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

AN IMPERATIVE HYGIENIC NEED.

INFLUENZA.—[NEVER DELAY.]—INSTRUCTIONS.—When attacked with Influenza or Feverish Cold, lie in bed for three or four days in a warm room well ventilated by a good fire, take ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' freely, and ENO'S 'VEGETABLE MOTES' as occasion may require. After a few days the marked symptoms will pass away. As a Preservative of Nervous Force, or a Recuperative Diet, use Scalded Milk freely. Use the greatest care to avoid relapse.

IMPORTANT TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go from home without a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' It ought to be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. It prevents diarrhoea and removes its early stages.

THE STOMACH AND LIVER AND THEIR TRIALS.—'Permit me to say that I have suffered much from a Stomach and Liver Complaint. Having consulted doctors and tried many medicines, but found that none of them relieved me of this unhappy condition, one doctor told me to try ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." I acted upon his advice at once, and it is now nearly a year since I began to use it. Its great value has not been overstated, and I wish to say that by its use I am enabled to follow my daily occupation, and to enjoy the pleasures of life. I have recommended ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to others.

'To Mr. J. C. ENO.

'I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

TRUTH.'

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose.—Without it

Life is a Sham!—A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable Imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit.—ADAMS.

Caution.—Examine each bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Prepared only at Eno's 'Fruit Salt' Works, Hatcham, London, S.E.

BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

"The Standard"
PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL COLUMN
OF
NEW BOOKS, RECENT EDITIONS, &c.

The PUBLISHERS' SPECIAL COLUMN of New Books, Recent Editions, &c., appears on the LEADER PAGE in the MORNING EDITIONS of

"The Standard,"

and throughout all the EVENING EDITIONS, including the SPECIAL EDITION of

"The Evening Standard,"
the Column appears next matter.

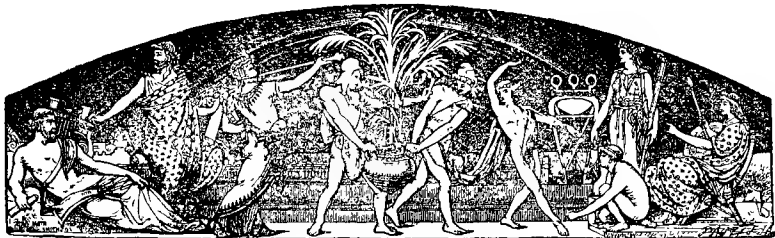
IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Officially Certified Guaranteed Daily Circulation of

"The Standard"

—:— **255,292 COPIES** —:—
OVER A QUARTER OF A MILLION DAILY.

*ADVERTISEMENTS for the Publishers' Special Column
MUST be sent to Mr. ROBERT WATSON, 150, Fleet St., E.C.*



A List of Books

PUBLISHED BY

CHATTO & WINDUS,

214, Piccadilly, London, W

Sold by all Booksellers, or sent post-free for the published price by the Publishers.

ABOUT.—THE FELLAH: An Egyptian Novel. By EDMOND ABOUT.
Translated by Sir RANDAL ROBERTS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ADAMS (W. DAVENPORT), WORKS BY.

A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA. Being a comprehensive Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America. Crown 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.** [Preparing.]

QUIPS AND QUIDDITIES. Selected by W. D. ADAMS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ADAMS (W. H. D.).—WITCH, WARLOCK, AND MAGICIAN: Historical Sketches of Magic and Witchcraft in England and Scotland. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.**

AGONY COLUMN (THE) OF "THE TIMES," from 1800 to 1870.
Edited, with an Introduction, by ALICE CLAY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

AIDE (HAMILTON), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
CARR OF CARRLYON. | **CONFIDENCES.**

ALBERT.—BROOKE FINCHLEY'S DAUGHTER. By MARY ALBERT.
Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ALEXANDER (MRS.), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? | **VALERIE'S FATE.**

ALLEN (F. M.).—GREEN AS GRASS. By F. M. ALLEN, Author of "Through Green Glasses." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** [Shortly.]

ALEXEN (GRANT), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. each.**
THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE. | **COLIN CLOUT'S CALENDAR.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d. each**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**

PHILISTIA.	BECKONING HAND.	THIS MORTAL COIL.
BABYLON.	FOR MAIMIE'S SAKE.	THE TENTS OF SHEM.
STRANGE STORIES.	IN ALL SHADES.	THE GREAT TABOO.
	THE DEVIL'S DIE.	

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND. Three Vols., crown 8vo.

AMERICAN LITERATURE, A LIBRARY OF, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time. Compiled and Edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN and ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON. Eleven Vols., royal 8vo, cloth extra. A few copies are for sale by Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS, price **£6 12s.** the set.

ARCHITECTURAL STYLES, A HANDBOOK OF. By A. ROSENGARTEN. Translated by W. COLLETT-SANDARS. With 639 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.**

ART (THE) OF AMUSING: A Collection of Graceful Arts, GAMES, Tricks, Puzzles, and Charades. By FRANK BELLEW. 300 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.**

- IN LESTER), WORKS BY.**
PERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN. With Introduction by Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, and 12 Illusts. by H. M. PAGET. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**
AND LIFE IN ENGLAND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- ARTEMUS WARD'S WORKS:** The Works of CHARLES FARRER BROWNE, better known as ARTEMUS WARD. With Portrait and Facsimile. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**—Also a POPULAR EDITION, post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**
THE GENIAL SHOWMAN: Life and Adventures of ARTEMUS WARD. By EDWARD P. HINGSTON. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
- ASHTON (JOHN), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.
HISTORY OF THE CHAP-BOOKS OF THE 18th CENTURY. With 334 Illusts.
SOCIAL LIFE IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE. With 85 Illustrations.
HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. With 82 Illusts.
ENGLISH CARICATURE AND SATIRE ON NAPOLEON THE FIRST. 115 Illusts.
MODERN STREET BALLADS. With 57 Illustrations.
- BACTERIA.—A SYNOPSIS OF THE BACTERIA AND YEAST FUNGI AND ALLIED SPECIES.** By W. B. GROVE, B.A. With 87 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
- BARDSLEY (REV. C. W.), WORKS BY.**
ENGLISH SURNAMES: Their Sources and Significations. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
CURIOSITIES OF PURITAN NOMENCLATURE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- BARING GOULD (S., Author of "John Herring," &c.), NOVELS BY.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
RED SPIDER. | **EVE.**
- BARRETT (FRANK, Author of "Lady Biddy Fane,") NOVELS BY.**
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth, **3s. 6d.** each.
FETTERED FOR LIFE. | **BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.**
THE SIN OF OLGA ZASSOULICH.
- BEACONSFIELD, LORD: A Biography.** By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
- BEAUCHAMP.—GRANTLEY GRANGE: A Novel.** By SHELLEY BEAUCHAMP. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- BEAUTIFUL PICTURES BY BRITISH ARTISTS:** A Gathering of Favourites from our Picture Galleries, beautifully engraved on Steel. With Notices of the Artists by SYDNEY ARMYTAGE, M.A. Imperial 4to, cloth extra, gilt edges, **21s.**
- BECHSTEIN.—AS PRETTY AS SEVEN, and other German Stories.** Collected by LUDWIG BECHSTEIN. With Additional Tales by the Brothers GRIMM, and 98 Illustrations by RICHTER. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**
- BEERBOHM.—WANDERINGS IN PATAGONIA; or, Life among the Ostrich Hunters.** By JULIUS BEERBOHM. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**
- BESANT (WALTER), NOVELS BY.**
 Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN. With Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.
THE CAPTAINS' ROOM, &c. With Frontispiece by E. J. WHEELER.
ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. With 6 Illustrations by HARRY FURNISS.
DOROTHY FORSTER. With Frontispiece by CHARLES GREEN.
UNCLE JACK, and other Stories. | **CHILDREN OF GIBION.**
THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN. With 12 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
HERR PAULUS: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall.
FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM. With Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and F. WADDY.
TO CALL HER MINE, &c. With 9 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER.
THE BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.
THE HOLY ROSE, &c. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
- ARMOREL OF LYONESSE: A Romance of To-day.** With 12 Illusts. by F. BARNARD.
ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER. With 12 page Illustrations by C. GREEN.
FIFTY YEARS AGO. With 144 Plates and Woodcuts. New and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** [Shortly.]
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **6s.**
THE ART OF FICTION. Demy 8vo, **1s.**
LONDON. With over 100 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **18s.** [Preparing.]

BESANT (WALTER) AND JAMES RICE, NOVELS BY.Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.**READY-MONEY MORTIBOY.****BY CELIA'S ARBOUR.****MY LITTLE GIRL.****THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET.****WITH HARP AND CROWN.****THE SEAMY SIDE.****THIS SON OF VULCAN.****THE CASE OF MR. LUCRAFT, &c.****THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.****'TWAS IN TRAFALGAR'S BAY, &c.****THE MONKS OF THELEMA.****THE TEN YEARS' TENANT, &c.*** * There is also a **LIBRARY EDITION** of the above Twelve Volumes, handsomely set in new type, on a large crown 8vo page, and bound in cloth extra, **6s.** each.**BENNETT (W. C., LL.D.), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.** each.**A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND. | SONGS FOR SAILORS.****BEWICK (THOMAS) AND HIS PUPILS.** By **AUSTIN DOBSON.** With95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.****BIERCE.—IN THE MIDST OF LIFE:** Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.By **AMBROSE BIERCE.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.****BLACKBURN'S (HENRY) ART HANDBOOKS.****ACADEMY NOTES**, separate years, from 1875-1887, 1889, and 1890, each **1s.****ACADEMY NOTES**, 1891. With Illustrations. **1s.****ACADEMY NOTES**, 1875-79. Complete in One Vol., with 600 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.****ACADEMY NOTES**, 1880-84. Complete in One Vol. with 700 Illusts. Cloth limp, **6s.****GROSVENOR NOTES**, 1877. **6d.****GROSVENOR NOTES**, separate years, from 1878 to 1890, each **1s.****GROSVENOR NOTES**, Vol. I., 1877-82. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.****GROSVENOR NOTES**, Vol. II., 1883-87. With 300 Illusts. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **6s.****THE NEW GALLERY**, 1888-1890. With numerous Illustrations, each **1s.****THE NEW GALLERY**, 1891. With Illustrations. **1s.****ENGLISH PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.** 114 Illustrations. **1s.****OLD MASTERS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.** 128 Illustrations. **1s. 6d.****ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.** 242 Illusts. cl., **3s.****THE PARIS SALON**, 1891. With Facsimile Sketches. **3s.****THE PARIS SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS**, 1891. With Sketches. **3s. 6d.****BLAKE (WILLIAM):** India-proof Etchings from his Works by **WILLIAM****BELL SCOTT.** With descriptive Text. Folio, half-bound boards, **21s.****BLIND (MATHILDE),** Poems by. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** each.**THE ASCENT OF MAN.****DRAMAS IN MINIATURE.** With a Frontispiece by **FORD MADOX BROWN.****BOURNE (H. R. FOX), WORKS BY.****ENGLISH MERCHANTS:** Memoirs in Illustration of the Progress of British Commerce. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS:** The History of Journalism. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cl., **25s.****THE OTHER SIDE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.****BOWERS.—LEAVES FROM A HUNTING JOURNAL.** By **GEORGE****BOWERS.** Oblong folio, half-bound, **21s.****BOYLE (FREDERICK), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.**CHRONICLES OF NO-MAN'S LAND. | CAMP NOTES.****SAVAGE LIFE.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.****BRAND'S OBSERVATIONS ON POPULAR ANTIQUITIES;** chiefly illustrating the Origin of our Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions. With the Additions of **SIR HENRY ELLIS**, and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****BREWER (REV. DR.), WORKS BY.****THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES.** Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES:** Being the Appendices to "The Reader's Handbook," separately printed. Crown 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.****A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****BREWSTER (SIR DAVID), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cl. ex., **4s. 6d.** each.**MORE WORLDS THAN ONE:** Creed of Philosopher and Hope of Christian. Plates.**THE MARTYRS OF SCIENCE:** GALILEO, INCHO BRAHE and KEPLER. With Portraits**LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC.** With numerous Illustrations.

BRET HARTE, WORKS BY.LIBRARY EDITION, Complete in Six Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. each.****BRET HARTE'S COLLECTED WORKS.** Arranged and Revised by the Author.

Vol. I. COMPLETE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS. With Steel Portrait.

Vol. II. LUCK OF ROARING CAMP—BOHEMIAN PAPERS—AMERICAN LEGENDS.

Vol. III. TALES OF THE ARGONAUTS—EASTERN SKETCHES.

Vol. IV. GABRIEL CONROY.

Vol. V. STORIES—CONDENSED NOVELS, &c.

Vol. VI. TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

Vol. VII. MORE TALES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE. Portrait by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

THE SELECT WORKS OF BRET HARTE, in Prose and Poetry With Introductory Essay by J. M. BELLEW. Portrait of Author, and 50 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex. **7s. 6d.** [Preparing.]**BRET HARTE'S POETICAL WORKS.** Hand-made paper & buckram. Cr. 8vo. **4s. 6d.****THE QUEEN OF THE PIRATE ISLE.** With 28 original Drawings by KATE GREENAWAY, reproduced in Colours by EDMUND EVANS. Small 4to, cloth, **5s.**Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.**A WAIFF OF THE PLAINS.** With 60 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.**A WARD OF THE GOLDEN GATE.** With 59 Illustrations by STANLEY L. WOOD.**A SAPPHO OF GREEN SPRINGS, &c.** With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET.**COLONEL STARBOTTLE'S CLIENT, AND SOME OTHER PEOPLE.** With a Frontispiece by FRED. BARNARD.Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.**GABRIEL CONROY.****AN HEIRESS OF RED DOG, &c.****THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP, &c.**
CALIFORNIAN STORIES.Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.**FLIP.****MARUJA.****A PHYLLIS OF THE SIERRAS.**Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each.**THE TWINS OF TABLE MOUNTAIN.** | **JEFF BRIGGS'S LOVE STORY.****BRILLAT-SAVARIN.—GASTRONOMY AS A FINE ART.** By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Translated by R. E. ANDERSON, M.A. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.****BRYDGES.—UNCLE SAM AT HOME.** By HAROLD BRYDGES. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.****BUCHANAN'S (ROBERT) WORKS.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.**SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.** With Frontispiece by T. DALZIEL.**THE EARTHQUAKE;** or, Six Days and a Sabbath.**THE CITY OF DREAM:** An Epic Poem. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB.**THE OUTCAST:** A Rhyme for the Time. With 15 Illustrations by RUDOLF BLIND,PETER MACNAB, and HUME NISBET. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.****ROBERT BUCHANAN'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS.** With Steel-plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.**THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD.****A CHILD OF NATURE.** Frontispiece.**GOD AND THE MAN.** With 11 Illustrations by FRED. BARNARD.**THE MARTYRDOM OF MADELINE.**

With Frontispiece by A. W. COOPER.

LOVE ME FOR EVER. Frontispiece.**ANNAN WATER, FOXGLOVE MANOR.****THE NEW ABELARD.****MATT:** A Story of a Caravan. Front.**THE MASTER OF THE MINE.** Front.**THE HEIR OF LINNE.****BURTON (CAPTAIN).—THE BOOK OF THE SWORD:** Being a History of the Sword and its Use in all Countries, from the Earliest Times. By RICHARD F. BURTON. With over 400 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **32s.****BURTON (ROBERT).****THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY:** A New Edition, with translations of the Classical Extracts. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****MELANCHOLY ANATOMISED** Being an Abridgment, for popular use, of BURTON'S ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.****CAINE (T. HALL), NOVELS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.**SHADOW OF A CRIME.** | **A SON OF HAGAR.** | **THE DEEMSTER.****CAMERON (COMMANDER).—THE CRUISE OF THE "BLACK PRINCE" PRIVATEER.** By V. LOVETT CAMERON, R.N., C.B. With Two Illustrations by P. MACNAB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.****CAMERON (MRS. H. LOVETT), NOVELS BY.**Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.**JULIET'S GUARDIAN****DECEIVERS EVER.**

- CARLYLE (THOMAS) ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.** With Life by R. H. SHEPHERD, and Three Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **1s. 6d.**
- THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS CARLYLE AND RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1834 to 1872.** Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Portraits. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **24s.**
- CARLYLE (JANE WELSH), LIFE OF.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER IRELAND. With Portrait and Facsimile Letter. Small demy 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
- CHAPMAN'S (GEORGE) WORKS.** Vol. I. contains the Plays complete, including the doubtful ones. Vol. II, the Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. Vol. III, the Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. each.**
- CHATTO AND JACKSON.—A TREATISE ON WOOD ENGRAVING,** Historical and Practical. By WILLIAM ANDREW CHATTO and JOHN JACKSON. With an Additional Chapter by HENRY G. BOHN, and 450 fine Illusts. Large 4to, hf.-bd., **28s.**
- CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN: A Golden Key.** By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts. Small 4to, cloth extra, **6s.**
- CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS.** By Mrs. H. R. HAWEIS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
- CLARE.—FOR THE LOVE OF A LASS: A Tale of Tynedale.** By AUSTIN CLARE. Post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**
- CLIVE (MRS. ARCHER), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s. each.**
- PAUL FERROLL. | WHY PAUL FERROLL KILLED HIS WIFE.**
- CLODD.—MYTHS AND DREAMS.** By EDWARD CLODD, F.R.A.S. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
- COBBAN.—THE CURE OF SOULS: A Story.** By J. MACLAREN COBBAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- COLEMAN (JOHN), WORKS BY.**
- PLAYERS AND PLAYWRIGHTS I HAVE KNOWN.** Two Vols., 8vo, cloth, **24s.**
- CURLY: An Actor's Story.** With 21 Illusts. by J. C. DOLLMAN. Cr. 8vo, cl., **1s. 6d.**
- COLLINS (C. ALLSTON).—THE BAR SINISTER.** Post 8vo, **2s.**
- COLLINS (MORTIMER AND FRANCES), NOVELS BY.**
- Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d. each**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
- FROM MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT. | BLACKSMITH AND SCHOLAR.**
- TRANSMIGRATION. | YOU PLAY ME FALSE. | A VILLAGE COMEDY.**
- Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
- SWEET ANNE PAGE. | SWEET AND TWENTY.**
- A FIGHT WITH FORTUNE. | FRANCES.**
- COLLINS (WILKIE), NOVELS BY.**
- Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d. each**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s. each**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d. each.**
- ANTONINA.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
- BASIL.** Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
- HIDE AND SEEK.** Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and J. MAHONEY.
- AFTER DARK.** With Illustrations by A. B. HOUGHTON.
- THE DEAD SECRET.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
- QUEEN OF HEARTS.** With a Frontispiece by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A.
- THE WOMAN IN WHITE.** With Illusts. by Sir J. GILBERT, R.A., and F. A. FRASER.
- NO NAME.** With Illustrations by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., and A. W. COOPER.
- MY MISCELLANIES.** With a Steel-plate Portrait of WILKIE COLLINS.
- ARMADALE.** With Illustrations by G. H. THOMAS.
- THE MOONSTONE.** With Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER and F. A. FRASER.
- MAN AND WIFE.** With Illustrations by WILLIAM SMALL.
- POOR MISS FINCH.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and EDWARD HUGHES.
- MISS OR MRS.?** With Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
- THE NEW MAGDALEN.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and C. S. REINHARDT.
- THE FROZEN DEEP.** Illustrated by G. DU MAURIER and J. MAHONEY.
- THE LAW AND THE LADY.** Illusts. by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and SYDNEY HALL.
- THE TWO DESTINIES.**
- THE HAUNTED HOTEL.** Illustrated by ARTHUR HOPKINS.
- THE FALLEN LEAVES. | HEART AND SCIENCE. | THE EVIL GENIUS.**
- JEZEBEL'S DAUGHTER. | "I SAY NO." | LITTLE NOVELS.**
- THE BLACK ROBE. | A ROGUE'S LIFE. | THE LEGACY OF CAIN.**
- BLIND LOVE.** With Preface by WALTER BESANT, and Illusts. by A. FORESTIER.
- COLLINS (JOHN CHURTON, M.A.), BOOKS BY.**
- ILLUSTRATIONS OF TENNYSON.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- A MONOGRAPH ON DEAN SWIFT.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

[Shortly.]

COLMAN'S HUMOROUS WORKS: "Broad Grins," "My Nightgown and Slippers," and other Humorous Works of **GEORGE COLMAN**. With Life by G. B. BUCKSTONE, and Frontispiece by HOGARTH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

COLMORE.—A VALLEY OF SHADOWS. By G. COLMORE, Author of "A Conspiracy of Silence." Two Vols., crown 8vo. [Shortly].

COLQUHOUN.—EVERY INCH A SOLDIER: A Novel. By M. J. COLQUHOUN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CONVALESCENT COOKERY: A Family Handbook. By CATHERINE RYAN. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

CONWAY (MONCURE D.), WORKS BY.

DEMONOLOGY AND DEVIL-LORE. With 65 Illustrations. Third Edition. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, **28s.**

A NECKLACE OF STORIES. 25 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Sq. 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

PINE AND PALM: A Novel. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **21s.**

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S RULES OF CIVILITY Traced to their Sources and Restored. Fcap. 8vo, Japanese vellum, **2s. 6d.**

COOK (DUTTON), NOVELS BY.

PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

LEO. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

CORNWALL.—POPULAR ROMANCES OF THE WEST OF ENGLAND; or, The Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Two Steel-plates by GEO. CRUIKSHANK. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

COTES.—TWO GIRLS ON A BARGE. By V. CECIL COTES. With 44 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRADDOCK.—THE PROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**; cl. limp, **2s. 6d.**

CRIM.—ADVENTURES OF A FAIR REBEL. By MATT CRIM. With a Frontispiece by DAN. BEARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

CRUIKSHANK'S COMIC ALMANACK. Complete in Two SERIES: The First from 1835 to 1843; the Second from 1844 to 1853. A Gathering of the BEST HUMOUR OF THACKERAY, HOOD, MAYHEW, ALBERT SMITH, A'BECKETT, ROBERT BROUGH, &c. With numerous Steel Engravings and Woodcuts by CRUIKSHANK, HINE, LANDELLS, &c. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. By BLANCHARD JERROLD. With 84 Illustrations and a Bibliography. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CUMMING (C. F. GORDON), WORKS BY. Demy 8vo, cl. ex., **8s. 6d.** each.

IN THE HEBRIDES. With Autotype Facsimile and 23 Illustrations.

IN THE HIMALAYAS AND ON THE INDIAN PLAINS. With 42 Illustrations.

VIA CORNWALL TO EGYPT. With Photogravure Frontis. Demy 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

CUSSANS.—A HANDBOOK OF HERALDRY; with Instructions for Tracing Pedigrees and Deciphering Ancient MSS., &c. By JOHN E. CUSSANS. With 408 Woodcuts, Two Coloured and Two Plain Plates. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

CYPLES(W.).—HEARTS OF GOLD. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

DANIEL.—MERRIE ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME. By GEORGE DANIEL. With Illustrations by ROBERT CRUIKSHANK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DAUDET.—THE EVANGELIST; or, Port Salvation. By ALPHONSE DAUDET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DAVENANT.—HINTS FOR PARENTS ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION FOR THEIR SONS. By F. DAVENANT, M.A. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cl., **1s. 6d.**

DAVIES (DR. N. E. YORKE-), WORKS BY.

Crown 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

ONE THOUSAND MEDICAL MAXIMS AND SURGICAL HINTS.

NURSERY HINTS: A Mother's Guide in Health and Disease.

FOODS FOR THE FAT: A Treatise on Corpulency, and a Dietary for its Cure.

AIDS TO LONG LIFE. Crown 8vo, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, including Psalms I. to L. in Verse, and other hitherto Unpublished MSS., for the first time Collected and Edited, with Memorial-Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Two Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **12s.**

DAWSON.—THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH: A Novel of Adventure. By ERASMUS DAWSON, M.B. Edited by PAUL DEVON. With Two Illustrations by HUME NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DE GUERIN.—THE JOURNAL OF MAURICE DE GUERIN. Edited by G. S. TREBUTIEN. With a Memoir by SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the 20th French Edition by JESSIE P. FROTHINGHAM. Fcap. 8vo, half-bound, **2s. 6d.**

DE MAISTRE.—A JOURNEY ROUND MY ROOM. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE. Translated by HENRY ATTWELL. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

DE MILLE.—A CASTLE IN SPAIN. By JAMES DE MILLE. With a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

DERBY (THE).—THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF: A Chronicle of the RACE FOR THE DERBY, from Diomed to Donovan. With Notes on the Winning Horses, the Men who trained them, Jockeys who rode them, and Gentlemen to whom they belonged; also Notices of the Betting and Betting Men of the period, and Brief Accounts of THE OAKS. By LOUIS HENRY CURZON. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

DERWENT (LEITH), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** ea.; post 8vo, bds., **2s. ea.**
OUR LADY OF TEARS. | **CIRCE'S LOVERS.**

DICKENS (CHARLES), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
SKETCHES BY BOZ. | **NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.**
THE PICKWICK PAPERS. | **OLIVER TWIST.**

THE SPEECHES OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1841-1870. With a New Bibliography. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a SMALLER EDITION, in the *Mayfair Library*, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. By ALFRED RIMMER. With 57 Illustrations by C. A. VANDERHOOF, ALFRED RIMMER, and others. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DICTIONARIES.

A DICTIONARY OF MIRACLES: Imitative, Realistic, and Dogmatic. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THE READER'S HANDBOOK OF ALLUSIONS, REFERENCES, PLOTS, AND STORIES. By the Rev. E. C. BREWER, LL.D. With an ENGLISH BIBLIOGRAPHY. Fifteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS, WITH THE DATES. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. With Historical and Explanatory Notes. By SAMUEL A. BENT, A.M. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SLANG DICTIONARY: Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s. 6d.**

WOMEN OF THE DAY: A Biographical Dictionary. By F. HAYS. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES: A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

DIDEROT.—THE PARADOX OF ACTING. Translated, with Annotations, from Diderot's "Le Paradoxe sur le Comédien," by WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. With a Preface by HENRY IRVING. Crown 8vo, parchment, **4s. 6d.**

DOBSON (AUSTIN), WORKS BY.

THOMAS BEWICK & HIS PUPILS. With 95 Illustrations. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s.**
FOUR FRENCHWOMEN: MADemoisELLE DE CORDAY; MADAME ROLAND; THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE; MADAME DE GENLIS. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-roxburghe, **2s. 6d.**

DOBSON (W. T.), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
LITERARY FRIVOLITIES, FANCIES, FOLLIES, AND FROLICS.
POETICAL INGENUITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES.

DONOVAN (DICK), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

THE MAN-HUNTER.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

TRACKED AND TAKEN.

WHO POISONED HETTY DUNCAN?

A DETECTIVE'S TRIUMPHS.

IN THE GRIP OF THE LAW.

THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER. With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

TRACKED TO DOOM. With 6 full-page Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

DRAMATISTS, THE OLD.

With Vignette Portraits. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** per Vol.
BEN JONSON'S WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir by WM. GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Three Vols.

CHAPMAN'S WORKS. Complete in Three Vols. Vol. I. contains the Plays complete; Vol. II., Poems and Minor Translations, with an Introductory Essay by A. C. SWINBURNE; Vol. III., Translations of the Iliad and Odyssey.

MARLOWE'S WORKS. Edited, with Notes, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From GIFFORD's Text. Edit. by Col. CUNNINGHAM. One Vol.

DOYLE (CONAN).—THE FIRM OF GIRDLESTONE. By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "Micah Clarke." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

DUNCAN (SARA JEANNETTE), WORKS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

A SOCIAL DEPARTURE: How Orthodoxy and I Went round the World by Ourselves. With 111 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON. With 80 Illustrations by F. H. TOWNSEND.

DYER.—THE FOLK-LORE OF PLANTS. By Rev. T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

EARLY ENGLISH POETS. Edited, with Introductions and Annotations, by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.** per Volume.

FLETCHER'S (GILES) COMPLETE POEMS. One Vol.

DAVIES' (SIR JOHN) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Two Vols.

HERRICK'S (ROBERT) COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS. Three Vols.

SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Three Vols.

EDGCUMBE.—ZEPHYRUS : A Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. PEARCE EDGCUMBE. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

EDWARDES (MRS. ANNIE), NOVELS BY :

A POINT OF HONOUR. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

ARCHIE LOVELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** ; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

EDWARDS (ELIEZER).—WORDS, FACTS, AND PHRASES : A Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters. By ELIEZER EDWARDS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

EDWARDS (M. BETHAM-), NOVELS BY.

KITTY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** ; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

FELICIA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

EGGLESTON (EDWARD).—ROXY : A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

EMANUEL.—ON DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS STONES : Their History, Value, and Properties ; with Simple Tests for ascertaining their Reality. By HARRY EMANUEL, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations, tinted and plain. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE, THE : A Practical Guide to all interested in Selecting or Building a House ; with Estimates of Cost, Quantities, &c. By C. J. RICHARDSON. With Coloured Frontispiece and 600 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**

EWALD (ALEX. CHARLES, F.S.A.), WORKS BY.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART, Count of Albany (THE YOUNG PRETENDER). With a Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

STORIES FROM THE STATE PAPERS. With an Autotype. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

EYES, OUR : How to Preserve Them from Infancy to Old Age. By JOHN BROWNING, F.R.A.S. With 70 Illusts. Eighteenth Thousand. Crown 8vo, **1s.**

FAMILIAR SHORT SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN. By SAMUEL ARTHUR BENT, A.M. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

FARADAY (MICHAEL), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.** each.

THE CHEMICAL HISTORY OF A CANDLE : Lectures delivered before a Juvenile Audience. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES F.C.S. With numerous Illustrations.

ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF NATURE, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER. Edited by WILLIAM CROOKES, F.C.S. With Illustrations.

FARRER (J. ANSON), WORKS BY.

MILITARY MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

WAR : Three Essays, reprinted from "Military Manners." Cr. 8vo, **1s.** ; cl., **1s. 6d.**

FENN (MANVILLE).—THE NEW MISTRESS : A Novel. By G. MANVILLE FENN, Author of "Double Cunning," &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

FICTION.—A CATALOGUE OF NEARLY SIX HUNDRED WORKS OF FICTION published by CHATTO & WINDUS, with a Short Critical Notice of each (40 pages, demy 8vo), will be sent free upon application.

FIN-BEC.—THE CUPBOARD PAPERS : Observations on the Art of Living and Dining. By FIN-BEC. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

FIREWORKS, THE COMPLETE ART OF MAKING ; or, The Pyrotechnist's Treasury. By THOMAS KENTISH. With 267 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cl., **5s.**

FITZGERALD (PERCY, M.A., F.S.A.), WORKS BY.

THE WORLD BEHIND THE SCENES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
LITTLE ESSAYS: Passages from Letters of CHARLES LAMB. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.**
A DAY'S TOUR: Journey through France and Belgium. With Sketches. Cr. 4to, **1s.**
FATAL ZERO. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

BELLA DONNA. | **LADY OF BRANTOME.** | **THE SECOND MRS. TILLOTSON.**
POLLY. | **NEVER FORGOTTEN.** | **SEVENTY-FIVE BROOKE STREET.**
LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (of Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings,
 Doings, and Writings; and Four Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

FLAMMARION.—URANIA: A Romance. By CAMILLE FLAMMARION.
 Translated by AUGUSTA RICE STETSON. With 87 Illustrations by DE BIELER,
 MYRBACH, and GAMBARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

FLETCHER'S (GILES, B.D.) COMPLETE POEMS: Christ's Victorie
 in Heaven, Christ's Victorie on Earth, Christ's Triumph over Death, and Minor
 Poems. With Notes by Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Crown 8vo, cloth boards, **6s.**

FLUDYER (HARRY) AT CAMBRIDGE: A Series of Family Letters.
 Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

FONBLANQUE (ALBANY).—FILTHY LUCRE. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRANCILLON (R. E.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ONE BY ONE. | **QUEEN COPHETUA.** | **A REAL QUEEN.** | **KING OR KNAVE?**
OLYMPIA. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** | **ESTHER'S GLOVE.** Fcap. 8vo, pict. cover, **1s.**
ROMANCES OF THE LAW. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

FREDERIC (HAROLD), NOVELS BY.

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THE LAWTON GIRL. With Frontispiece by F. BARNARD. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**;
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

FRENCH LITERATURE, A HISTORY OF. By HENRY VAN LAUN.
 Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth boards, **7s. 6d.** each.

FRENZENY.—FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL: Adventures of JOHN
 Y. NELSON, Scout, Guide, and Interpreter. By HARRINGTON O'REILLY. With 100
 Illustrations by PAUL FRENZENY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

FRERE.—PANDURANG HARI; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo. With Pre-
 face by Sir BARTLE FRERE. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FRISWELL (HAIN).—ONE OF TWO: A Novel. Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

FROST (THOMAS), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
CIRCUS LIFE AND CIRCUS CELEBRITIES. | **LIVES OF THE CONJURERS.**
THE OLD SHOWMEN AND THE OLD LONDON FAIRS.

FRY'S (HERBERT) ROYAL GUIDE TO THE LONDON CHARITIES.
 Showing their Name, Date of Foundation, Objects, Income, Officials, &c. Edited
 by JOHN LANE. Published Annually. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**

GARDENING BOOKS. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE: Practical Advice as to the
 Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY.

OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: Plants, and How we Cook Them. By TOM JERROLD.

HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE. By TOM and JANE JERROLD. Illustrated.

THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT. By TOM JERROLD.

MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS G. HEATH.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

GARRETT.—THE CAPEL GIRLS: A Novel. By EDWARD GARRETT.
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, THE. **1s.** Monthly. In addition to the
 Articles upon subjects in Literature, Science, and Art, for which this Magazine has
 so high a reputation, "**TABLE TALK**" by SYLVANUS URBAN appears monthly.

* * Bound Volumes for recent years kept in stock, **8s. 6d.** each. Cases for binding, **2s.**

GENTLEMAN'S ANNUAL, THE. Published Annually in November. **1s.**

GERMAN POPULAR STORIES. Collected by the Brothers GRIMM and Translated by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Introduction by JOHN RUSKIN, and 22 Steel Plates after GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Square 8vo, cloth, **6s. 6d.**; gilt edges, **7s. 6d.**

GIBBON (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ROBIN GRAY. | **LOVING A DREAM.** | **OF HIGH DEGREE.**
THE FLOWER OF THE FOREST. | **IN HONOUR BOUND.**
THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE DEAD HEART. | **IN LOVE AND WAR.**
FOR LACK OF GOLD. | **A HEART'S PROBLEM.**
WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY? | **BY MEAD AND STREAM.**
FOR THE KING. | **THE BRAES OF YARROW.**
QUEEN OF THE MEADOW. | **FANCY FREE.** | **A HARD KNOT.**
IN PASTURES GREEN. | **HEART'S DELIGHT.** | **BLOOD-MONEY.**

GIBNEY (SOMERVILLE).—SENTENCED! Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., 1s. 6d.

GILBERT (WILLIAM), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
DR. AUSTIN'S GUESTS. | **JAMES DUKE, COSTERMONGER.**
THE WIZARD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

GILBERT (W. S.), ORIGINAL PLAYS BY. Two Series, **2s. 6d.** each.

The FIRST SERIES contains: The Wicked World—Pygmalion and Galatea—Charity—The Princess—The Palace of Truth—Trial by Jury.

The SECOND SERIES: Broken Hearts—Engaged—Sweethearts—Gretchen—Dan'l Druce—Tom Cobb—H.M.S., "Pinafore"—The Sorcerer—Pirates of Penzance.

EIGHT ORIGINAL COMIC OPERAS written by W. S. GILBERT. Containing: The Sorcerer—H.M.S., "Pinafore"—Pirates of Penzance—Iolanthe—Patience—Princess Ida—The Mikado—Trial by Jury. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE "GILBERT AND SULLIVAN" BIRTHDAY BOOK: Quotations for Every Day in the Year, Selected from Plays by W. S. GILBERT set to Music by Sir A. SULLIVAN. Compiled by ALEX. WATSON. Royal 16mo, Jap. leather, **2s. 6d.**

GLANVILLE (ERNEST), NOVELS BY.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A Tale of Love, Battle and Adventure. With 2 Illusts. by HUME NISBET. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

THE FOSSICKER: A Romance of Mashonaland. With Frontispiece and Vignette by HUME NISBET. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

GLENNY.—A YEAR'S WORK IN GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE:

Practical Advice to Amateur Gardeners as to the Management of the Flower, Fruit, and Frame Garden. By GEORGE GLENNY. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

GODWIN.—LIVES OF THE NECROMANCERS. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

GOLDEN TREASURY OF THOUGHT, THE: An Encyclopædia of QUOTATIONS. Edited by THEODORE TAYLOR. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.**

GOWING.—FIVE THOUSAND MILES IN A SLEDGE: A Midwinter Journey Across Siberia. By LIONEL F. GOWING. With 30 Illustrations by C. J. UREN, and a Map by E. WELLER. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **8s.**

GRAHAM.—THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE: A Story By LEONARD GRAHAM. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

GREEKS AND ROMANS, THE LIFE OF THE, described from Antique Monuments. By ERNST GUHL and W. KONER. Edited by Dr. F. HUEFFER. With 545 Illustrations. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

GREENWOOD (JAMES), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.
THE WILDS OF LONDON. | **LOW-LIFE DEEPS.**

GREVILLE (HENRY), NOVELS BY:

NIKANOR. Translated by ELIZA E. CHASE. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

A NOBLE WOMAN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

GRIFFITH.—CORINTHIA MARAZION: A Novel. By CECIL GRIFFITH, Author of "Victory Deane," &c. Three Vols.

HABBERTON (JOHN, Author of "Helen's Babies"), NOVELS BY.
 Post 8vo, illustrated boards **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
BRUETON'S BAYOU. | **COUNTRY LUCK.**

HAIR, THE : Its Treatment in Health, Weakness, and Disease. Translated from the German of Dr. J. PINCUS. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

HAKE (DR. THOMAS GORDON), POEMS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.** each.
NEW SYMBOLS. | **LEGENDS OF THE MORROW.** | **THE SERPENT PLAY.**
MAIDEN ECSTASY. Small 4to, cloth extra, **8s.**

HALL.—SKETCHES OF IRISH CHARACTER. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood by MACLISE, GILBERT, HARVEY, and GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Medium 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

HALLIDAY (ANDR.).—EVERY-DAY PAPERS. Post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

HANDWRITING, THE PHILOSOPHY OF. With over 100 Facsimiles and Explanatory Text. By DON FELIX DE SALAMANCA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HANKY-PANKY : A Collection of Very Easy Tricks, Very Difficult Tricks, White Magic, Sleight of Hand, &c. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

HARDY (LADY DUFFUS).—PAUL WYNTER'S SACRIFICE. By Lady DUFFUS HARDY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HARDY (THOMAS).—UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE. By THOMAS HARDY, Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd." With Portrait and 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HARWOOD.—THE TENTH EARL. By J. BERWICK HARWOOD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWEIS (MRS. H. R.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.
THE ART OF BEAUTY. With Coloured Frontispiece and 91 Illustrations.
THE ART OF DECORATION. With Coloured Frontispiece and 74 Illustrations.
CHAUCER FOR CHILDREN. With 8 Coloured Plates and 30 Woodcuts.

THE ART OF DRESS. With 32 Illustrations. Post 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
CHAUCER FOR SCHOOLS. Demy 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

HAWEIS (Rev. H. R., M.A.).—AMERICAN HUMORISTS : WASHINGTON IRVING, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, ARTEMUS WARD, MARK TWAIN, and BRET HARTE. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

HAWLEY SMART.—WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE : A Novel. By HAWLEY SMART. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

HAWTHORNE.—OUR OLD HOME. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Annotated with Passages from the Author's Note-book, and Illustrated with 31 Photogravures. Two Vols., crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **15s.**

HAWTHORNE (JULIAN), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

GARTH. | **ELICE QUENTIN.** | **BEATRIX RANDOLPH.** | **DUST.**
SEBASTIAN STROME. | **DAVID POINDEXTER.**
FORTUNE'S FOOL. | **THE SPECTRE OF THE CAMERA.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

MISS CADOGNA. | **LOVE—OR A NAME.**

MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS. Fcap. 8vo, illustrated cover, **1s.**
A DREAM AND A FORGETTING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

HEATH.—MY GARDEN WILD, AND WHAT I GREW THERE. By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**

HELPS (SIR ARTHUR), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
ANIMALS AND THEIR MASTERS. | **SOCIAL PRESSURE.**

IVAN DE BIRON : A Novel. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

HENDERSON.—AGATHA PAGE : A Novel. By ISAAC HENDERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

HERMAN.—A LEADING LADY. By HENRY HERMAN, joint-Author of "The Bishops' Bible." Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

- HERRICK'S (ROBERT) HESPERIDES, NOBLE NUMBERS, AND COMPLETE COLLECTED POEMS.** With Memorial-Introduction and Notes by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D.; Steel Portrait, &c. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cl. bds., **1s.**
- HERTZKA.—FREELAND: A Social Anticipation.** By Dr. THEODOR HERTZKA. Translated by ARTHUR RANSOM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- HESSE-WARTEGG.—TUNIS: The Land and the People.** By Chevalier ERNST VON HESSE-WARTEGG. With 22 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
- HINDLEY (CHARLES), WORKS BY.**
TAVERN ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS: Including Reminiscences connected with Coffee Houses, Clubs, &c. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**
THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CHEAP JACK. By ONE OF THE FRATERNITY. Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
- HOEY.—THE LOVER'S CREED.** By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY. Post 8vo, **2s.**
- HOLLINGSHEAD (JOHN).—NIAGARA SPRAY.** Crown 8vo, **1s.**
- HOLMES.—THE SCIENCE OF VOICE PRODUCTION AND VOICE PRESERVATION.** By GORDON HOLMES, M.D. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
- HOLMES (OLIVER WENDELL), WORKS BY.**
THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Illustrated by J. GORDON THOMSON. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**—Another Edition, in smaller type, with an Introduction by G. A. SALA. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**
- HOOD'S (THOMAS) CHOICE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse. With Life of the Author, Portrait, and 200 illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
HOOD'S WHIMS AND ODDITIES. With 85 Illustrations. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**
- HOOD (TOM).—FROM NOWHERE TO THE NORTH POLE: A** Noah's Arkæological Narrative. By TOM HOOD. With 25 Illustrations by W. BRUNTON and E. C. BARNES. Square 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **6s.**
- HOOK'S (THEODORE) CHOICE HUMOROUS WORKS;** including his Ludicrous Adventures, Bons Mots, Puns, and Hoaxes. With Life of the Author, Portraits, Facsimiles, and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
- HOOPER.—THE HOUSE OF RABY: A Novel.** By Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- HOPKINS.—"TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY:" A Novel.** By TIGHE HOPKINS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- HORNE.—ORION: An Epic Poem.** By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE. With Photographic Portrait by SUMMERS. Tenth Edition. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s.**
- HORSE (THE) AND HIS RIDER: An Anecdotic Medley.** By "THOR-MANBY." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- HUNT.—ESSAYS BY LEIGH HUNT: A TALE FOR A CHIMNEY CORNER, &c.** Edited by EDMUND COLLIER. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bd., **2s.**
- HUNT (MRS. ALFRED), NOVELS BY.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each
THE LEADEN CASKET. | SELF-CONDEMNED. | THAT OTHER PERSON.
THORNICROFT'S MODEL. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- HUTCHISON.—HINTS ON COLT-BREAKING.** By W. M. HUTCHISON. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**
- HYDROPHOBIA: An Account of M. PASTEUR'S System.** Containing a Translation of all his Communications on the Subject, the Technique of his Method, and Statistics. By RENAUD SUZOR, M.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
- IDLER (THE): A Monthly Magazine.** Edited by JEROME K. JEROME and ROBERT E. BARR. Profusely Illustrated. Sixpence Monthly.
- INGELOW (JEAN).—FATED TO BE FREE.** With 24 Illustrations by G. J. PINWELL. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
- INDOOR PAUPERS.** By ONE OF THEM. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR, SONGS OF. Collected and Edited by
A. PERCEVAL GRAVES. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

JAMES.—A ROMANCE OF THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS. By CHARLES
JAMES. Post 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

JANVIER.—PRACTICAL KERAMICS FOR STUDENTS. By CATHERINE
A. JANVIER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JAY (HARRIETT), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
THE DARK COLLEEN. | THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT.

JEFFERIES (RICHARD), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d. each.**
NATURE NEAR LONDON. | THE LIFE OF THE FIELDS. | THE OPEN AIR.
THE EULOGY OF RICHARD JEFFERIES. By WALTER BESANT. Second Edi-
tion. With a Photograph Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

JENNINGS (H. J.), WORKS BY.

CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LORD TENNYSON: A Biographical Sketch. With a Photograph. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

JEROME.—STAGELAND: Curious Habits and Customs of its In-
habitants. By JEROME K. JEROME. With 64 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE.
Square 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **2s.**

JERROLD.—THE BARBER'S CHAIR; & THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.
By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

JERROLD (TOM), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s. each**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d. each.**
THE GARDEN THAT PAID THE RENT.
HOUSEHOLD HORTICULTURE: A Gossip about Flowers. Illustrated.
OUR KITCHEN GARDEN: The Plants we Grow, and How we Cook Them.

JESSE.—SCENES AND OCCUPATIONS OF A COUNTRY LIFE. By
EDWARD JESSE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

JONES (WILLIAM, F.S.A.), WORKS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **7s. 6d. each.**
FINGER-RING LORE: Historical, Legendary, and Anecdotal. With nearly 300
Illustrations. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

CREDULITIES, PAST AND PRESENT. Including the Sea and Seamen, Miners,
Talismans, Word and Letter Divination, Exorcising and Blessing of Animals,
Birds, Eggs, Luck, &c. With an Etched Frontispiece.

CROWNS AND CORONATIONS: A History of Regalia. With 100 Illustrations.

JONSON'S (BEN) WORKS. With Notes Critical and Explanatory
and a Biographical Memoir by WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Colonel CUNNING-
HAM. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. each.**

JOSEPHUS, THE COMPLETE WORKS OF. Translated by WHISTON.
Containing "The Antiquities of the Jews" and "The Wars of the Jews." With 52
Illustrations and Maps. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **12s. 6d.**

KEMPT.—PENCIL AND PALETTE: Chapters on Art and Artists. By
ROBERT KEMPT. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

KERSHAW.—COLONIAL FACTS AND FICTIONS: Humorous
Sketches. By MARK KERSHAW. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

KEYSER.—CUT BY THE MESS: A Novel. By ARTHUR KEYSER.
Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

KING (R. ASHE), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d. ea.**; post 8vo, bds., **2s. ea.**
A DRAWN GAME. | "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**
PASSION'S SLAVE. | BELL BARRY.

KINGSLEY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.

OAKSHOTT CASTLE. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

NUMBER SEVENTEEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

KNIGHTS (THE) OF THE LION: A Romance of the Thirteenth Century.
Edited with an Introduction by the Hon. MISS DESS OF LORNE, K.T. Cr. 8vo, cl. ea., **6s.**

KNIGHT.—THE PATIENT'S VADE MECUM: How to Get Most Benefit from Medical Advice. By WILLIAM KNIGHT, M.R.C.S., and EDWARD KNIGHT, L.R.C.P. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.

LAMB'S (CHARLES) COMPLETE WORKS, in Prose and Verse, including "Poetry for Children" and "Prince Dorus." Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by R. H. SHEPHERD. With Two Portraits and Facsimile of a page of the "Essay on Roast Pig." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.

LITTLE ESSAYS: Sketches and Characters by CHARLES LAMB, selected from his Letters by PERCY FITZGERALD. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

THE DRAMATIC ESSAYS OF CHARLES LAMB. With Introduction and Notes by BRANDER MATTHEWS, and Steel-plate Portrait. Fcap. 8vo, hf.-bd., 2s. 6d.

LANDOR.—CITATION AND EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, &c., before Sir THOMAS LUCY, touching Deer-stealing, 19th September, 1582. To which is added, **A CONFERENCE OF MASTER EDMUND SPENSER** with the Earl of Essex, touching the State of Ireland, 1595. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fcap. 8vo, half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d.

LANE.—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS, commonly called in England **THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.** Translated from the Arabic, with Notes, by EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. Illustrated by many hundred Engravings from Designs by HARVEY. Edited by EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. With a Preface by STANLEY LANE-POOLE. Three Vols., demy 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.

LARDER.—A SINNER'S SENTENCE: A Novel. By A. LARDER. 3 vols.

LARWOOD (JACOB), WORKS BY.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON PARKS. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 3s. 6d.

ANECDOTES OF THE CLERGY: The Antiquities, Humours, and Eccentricities of the Cloth. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, 2s.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

FORENSIC ANECDOTES.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

LEIGH (HENRY S.), WORKS BY.

CAROLS OF COCKAYNE. Printed on hand-made paper, bound in buckram, 5s.

JEUX D'ESPRIT. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH. Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

LEYS (JOHN).—THE LINDSAYS: A Romance. Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.

LIFE IN LONDON; or, The History of JERRY HAWTHORN and CORINTHIAN TOM. With CRUIKSHANK'S Coloured Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. [*New Edition preparing.*]

LINTON (E. LYNN), WORKS BY.

WITCH STORIES.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. each.

OURSELVES: ESSAYS ON WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

SOWING THE WIND.

UNDER WHICH LORD?

PATRICIA KEMBALL.

"MY LOVE!" IONE.

ATONEMENT OF LEAM DUNDAS.

PASTON CAREW, Millionaire & Miser.

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

THE REBEL OF THE FAMILY.

WITH A SILKEN THREAD.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS. With numerous Illustrations on Steel and Wood. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

LUCY.—GIDEON FLEYCE: A Novel. By HENRY W. LUCY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.

LUSIAD (THE) OF CAMOENS. Translated into English Spenserian Verse by ROBERT FRENCH DUFF. With 14 Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth boards, 18s.

MACALPINE (AVERY), NOVELS BY.

TERESA ITASCA, and other Stories. Crown 8vo, bound in canvas, 2s. 6d.

BROKEN WINGS. With 6 Illusts. by W. J. HENNESSY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

MACCOLL (HUGH), NOVELS BY.

MR. STRANGER'S SEALED PACKET. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, 5s.

EDNOR WHITLOCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

McCARTHY (JUSTIN, M.P.), WORKS BY.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each.—Also a **POPULAR EDITION**, in Four Vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each.—And a **JUBILEE EDITION**, with an Appendix of Events to the end of 1886, in Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. One Vol., crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**—Also a **CHEAP POPULAR EDITION**, post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

A HISTORY OF THE FOUR GEORGES. Four Vols. demy 8vo, cloth extra, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. ready

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.

MISS MISANTHROPE.

MY ENEMY'S DAUGHTER.

DONNA QUIXOTE.

A FAIR SAXON.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

LINLEY ROCHFORD.

MAID OF ATHENS.

DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

CAMIOLA: A Girl with a Fortune.

"THE RIGHT HONOURABLE." By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P., and Mrs. CAMPBELL-PRAED. Fourth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

McCARTHY (JUSTIN H., M.P.), WORKS BY.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Four Vols., 8vo, **12s.** each. [Vols. I. & II. ready.

AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORY OF IRELAND. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 4d.**

IRELAND SINCE THE UNION: Irish History, 1798-1886. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

HAFIZ IN LONDON: Poems. Small 8vo, gold cloth, **3s. 6d.**

HARLEQUINADE: Poems. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **8s.**

OUR SENSATION NOVEL. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

DOOM! An Atlantic Episode. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

DOLLY: A Sketch. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

LILY LASS: A Romance. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**; cloth limp, **1s. 6d.**

MACDONALD (GEORGE, LL.D.), WORKS BY.

WORKS OF FANCY AND IMAGINATION. Ten Vols., cl. extra, gilt edges, in cloth case, **21s.** Or the Vols. may be had separately, in grolier cl., at **2s. 6d.** each.

Vol. I. WITHIN AND WITHOUT.—THE HIDDEN LIFE.

" II. THE DISCIPLE.—THE GOSPEL WOMEN.—BOOK OF SONNETS.—ORGAN SONGS.

" III. VIOLIN SONGS.—SONGS OF THE DAYS AND NIGHTS.—A BOOK OF DREAMS.—ROADSIDE POEMS.—POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

" IV. PARABLES.—BALLADS.—SCOTCH SONGS.

" V. & VI. PHANTASTES: A Faerie Romance. | Vol. VII. THE PORTENT.

" VIII. THE LIGHT PRINCESS.—THE GIANT'S HEART.—SHADOWS.

" IX. CROSS PURPOSES.—THE GOLDEN KEY.—THE CARASOVN.—LITTLE DAYLIGHT

" X. THE CRUEL PAINTER.—THE WOW O' RIVEN.—THE CASTLE.—THE BROKEN SWORDS.—THE GRAY WOLF.—UNCLE CORNELIUS.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF DR. GEORGE MACDONALD. Collected and arranged by the Author. Crown 8vo, buckram, **6s.** [Shortly.

A THREEFOLD GORD. Poems by Three Friends. Edited by Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD. Post 8vo, cloth, **5s.**

MACDONELL.—QUAKER COUSINS: A Novel. By AGNES MACDONELL.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MACGREGOR.—PASTIMES AND PLAYERS: Notes on Popular

Games. By ROBERT MACGREGOR. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MACKAY.—INTERLUDES AND UNDERTONES; or, Music at Twilight.

By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY (THE) OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITER-

ARY CHARACTERS: 83 PORTRAITS; with Memoirs—Biographical, Critical, Bibliographical, and Anecdotal—illustrative of the Literature of the former half of the Present Century, by WILLIAM BATES, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MACQUOID (MRS.), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

IN THE ARDENNES. With 50 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID

PICTURES AND LEGENDS FROM NORMANDY AND BRITANY. With

34 Illustrations by THOMAS R. MACQUOID.

THROUGH NORMANDY. With 92 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

THROUGH BRITANY. With 35 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID, and a Map.

ABOUT YORKSHIRE. With 67 Illustrations by T. R. MACQUOID.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

OST ROSE.

MAGIC LANTERN, THE, and its Management : including full Practical Directions for producing the Limelight, making Oxygen Gas, and preparing Lantern Slides. By T. C. HEPPWORTH. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, THE : Performances with Cups and Balls, Eggs, Hats, Handkerchiefs, &c. All from actual Experience. Edited by W. H. CREMER. With 200 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

MAGNA CHARTA : An Exact Facsimile of the Original in the British Museum, 3 feet by 2 feet, with Arms and Seals emblazoned in Gold and Colours, **5s.**

MALLOCK (W. H.), WORKS BY.

THE NEW REPUBLIC. Post 8vo, picture cover, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE NEW PAUL & VIRGINIA : Positivism on an Island. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

POEMS. Small 4to, parchment, **8s.**

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MALLORY'S (SIR THOMAS) MORT D'ARTHUR : The Stories of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. (A Selection.) Edited by B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

MARK TWAIN, WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE CHOICE WORKS OF MARK TWAIN. Revised and Corrected throughout by the Author. With Life, Portrait, and numerous Illustrations.

ROUGHING IT, and INNOCENTS AT HOME. With 200 Illusts. by F. A. FRASER.

THE GILDED AGE. By MARK TWAIN and C. D. WARNER. With 212 Illustrations.

MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. With 197 Illustrations.

A YANKEE AT THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR. With 220 Illusts. by BEARD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra (illustrated), **7s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

THE INNOCENTS ABROAD; or New Pilgrim's Progress. With 234 Illustrations.

(The Two-Shilling Edition is entitled **MARK TWAIN'S PLEASURE TRIP.**)

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. With 111 Illustrations.

A TRAMP ABROAD. With 314 Illustrations.

THE PRINCE and THE PAUPER. With 190 Illustrations.

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI. With 300 Illustrations.

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN. With 174 Illusts. by E. W. KEMBLE.

THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**

THE AMERICAN CLAIMANT : The Adventures of Mulberry Sellers. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** [Preparing.]

MARLOWE'S WORKS. Including his Translations. Edited, with Notes and Introductions, by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MARRYAT (FLORENCE), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each.

A HARVEST OF WILD OATS. | **WRITTEN IN FIRE.** | **FIGHTING THE AIR.**

OPEN ! SESAME ! Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, picture boards, **2s.**

MASSINGER'S PLAYS. From the Text of WILLIAM GIFFORD. Edited by Col. CUNNINGHAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

MASTERMAN.—HALF-A-DOZEN DAUGHTERS : A Novel. By J. MASTERMAN. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

MATTHEWS.—A SECRET OF THE SEA, &c. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

MAYHEW.—LONDON CHARACTERS AND THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LONDON LIFE. By HENRY MAYHEW. With Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**

MENKEN.—INFELICIA : Poems by ADAH ISAACS MENKEN. With Biographical Preface, Illustrations by F. E. LUMMIS and F. O. C. DARLEY, and Facsimile of a Letter from CHARLES DICKENS. Small 4to, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MEXICAN MUSTANG (ON A), through Texas to the Rio Grande. By A. E. SWEET and J. ARMOY KNOX. With 265 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

MIDDLEMASS (JEAN), NOVELS BY. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.** each. **TOUCH AND GO.** | **MR. DORILLION.**

MILLER.—PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE YOUNG; or, The House of Life : Human Physiology, with its application to the Preservation of Health. By Mrs. F. FENWICK MILLER. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

- MILTON (J. L.), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.
THE HYGIENE OF THE SKIN. With Directions for Diet, Soaps, Baths, &c.
THE BATH IN DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE LAWS OF LIFE, AND THEIR RELATION TO DISEASES OF THE SKIN.
THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF LEPROSY. Demy 8vo, **1s.**
-
- MINTO (WM.)—WAS SHE GOOD OR BAD?** Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**
-
- MOLESWORTH (MRS.), NOVELS BY.**
HATHERCOURT RECTORY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
THAT GIRL IN BLACK. Crown 8vo, cloth, **1s. 6d.**
-
- MOORE (THOMAS), WORKS BY.**
THE EPICUREAN; and ALCIPHON. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.**
PROSE AND VERSE, Humorous, Satirical, and Sentimental, by THOMAS MOORE;
 with Suppressed Passages from the MEMOIRS of LORD BYRON. Edited by R.
 HERNE SHEPHERD. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
-
- MUDDOCK (J. E.), STORIES BY.**
STORIES WEIRD AND WONDERFUL. Post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
THE DEAD MAN'S SECRET; or, *The Valley of Gold.* With Frontispiece by
 F. BARNARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
-
- MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE), NOVELS BY.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
A LIFE'S ATONEMENT. | **HEARTS.** | **BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.**
JOSEPH'S COAT. | **WAY OF THE WORLD** | **A BIT OF HUMAN NATURE.**
COALS OF FIRE. | **A MODEL FATHER.** | **FIRST PERSON SINGULAR.**
VAL STRANGE. | **OLD BLAZER'S HERO.** | **CYNIC FORTUNE.**
-
- MURRAY (D. CHRISTIE) & HENRY HERMAN, WORKS BY.**
ONE TRAVELLER RETURNS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated
 boards, **2s.**
 Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
PAUL JONES'S ALIAS. With 13 Illustrations by A. FORESTIER and G. NICOLET.
THE BISHOPS' BIBLE.
-
- MURRAY (HENRY), NOVELS BY.**
A GAME OF BLUFF. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**
A SONG OF SIXPENCE. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.** [Shortly.]
-
- NISBET (HUME), BOOKS BY.**
"BAIL UP!" A Romance of BUSHRANGERS AND BLACKS. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **3s. 6d.**
LESSONS IN ART. With 21 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**
WHERE ART BEGINS. With about 30 Illusts. Sq. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** [Shortly.]
-
- NOVELISTS.—HALF-HOURS WITH THE BEST NOVELISTS OF
 THE CENTURY.** Edit. by H. T. MACKENZIE BELL. Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** [Preparing.]
-
- O'CONNOR.—LORD BEACONSFIELD: A Biography.** By T. P.
 O'CONNOR, M.P. Sixth Edition, with an Introduction. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**
-
- O'HANLON (ALICE), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE UNFORESEEN. | **CHANCE? OR FATE?**
-
- OHNET (GEORGES), NOVELS BY.**
DOCTOR RAMEAU. Translated by Mrs. CASHEL HOBY. With 9 Illustrations by
 E. BAYARD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
A LAST LOVE. Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**;
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
A WEIRD GIFT. Translated by ALBERT D. VANDAM. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**;
 post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
-
- OLIPHANT (MRS.), NOVELS BY.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRIMROSE PATH. | **THE GREATEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.**
WHITELADIES. With Illustrations by ARTHUR HOPKINS and HENRY WOODS,
 A.R.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
-
- O'REILLY (MRS.).—PHŒBE'S FORTUNES.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**
-
- O'SHAUGHNESSY (ARTHUR), POEMS BY.**
LAYS OF FRANCE. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **10s. 6d.**
MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**
SONGS OF A WORKER. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

OIDA, NOVELS BY.

HELD IN BONDAGE.
TRICOTRIN.
STRATHMORE.
CHANDOS.
CECIL CASTLEMAINE'S
GAGE.
IDALIA.
UNDER TWO FLAGS.
PUCK.

Cr. 8vo, cl., **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
FOLLE-FARINE.
A DOG OF FLANDERS.
PASCAREL.
**TWO LITTLE WOODEN
SHOES.**
SIGNA.
IN A WINTER CITY.
ARIADNE.
FRIENDSHIP.

MOths.
PIPISTRELLO.
A VILLAGE COMMUNE.
IN MAREMMA.
BIMBI.
WANDA.
FRESCOES. | **OTHMAR.**
PRINCESS NAPRAXINE.
GUILDEROY. | **RUFFINO.**

SYRLIN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

SANTA BARBARA, &c. Second Edition. Square 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

WISDOM, WIT, AND PATHOS, selected from the Works of OUIDA by F. SYDNEY MORRIS. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.** CHEAP EDITION, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PAGE (H. A.), WORKS BY.

THOREAU: His Life and Aims. With Portrait. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

ANIMAL ANECDOTES. Arranged on a New Principle. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS. A New Translation, with Historical Introduction and Notes by T. M'CRIE, D.D. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

PAUL—GENTLE AND SIMPLE. By MARGARET A. PAUL. With Frontispiece by HELEN PATERSON. Crown 8vo, cloth, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

PAYN (JAMES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD.

WALTER'S WORD.

**LESS BLACK THAN WE'RE
PAINTED.**

BY PROXY.

HIGH SPIRITS.

UNDER ONE ROOF.

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

A GRAPE FROM A THORN.

FROM EXILE.

THE CANON'S WARD.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

GLOW-WORM TALES.

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE.

THE WORD AND THE WILL.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

HUMOROUS STORIES.

THE FOSTER BROTHERS.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

MARRIED BENEATH HIM.

BENTINCK'S TUTOR.

A PERFECT TREASURE.

A COUNTY FAMILY.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

CARLYON'S YEAR. CECIL'S TRYST.

MURPHY'S MASTER.

AT HER MERCY.

THE CLYFFARDS OF CLYFFE.

FOUND DEAD.

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.

A MARINE RESIDENCE.

MIRK ABBEY. | **SOME PRIVATE VIEWS.**

NOT WOODED, BUT WON.

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

HALVES. | **THE BURNT MILLION.**

FALLEN FORTUNES.

WHAT HE COST HER.

KIT: A MEMORY. | **FOR CASH ONLY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each.

IN PERIL AND PRIVATION: Stories of MARINE ADVENTURE Re-told. With 17 Illustrations.

SUNNY STORIES, and some SHADY ONES. With a Frontispiece by FRED. BARNARD.

NOTES FROM THE "NEWS." Crown 8vo, portrait cover, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PENNELL (H. CHOLMONDELEY), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl., **2s. 6d.** each.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. With Illustrations.

PEGASUS RE-SADDLED. With Ten full-page Illustrations by G. DU MAURIER.

THE MUSES OF MAYFAIR. Vers de Société, Selected by H. C. PENNELL.

PHELPS (E. STUART), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

BEYOND THE GATES. By the Author

of "The Gates Ajar."

AN OLD MAID'S PARADISE.

BURGLARS IN PARADISE.

JACK THE FISHERMAN. Illustrated by C. W. REED. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

PIRKIS (C. L.), NOVELS BY.

TROOPING WITH CROWS. F

LADY LOVEFACE. Post 8vo, **1s.**

PLANCHE (J. R.), WORKS BY.

THE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS; or, Heraldry Founded upon Facts. With Coloured Frontispiece, Five Plates, and 209 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
SONGS AND POEMS, 1819-1879. Introduction by MRS. MACKARNES. Cr. 8vo, cl., **6s.**

PLUTARCH'S LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN. Translated from the Greek, with Notes Critical and Historical, and a Life of Plutarch, by JOHN and WILLIAM LANGHORNE. With Portraits. Two Vols., demy 8vo, half-bound, **10s. 6d.**

POE'S (EDGAR ALLAN) CHOICE WORKS, in Prose and Poetry. Introduction by CHAS. BAUDELAIRE, Portrait, and Facsimiles. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.**
THE MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, &c. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

POPE'S POETICAL WORKS. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.**

PRICE (E. C.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
VALENTINA. | THE FOREIGNERS. | MRS. LANCASTER'S RIVAL.
GERALD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PRINCESS OLGA.—RADNA; or, The Great Conspiracy of 1881. By the Princess OLGA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

PROCTOR (RICHARD A., B.A.), WORKS BY.

FLOWERS OF THE SKY. With 55 Illusts. Small crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**
EASY STAR LESSONS. With Star Maps for Every Night in the Year, Drawings of the Constellations, &c. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
FAMILIAR SCIENCE STUDIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
SATURN AND ITS SYSTEM. With 13 Steel Plates. Demy 8vo, cloth ex., **10s. 6d.**
MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE. With Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**
THE UNIVERSE OF SUNS. With numerous Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth ex., **6s.**
WAGES AND WANTS OF SCIENCE WORKERS. Crown 8vo, **1s. 6d.**

PRYCE.—MISS MAXWELL'S AFFECTIONS. By RICHARD PRYCE, Author of "No Immediment." With a Frontispiece by HAL LUDLOW. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

RAMBOSSON.—POPULAR ASTRONOMY. By J. RAMBOSSON, Laureate of the Institute of France. With numerous Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

RANDOLPH.—AUNT ABIGAIL DYKES: A Novel. By Lt.-Colonel GEORGE RANDOLPH, U.S.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

READE (CHARLES), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, illustrated, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.** each.
PEG WOFFINGTON. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE. Illustrated by WILLIAM SMALL.—Also a POCKET EDITION, set in New Type, in Elzevir style, fcap. 8vo, half-leather, **2s. 6d.**
IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL.
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON.
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THIEF, &c. Illustrated by MATT STRETCH.
LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. Illustrated by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. Illusts. by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., and C. KEENE.
THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH. Illustrated by CHARLES KEENE.
HARD CASH. Illustrated by F. W. LAWSON.
GRIFFITH GAUNT. Illustrated by S. L. FILDES, R.A., and WILLIAM SMALL.
FOUL PLAY. Illustrated by GEORGE DU MAURIER.
PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Illustrated by ROBERT BARNES.
A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. Illustrated by EDWARD HUGHES and A. W. COOPER.
A SIMPLETON. Illustrated by KATE CRAFTURD.
THE WANDERING HEIR. Illustrated by HELEN PATERSON, S. L. FILDES, R.A., C. GREEN, and HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.
A WOMAN-HATER. Illustrated by THOMAS COULDERY.
SINGLEHEART AND DOUBLEFACE. Illustrated by P. MACNAB.
GOOD STORIES OF MEN AND OTHER ANIMALS. Illustrated by E. A. ABBEY, PERCY MACQUOID, R.W.S., and JOSEPH NASH.
THE JILT, and other Stories. Illustrated by JOSEPH NASH.
A PERILOUS SECRET. Illustrated by FRED. BARNARD.
READIANA. With a Steel-plate Portrait of CHARLES READE.
BIBLE CHARACTERS: Studies of DAVID, PAUL, &c. Fcap. 8vo, leatherette, **1s.**
SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF CHARLES READE. With an Introduction by MRS. ALEX. IRELAND, and a Steel-Plate Portrait. Crown 8vo, buckram, **4s.**

RIDDELL (MRS. J. H.), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
THE PRINCE OF WALES'S GARDEN PARTY. | **WEIRD STORIES.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **5s. 2s.** each.
THE UNINHABITED HOUSE. | **FAIRY WATER.**
MYSTERY IN PALACE GARDENS. | **HER MOTHER'S DARLING.**

RIMMER (ALFRED), WORKS BY. Square 8vo, cloth gilt, **7s. 6d.** each.

OUR OLD COUNTRY TOWNS. With 55 Illustrations.
RAMBLES ROUND ETON AND HARROW. With 50 Illustrations.
ABOUT ENGLAND WITH DICKENS. With 58 Illusts. by C. A. VANDERHOOF, &c.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE. (MAJOR'S EDITION.) With 37 Illustrations by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Post 8vo, half-bound, **2s.****ROBINSON (F. W.), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
WOMEN ARE STRANGE. | **THE HANDS OF JUSTICE.**

ROBINSON (PHIL), WORKS BY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.** each.

THE POETS' BIRDS. | **THE POETS' BEASTS.**
THE POETS AND NATURE: REPTILES, FISHES, INSECTS. [Preparing.]

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS AND MORAL REFLECTIONS. With Notes, and an Introductory Essay by SAINTE-BEUVE. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.****ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY, THE: A List of the Principal Warriors** who came from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and Settled in this Country, A.D. 1066-7. With Arms emblazoned in Gold and Colours. Handsomely printed, **5s.****ROWLEY (HON. HUGH), WORKS BY.** Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.** each.

PUNIANA: RIDDLES AND JOKES. With numerous Illustrations.
MORE PUNIANA. Profusely Illustrated.

RUNCIMAN (JAMES), STORIES BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
SKIPPERS AND SHELLBACKS. | **GRACE BALMAIGN'S SWEETHEART.**
SCHOOLS AND SCHOLARS.

RUSSELL (W. CLARK), BOOKS AND NOVELS BY:

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
ROUND THE GALLEY-FIRE. | **A BOOK FOR THE HAMMOCK.**
IN THE MIDDLE WATCH. | **MYSTERY OF THE "OCEAN STAR."**
A VOYAGE TO THE CAPE. | **THE ROMANCE OF JENNY HARLOWE**
ON THE FOK'SLE HEAD. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
AN OCEAN TRAGEDY. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.**
MY SHIPMATE LOUISE. Crown 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust., bds., **2s.**
ALONE ON A WIDE, WIDE SEA. Three Vols., crown 8vo. (Feb.)

SAINT AUBYN (ALAN), NOVELS BY.

A FELLOW OF TRINITY. With a Note by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and a Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**
THE JUNIOR DEAN. 3 vols., crown 8vo.

SALA.—GASLIGHT AND DAYLIGHT. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.****SANSON.—SEVEN GENERATIONS OF EXECUTIONERS: Memoirs** of the Sanson Family (1688 to 1847). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.****SAUNDERS (JOHN), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
GUY WATERMAN. | **THE LION IN THE PATH.** | **THE TWO DREAMERS.**
BOUND TO THE WHEEL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SAUNDERS (KATHARINE), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.
MARGARET AND ELIZABETH. | **HEART SALVAGE.**
THE HIGH MILLS. | **SEBASTIAN.**
JOAN MERRYWEATHER. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**
GIDEON'S ROCK. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SCIENCE-GOSSIP: An Illustrated Medium of Interchange for Students and Lovers of Nature. Edited by DR. J. E. TAYLOR, F.L.S., &c. Devoted to Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, &c. Price **4d.** M

SECRET OUT, THE: One Thousand Tricks with Cards; with Entertaining Experiments in Drawing-room or "White Magic." By W. H. CREMER. With 300 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **4s. 6d.**

SEGUIN (L. G.), WORKS BY.

THE COUNTRY OF THE PASSION PLAY (OBERAMMERGAU) and the Highlands of Bavaria. With Map and 37 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WALKS IN ALGIERS. With 2 Maps and 16 Illusts. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SENIOR (WM.).—BY STREAM AND SEA. Post 8vo, cloth, **2s. 6d.**

SHAKESPEARE, THE FIRST FOLIO.—MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES, HISTORIES, AND TRAGEDIES. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London, Printed by ISAAC IAGGARD and ED. BLOUNT. 1623.—A reduced Photographic Reproduction. Small 8vo, half-Roxburghe, **7s. 6d.**

SHAKESPEARE FOR CHILDREN: LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. With Illustrations, coloured and plain, by J. MOYR SMITH. Crown 4to, cloth, **6s.**

SHARP.—CHILDREN OF TO-MORROW: A Novel. By WILLIAM SHARP. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

SHARP (LUKE).—IN A STEAMER CHAIR. By LUKE SHARP. With Two Illustrations by DEMAINE HAMMOND. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

SHELLEY.—THE COMPLETE WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Edited, Prefaced, and Annotated by R. HERNE SHEPHERD. Five Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **3s. 6d.** each.

POETICAL WORKS, in Three Vols.:

Vol. I. Introduction by the Editor; Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Shelley's Correspondence with Stockdale; The Wandering Jew; Queen Mab, with the Notes; Alastor, and other Poems; Rosalind and Helen; Prometheus Unbound; Adonais, &c.

Vol. II. Laon and Cythna; The Cenci; Julian and Maddalo; Swellfoot the Tyrant; The Witch of Atlas; Epipsychidion; Hellas.

Vol. III. Posthumous Poems; The Masque of Anarchy; and other Pieces.

PROSE WORKS, in Two Vols.:

Vol. I. The Two Romances of Zastrozzi and St. Irvyne; the Dublin and Marlow Pamphlets; A Refutation of Deism; Letter to Leigh Hunt, and some Minor Writings and Fragments.

Vol. II. The Essays; Letters from Abroad; Translations and Fragments, Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. With a Bibliography of Shelley, and an Index of the Prose Works.

SHERARD.—ROGUES: A Novel. By R. H. SHERARD. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.;** cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SHERIDAN (GENERAL).—PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF GENERAL P. H. SHERIDAN. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Two Vols., demy 8vo, cloth, **24s.**

SHERIDAN'S (RICHARD BRINSLEY) COMPLETE WORKS. With Lie and Anecdotes. Including his Dramatic Writings, his Works in Prose and Poetry; Translations. Speeches, Jokes, &c. With 10 Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.**

THE RIVALS, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, and other Plays. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

SHERIDAN'S COMEDIES: THE RIVALS and THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes to each Play, and a Biographical Sketch, by BRANDER MATTHEWS. With Illustrations. Demy 8vo, half-parchment, **12s. 6d.**

SIDNEY'S (SIR PHILIP) COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS, including all those in "Arcadia." With Portrait, Memorial-Introduction, Notes, &c. by the Rev. A. B. GROSART, D.D. Three Vols., crown 8vo, cloth boards, **18s.**

SIGNBOARDS: Their History. With Anecdotes of Famous Taverns and Remarkable Characters. By JACOB LARWOOD and JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN. With Coloured Frontispiece and 94 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

SIMS (GEORGE R.), WORKS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each; cloth limp, **2s. 6d.** each.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.

THE RING O' BELLS.

MARY JANE'S MEMOIRS.

TINKLETOP'S CRIME.

ZEPH: A Circus Story, &c.

MARY JANE MARRIED.

TALES OF TO-DAY.

DRAMAS OF LIFE. With 60 Illustrations.

With a Frontispiece by MAURICE GREFFENHAGEN.

Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.** each; cloth, **1s. 6d.** each.

HOW THE POOR LIVE; and HORRIBLE LONDON.

THE DAGONET RECITER AND READER: being Readings and Recitations in Prose and Verse, selected from his own Works by GEORGE R. SIMS.

DAGONET DITTIES From the *Referee*.

THE CASE OF GEORGE CANDLEMAS.

SISTER DORA: A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. With Four Illustrations. Demy 8vo, picture cover, **4d.**; cloth, **6d.**

SKETCHLEY.—A MATCH IN THE DARK. By ARTHUR SKETCHLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

SLANG DICTIONARY (THE): Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. 6d.**

SMITH (J. MOYR), WORKS BY.

THE PRINCE OF ARGOLIS. With 130 Illusts. Post 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

TALES OF OLD THULE. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **2t. 6s.**

THE WOOING OF THE WATER WITCH. Illustrated. Post 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOCIETY IN LONDON. By A FOREIGN RESIDENT. Crown 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

SOCIETY IN PARIS: The Upper Ten Thousand. A Series of Letters from Count PAUL VASILI to a Young French Diplomat. Crown 8vo, cloth, **6s.**

SOMERSET.—SONGS OF ADIEU. By Lord HENRY SOMERSET. Small 4to, Japanese vellum, **6s.**

SPALDING.—ELIZABETHAN DEMONOLOGY: An Essay on the Belief in the Existence of Devils. By T. A. SPALDING, LL.B. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s.**

SPEIGHT (T. W.), NOVELS BY.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.** each.

THE MYSTERIES OF HERON DYKE.

HOODWINKED; and THE SANDY-CROFT MYSTERY.

BY DEVIOUS WAYS, &c.

BACK TO LIFE.

[Shortly.]

THE GOLDEN HOOP.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, **1s. 6d.** each.

A BARREN TITLE.

WIFE OR NO WIFE?

THE SANDYCROFT MYSTERY. Crown 8vo, picture cover, **1s.**

SPENSER FOR CHILDREN. By M. H. TOWRY. With Illustrations by WALTER J. MORGAN. Crown 4to, cloth gilt, **6s.**

STARRY HEAVENS (THE): A POETICAL BIRTHDAY BOOK. Royal 16mo, cloth extra, **2s. 6d.**

STAUNTON.—THE LAWS AND PRACTICE OF CHESS. With an Analysis of the Openings. By HOWARD STAUNTON. Edited by ROBERT B. WORMALD. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.**

STEDMAN (E. C.), WORKS BY.

VICTORIAN POETS. Thirteenth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

THE POETS OF AMERICA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

STERNDALÉ.—THE AFGHAN KNIFE: A Novel. By ROBERT ARMITAGE STERNDALÉ. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illust. boards, **2s.**

STEVENSON (R. LOUIS), WORKS BY. Post 8vo, cl. limp, **2s. 6d.** each.
TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY. Seventh Edit. With a Frontis. by WALTER CRANE.
AN INLAND VOYAGE. Fourth Edition. With a Frontispiece by WALTER CRANE.

Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.** each.

FAMILIAR STUDIES OF MEN AND BOOKS. Sixth Edition.

THE SILVERADO SQUATTERS. With a Frontispiece. Third Edition.

THE MERRY MEN. Third Edition.

UNDERWOODS: Poems. Fifth Edition.

MEMORIES AND PORTRAITS. Third Edition.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE, and other Papers. Seventh Edition. | **BALLADS.**

ACROSS THE PLAINS, with other Memories and Essays.

NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS. Eleventh Edition. Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, **6s.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

PRINCE OTTO. Sixth Edition. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

FATHER DAMIEN: An Open Letter to the Rev. Dr. Hyde. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, hand-made and brown paper, **1s.**

STODDARD.—SUMMER CRUISING IN THE SOUTH SEAS. By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated by WALLIS MACKAY. Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, **3s. 6d.**

STORIES FROM FOREIGN NOVELISTS. With Notices by HELEN and ALICE ZIMMERN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**

STRANGE MANUSCRIPT (A) FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.With 19 Illustrations by GILBERT GAUL. Third Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **5s.****STRANGE SECRETS.** Told by CONAN DOYLE, PERCY FITZGERALD, FLORENCE MARRYAT, &c. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., Eight Illusts., **6s.**; post 8vo, illust. bds., **2s.****STRUTT'S SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND;** including the Rural and Domestic Recreations, May Games, Mummeries, Shows, &c., from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Edited by WILLIAM HONE. With 140 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****SUBURBAN HOMES (THE) OF LONDON:** A Residential Guide. With a Map, and Notes on Rental, Rates, and Accommodation. Crown 8vo, cloth, **7s. 6d.****SWIFT'S (DEAN) CHOICE WORKS,** in Prose and Verse. With Memoir, Portrait, and Facsimiles of the Maps in "Gulliver's Travels." Cr. 8vo, cl., **7s. 6d.****GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, and A TALE OF A TUB.** Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.****A MONOGRAPH ON SWIFT.** By J. CHURTON COLLINS. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **8s.** [*Shortly.*]**SWINBURNE (ALGERNON C.), WORKS BY.****SELECTIONS FROM POETICAL WORKS OF A. C. SWINBURNE.** Fcap. 8vo, **6s.****ATALANTA IN CALYDON.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.****CHASTELARD: A Tragedy.** Cr. 8vo, **7s.****NOTES ON POEMS AND REVIEWS.** Demy 8vo, **1s.****POEMS AND BALLADS. FIRST SERIES.** Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.****POEMS AND BALLADS. SECOND SERIES.** Crown 8vo or fcap. 8vo, **9s.****POEMS AND BALLADS. THIRD SERIES.** Crown 8vo, **7s.****SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE.** Crown 8vo, **10s. 6d.****BOTHWELL: A Tragedy.** Crown 8vo, **12s. 6d.****SONGS OF TWO NATIONS.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.****GEORGE CHAPMAN.** (See Vol. II. of G. CHAPMAN'S WORKS.) Crown 8vo, **6s.****ESSAYS AND STUDIES.** Cr. 8vo, **12s.****ERECHTHEUS: A Tragedy.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.****SONGS OF THE SPRINGTIDES.** Crown 8vo, **6s.****STUDIES IN SONG.** Crown 8vo, **7s.****MARY STUART: A Tragedy.** Cr. 8vo, **8s.****TRISTRAM OF LYONESSE.** Cr. 8vo, **9s.****A CENTURY OF ROUNDELS.** Sm. 4to, **8s.****A MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY.** Cr. 8vo, **7s.****MARINO FALIERO: A Tragedy.** Crown 8vo, **6s.****A STUDY OF VICTOR HUGO.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.****MISCELLANIES.** Crown 8vo, **12s.****LOCRINE: A Tragedy.** Cr. 8vo, **6s.****A STUDY OF BEN JONSON.** Cr. 8vo, **7s.****SYMONDS.—WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG:** Mediæval Latin Students' Songs. With Essay and Trans. by J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS. Fcap. 8vo, parchment, **6s.****SYNTAX'S (DR.) THREE TOURS:** In Search of the Picturesque, in Search of Consolation, and in Search of a Wife. With ROWLANDSON'S Coloured Illustrations, and Life of the Author by J. C. HOTTEN. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.****TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.** Translated by HENRY VAN LAUN. Four Vols., small demy 8vo, cl. bds., **30s.**—POPULAR EDITION, Two Vols., large crown 8vo, cloth extra, **15s.****TAYLOR'S (BAYARD) DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB:** Burlesques of Modern Writers. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s.****TAYLOR (DR. J. E., F.L.S.), WORKS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **7s. 6d.** each.**THE SAGACITY AND MORALITY OF PLANTS:** A Sketch of the Life and Conduct of the Vegetable Kingdom. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 100 Illustrations.**OUR COMMON BRITISH FOSSILS,** and Where to Find Them. 331 Illustrations.**THE PLAYTIME NATURALIST.** With 365 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, **5s.****TAYLOR'S (TOM) HISTORICAL DRAMAS.** Containing "Clancarty," "Jeanne Darc," "Twixt Axe and Crown," "The Fool's Revenge," "Arkwright's Wife," "Anne Boleyn," "Plot and Passion." Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**** The Plays may also be had separately, at **1s.** each.**TENNYSON (LORD):** A Biographical Sketch. By H. J. JENNINGS. With a Photograph-Portrait. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.****THACKERAYANA:** Notes and Anecdotes. Illustrated by Hundreds of Sketches by WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, depicting Humorous Incidents in his School-life, and Favourite Characters in the Books of his Every-day Reading. With a Coloured Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

THAMES.—A NEW PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE THAMES.

By A. S. KRAUSSE. With 340 Illustrations Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

THOMAS (BERTHA), NOVELS BY. Cr. 8vo, cl., 3s. 6d. ea.; post 8vo, 2s. ea.
THE VIOLIN-PLAYER. | **PROUD MAISIE.****CRESSIDA.** Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.**THOMSON'S SEASONS, and CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.** With Introduction by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, and 48 Illustrations. Post 8vo, half-bound, 2s.**THORNBURY (WALTER), WORKS BY.** Cr. 8vo, cl. extra, 7s. 6d. each.**THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF J. M. W. TURNER.** Founded upon Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends. With Illustrations in Colours.**HAUNTED LONDON.** Edit. by E. WALFORD, M.A. Illusts. by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD. | **TALES FOR THE MARINES.****TIMBS (JOHN), WORKS BY.** Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each.**THE HISTORY OF CLUBS AND CLUB LIFE IN LONDON:** Anecdotes of its Famous Coffee-houses, Hostelrys, and Taverns. With 42 Illustrations.**ENGLISH ECCENTRICS AND ECCENTRICITIES:** Stories of Wealth and Fashion, Delusions, Impostures, and Fanatic Missions, Sporting Scenes, Eccentric Artists, Theatrical Folk, Men of Letters, &c. With 48 Illustrations.**TROLLOPE (ANTHONY), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW.**MARION FAY.****KEPT IN THE DARK.****MR. SCARBOROUGH'S FAMILY.****FRAU FROHMANN.****THE LAND-LEAGUERS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE. | **JOHN CALDIGATE.** | **AMERICAN SENATOR.****TROLLOPE (FRANCES E.), NOVELS BY.**

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA. | **MABEL'S PROGRESS.** | **ANNE FURNESS.****TROLLOPE (T. A.).—DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.** Post 8vo, illust. bds., 2s.**TROWBRIDGE.—FARNELL'S FOLLY: A Novel.** By J. T. Trowbridge. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s.**TYTLER (C. C. FRASER-).—MISTRESS JUDITH: A Novel.** By

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d.; post 8vo, illust. boards, 2s.

TYTLER (SARAH), NOVELS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each; post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

THE BRIDE'S PASS.**BURIED DIAMONDS.****NOBLESSE OBLIGE.** | **LADY BELL.****THE BLACKHALL GHOSTS.**

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.****CITOYENNE JACQUELINE.****DISAPPEARED.****SAINT MUNGO'S CITY.****THE HUGUENOT FAMILY.****VILLARI.—A DOUBLE BOND.** By LINDA VILLARI. Fcap. 8vo, picture cover. 1s.**WALT WHITMAN, POEMS BY.** Edited, with Introduction, by WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI. With Portrait. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper and buckram, 6s.**WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation,** by IZAAK WALTON; and **Instructions how to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a clear Stream,** by CHARLES COTTON. With Memoirs and Notes by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, and 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth antique, 7s. 6d.**WARD (HERBERT), WORKS BY.****FIVE YEARS WITH THE CONGO CANNIBALS.** With 92 Illustrations by the Author, VICTOR PERARD, and W. R. DAVIS. Third ed. Roy. 8vo, cloth ex., 14s.**MY LIFE WITH STANLEY'S REAR GUARD.** With a Map by F. S. WELLER, F.R.G.S. Post 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.**WARNER.—A ROUNDABOUT JOURNEY.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

WALFORD (EDWARD, M.A.), WORKS BY.

WALFORD'S COUNTY FAMILIES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM (1892). Containing the Descent, Birth, Marriage, Education, &c., of 12,000 Heads of Families, their Heirs, Offices, Addresses, Clubs, &c. Royal 8vo, cloth gilt, **50s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING PEERAGE (1892). Containing a List of the House of Lords, Scotch and Irish Peers, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING BARONETAGE (1892). Containing a List of the Baronets of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING KNIGHTAGE (1892). Containing a List of the Knights of the United Kingdom, Biographical Notices, Addresses, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S SHILLING HOUSE OF COMMONS (1892). Containing a List of all Members of Parliament, their Addresses, Clubs, &c. 32mo, cloth, **1s.**

WALFORD'S COMPLETE PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, KNIGHTAGE, AND HOUSE OF COMMONS (1892). Royal 32mo, cloth extra, gilt edges, **5s.**

WALFORD'S WINDSOR PEERAGE, BARONETAGE, AND KNIGHTAGE (1892). Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **12s. 6d.**

TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE CHARLES I. A Facsimile, with the 59 Signatures and Seals. Printed on paper 22 in. by 14 in. **2s.**

WARRANT TO EXECUTE MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. A Facsimile, including Queen Elizabeth's Signature and the Great Seal. **2s.**

WASSERMANN.—THE DAFFODILS: A Novel. By LILLIAS WASSERMANN. Crown 8vo, 1s.; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WEATHER, HOW TO FORETELL THE, WITH POCKET SPECTROSCOPE. By F. W. CORRY. With 10 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, **1s.**; cloth, **1s. 6d.**

WESTROPP.—HANDBOOK OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN. By HODDER M. WESTROPP. With Illusts. and List of Marks. Cr. 8vo, cloth, **4s. 6d.**

WHIST.—HOW TO PLAY SOLO WHIST. By ABRAHAM S. WILKS and CHARLES F. PARDON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WHISTLER'S (MR.) TEN O'CLOCK. Cr. 8vo, hand-made paper, **1s.**

WHITE.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE. By GILBERT WHITE, M.A. Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and half-bound, **2s.**

WILLIAMS (W. MATTIEU, F.R.A.S.), WORKS BY.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

A SIMPLE TREATISE ON HEAT. With Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF COOKERY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

THE CHEMISTRY OF IRON AND STEEL MAKING. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **9s.**

WILLIAMSON (MRS. F. H.).—A CHILD WIDOW. Post 8vo, bds., **2s.**

WILSON (DR. ANDREW, F.R.S.E.), WORKS BY.

CHAPTERS ON EVOLUTION. With 250 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d.**

LEAVES FROM A NATURALIST'S NOTE-BOOK. Post 8vo, cloth limp, **2s. 6d.**

LEISURE-TIME STUDIES. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s.**

STUDIES IN LIFE AND SENSE. With numerous Illusts. Cr. 8vo, cl. ex., **6s.**

COMMON ACCIDENTS: HOW TO TREAT THEM. Illusts. Cr. 8vo, 1s.; cl., **1s. 6d.**

GLIMPSES OF NATURE. With 35 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.**

WINTER (J. S.), STORIES BY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**

CAVALRY LIFE. | **REGIMENTAL LEGENDS.**

A SOLDIER'S CHILDREN. With 35 Illustrations by E. G. THOMSON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **3s. 6d.** [Preparing.]

WISSMANN.—MY SECOND JOURNEY THROUGH EQUATORIAL

AFRICA, from the Congo to the Zambesi, in 1886, 1887. By Major HERMANN VON WISSMANN. With Map and 92 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, cloth extra, **16s.**

WOOD.—SABINA: A Novel. By Lady WOOD. Post 8vo, boards, **2s.**

WOOD (H. F.), DETECTIVE STORIES BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **6s. each**; post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**

PASSENGER FROM SCOTLAND YARD. | **ENGLISHMAN OF THE RUE CAIN.**

WOOLLEY.—RACHEL ARMSTRONG; or, Love and Theology. By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s.**; cloth, **2s. 6d.**

WRIGHT (THOMAS), WORKS BY.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, **7s. 6d. each.**

CARICATURE HISTORY OF THE GEORGES. With 400 Caricatures, Squibs, &c.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF THE GROTESQUE IN ART, LITERATURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. Illustrated by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

YATES (EDMUND), NOVELS BY

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, **2s. each.**

LISTS OF BOOKS CLASSIFIED IN SERIES.

* * For fuller cataloguing, see alphabetical arrangement, pp. 1-25.

THE MAYFAIR LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d. per Volume.

A Journey Round My Room. By XAVIER DE MAISTRE.
Quips and Quiddities. By W. D. ADAMS.
The Agony Column of "The Times."
Melancholy Anatomised: Abridgment of "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy."
The Speeches of Charles Dickens.
Literary Frivolities, Fancies, Follies, and Frolics. By W. T. DOBSON.
Poetical Ingenuities. By W. T. DOBSON.
The Cupboard Papers. By FIN-BEC.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. FIRST SERIES.
W. S. Gilbert's Plays. SECOND SERIES.
Songs of Irish Wit and Humour.
Animals and Masters. By Sir A. HELPS.
Social Pressure. By Sir A. HELPS.
Curiosities of Criticism. H. J. JENNINGS.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast-Table.
Pencil and Palette. By R. KEMPT.

Little Essays: from LAMB's Letters.
Forensic Anecdotes. By JACOB LARWOOD.
Theatrical Anecdotes. JACOB LARWOOD.
Jeux d'Esprit. Edited by HENRY S. LEIGH.
Witch Stories. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Ourselves. By E. LYNN LINTON.
Pastimes & Players. By R. MACGREGOR.
New Paul and Virginia. W. H. MALLOCK.
New Republic. By W. H. MALLOCK.
Puck on Pegasus. By H. C. PENNELL.
Pegasus Re-Saddled. By H. C. PENNELL.
Muses of Mayfair. Ed. H. C. PENNELL.
Thoreau: His Life & Aims. By H. A. PAGE.
Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
More Puniana. By Hon. HUGH ROWLEY.
The Philosophy of Handwriting.
By Stream and Sea. By WM. SENIOR.
Leaves from a Naturalist's Note-Book.
 By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

THE GOLDEN LIBRARY.

Post 8vo, cloth limp, 2s. per Volume.

Bayard Taylor's Diversions of the Echo Club.
Bennett's Ballad History of England.
Bennett's Songs for Sailors.
Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers.
Pope's Poetical Works.
Holmes's Autocrat of Breakfast Table.

Holmes's Professor at Breakfast Table.
Jesse's Scenes of Country Life.
Leigh Hunt's Tale for a Chimney Corner.
Mallory's Mort d'Arthur: Selections.
Pascal's Provincial Letters.
Roche foucauld's Maxims & Reflections.

THE WANDERER'S LIBRARY

Wanderings in Patagonia. By JULIUS BEERBOHM. Illustrated.
Camp Notes. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Savage Life. By FREDERICK BOYLE.
Merrie England in the Olden Time. By G. DANIEL. Illustrated by CRUIKSHANK.
Circus Life. By THOMAS FROST.
Lives of the Conjurors. THOMAS FROST.
The Old Showmen and the Old London Fairs. By THOMAS FROST.
Low-Life Deeps. By JAMES GREENWOOD.

Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

Wilds of London. JAMES GREENWOOD.
Tunis. Chev. HESSE-WARTEGG. 22 Illusts.
Life and Adventures of a Cheap Jack.
World Behind the Scenes. P. FITZGERALD.
Tavern Anecdotes and Sayings.
The Genial Showman. By E. P. HINGSTON.
Story of London Parks. JACOB LARWOOD.
London Characters. By HENRY MAYHEW.
Seven Generations of Executioners.
Summer Cruising in the South Seas.
 By C. WARREN STODDARD. Illustrated.

POPULAR SHILLING BOOKS.

Harry Fludyer at Cambridge.
Jeff Briggs's Love Story. BRET HARTE.
Twins of Table Mountain. BRET HARTE.
A Day's Tour. By PERCY FITZGERALD.
Etcher's Glove. By R. E. FRANCESILLON.
Sentenced! By SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.
The Professor's Wife. By L. GRAHAM.
Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.
Niagara Spray. By J. HOLLINGSHEAD.
A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By CHARLES JAMES.
The Garden that Paid the Rent. By TOM JERROLD.
Cut by the Mess. By ARTHUR KEYSER.
Our Sensation Novel. J. H. MCCARTHY.
Doom! By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
Dolly. By JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.
Lily Lass. JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY, M.P.

Was She Good or Bad? By W. MINTO.
Notes from the "News." By JAS. PAYN.
Beyond the Gates. By E. S. PHELPS.
Old Maid's Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Burglars in Paradise. By E. S. PHELPS.
Jack the Fisherman. By E. S. PHELPS.
Trooping with Crows. By C. L. PIRKIE.
Bible Characters. By CHARLES READE.
Rogues. By R. H. SHERARD.
The Dagonet Reciter. By G. R. SIMS.
How the Poor Live. By G. R. SIMS.
Case of George Candlemas. G. R. SIMS.
Sandycroft Mystery. T. W. SPEIGHT.
Hoodwinked. By T. W. SPEIGHT.
Father Damien. By R. L. STEVENSON.
A Double Bond. By LINDA VILLARI.
My Life with Stanley's Rear Guard. By HERBERT WARD.

MY LIBRARY.

- Choice Works, printed on laid paper, bound half-Roxburghe, 2s. 6d. each.
- Four Frenchwomen.** By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare. By W. S. LANDOR.
The Journal of Maurice de Guerin.
- THE POCKET LIBRARY.** Post 8vo, printed on laid paper and hf-bd., 2s. each.
- The Essays of Elia.** By CHARLES LAMB.
Robinson Crusoe. Edited by JOHN MAJOR.
 With 37 Illusts. by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.
Whims and Oddities. By THOMAS HOOD.
 With 85 Illustrations.
The Barber's Chair, and The Hedgehog Letters. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Gastronomy as a Fine Art. By BRILLAT-SAVARIN. Trans. R. E. ANDERSON, M.A.
- Christie Johnstone.** By CHARLES READE.
 With a Photogravure Frontispiece.
Peg Woffington. By CHARLES READE.
The Dramatic Essays of Charles Lamb.
- The Epicurean, &c.** By THOMAS MOORE.
Leigh Hunt's Essays. Ed. E. OLLIER.
White's Natural History of Selborne.
Gulliver's Travels, and The Tale of a Tub. By DEAN SWIFT.
The Rivals, School for Scandal, and other Plays by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.
Anecdotes of the Clergy. J. FARWOOD.
Thomson's Seasons. Illustrated

THE PICCADILLY NOVELS.

LIBRARY EDITIONS OF NOVELS BY THE BEST AUTHORS, many Illustrated, crown 8vo, cloth extra, 3s. 6d. each.

By F. M. ALLEN.

Green as Grass.

By GRANT ALLEN.

Phyllis.
 Babylon
 Strange Stories.
 Beckoning Hand.
 In all Shades.
 Dumaresq's Daughter.

By EDWIN L. ARNOLD.

Phra the Phœnician.

By ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A Fellow of Trinity.

By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.

Red Spider.
 Eve.
 My Little Girl.
 Case of Mr. Lucraft.
 This Son of Yulcan.
 Golden Butterfly.
 Ready-Money Mortiboy.
 With Harp and Crown.
 'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
 The Chaplain of the Fleet.

By W. BESANT & J. RICE.

By Celia's Arbour.
 Monks of Thelema.
 The Seamy Side.
 Ten Years' Tenant.

By WALTER BESANT.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
 The Captains' Room.
 All in a Garden Fair
 The World Went Very Well Then.
 For Faith and Freedom.
 Dorothy Forster.

The Holy Rose.
 Armored of Lyon-
 esse.
 St. Katherine's by
 the Tower.
 Uncle Jack.
 Children of Gibeon.
 Herr Paulus.
 Bell of St. Paul's.
 To Call Her Mine.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The Shadow of the Sword.
 A Child of Nature.
 The Martyrdom of Madeline.
 God and the Man.
 Love Me for Ever.
 Annan Water.
 Matt.
 The New Abelard.
 Foxglove Manor.
 Master of the Mine.
 Heir of Linne.

By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.
 A Son of Hagar.
 The Deemster.
 NIGHT. & FRANCES COLLINS.
 Transmigration.
 From Midnight to Midnight.
 Blacksmith and Scholar.
 Village Comedy.
 You Play Me False.

By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON.
 Juliet's Guardian. | Deceivers Ever.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

Armada.
 After Dark.
 No Name.
 Antonina. | Basil
 Hide and Seek.
 The Dead Secret.
 Queen of Hearts.
 My Miscellanies.
 Woman in White.
 The Moonstone.
 Man and Wife.
 Poor Miss Finch.
 Miss or Mrs?
 New Magdalen.
 The Frozen Deep.
 The Two Destinies.
 Law and the Lady
 Haunted Hotel.
 The Fallen Leaves.
 Jezebel's Daughter.
 The Black Robe.
 Heart and Science.
 "I Say No."
 Little Novels.
 The Evil Genius.
 The Legacy of Cain
 A Rogue's Life.
 Blind Love.

By DUTTON COOK.

Paul Foster's Daughter.

By MATT GRIM.

Adventures of a Fair Rebel.

By WILLIAM CYPLES.

Hearts of Gold.

By ALPHONSE DAUDET.

The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.

By ERASMIUS DAWSON.

The Fountain of Youth.

By JAMES DE MILLE.

A Castle in Spain.

By J. LEITH DEWENT.

Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.

By DICK DONOVAN.

Tracked to Doom.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS.

Archie Lovell.

By G. HANVILLE FENN.

The New Mistress.

By PERCY FITZGERALD.

Fatal Zero.

By R. E. FRANCHILLON.

Queen Cophetua. | A Real Queen.
 One by One. | King or Knave?

Pref. by Sir BARTLE FRERE.
 Pandurang Hari.

By EDWARD GABRIEL.

The Canal Girls.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.

By **CHARLES GIBBON.**

Robin Gray. | The Golden Shaft.
In Honour Bound. | Of High Degree.
Loving a Dream.
The Flower of the Forest.

By **E. GLANVILLE.**

The Lost Heiress.
The Fossicker.

By **THOMAS HARDY.**

Under the Greenwood Tree.

By **BRET HARTE.**

A Waif of the Plains.
A Ward of the Golden Gate.
A Sappho of Green Springs.
Colonel Starbottle's Client.

By **JULIAN HAWTHORNE.**

Garth. | Dust.
Ellice Quentin. | Fortune's Fool.
Sebastian Strome. | Beatrice Randolph.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.

By **Sir A. HELPS.**

Ivan de Biron.

By **ISAAC HENDERSON.**

Agatha Page.

By **Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.**

The Leaden Casket. | Self-Condemed.
That other Person.

By **JEAN INGELow.**

Fated to be Free.

By **R. ASHE KING.**

A Drawn Game.

"The Wearing of the Green."

By **HENRY KINGSLEY.**

Number Seventeen.

By **E. LYNN LINTON.**

Patricia Kembell. | Ione.
Under which Lord? | Paston Carew.
"My Love!" | Sowing the Wind.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
The World Well Lost.

By **HENRY W. LUCY.**

Gideon Fleyce.

By **JUSTIN MCCARTHY.**

A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Comet of a Season.

By **AGNES MACDONELL.**

Quaker Cousins.

By **FLORENCE MARRYAT.**

Open! Sesame!

By **D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.**

Life's Atonement. | Val Strange.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | A Model Father.
Old Blazer's Hero.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.
Cynic Fortune.

The Way of the World.

By **MURRAY & HERMAN.**

The Bishops' Bible.

Paul Jones's Alias.

By **HUME NISBET.**

"Bail Up!"

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.

By **GEORGES OHNET.**

A Weird Gift.

By **Mrs. OLIPHANT.**

Whiteladies.

By **OIDA.**

Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden
Strathmore. | Shoes.
Chandos. | In a Winter City.
Under Two Flags. | Ariadne.
Idalia. | Friendship.
Cecil Castlemaigne's | Moths. | Ruffino.
Gage. | Pipistrello.
Tricotrin. | Puck. | AVillage Commune
Folle Farine. | Bimbi. | Wanda.
A Dog of Flanders. | Frescoes.
Pascarel. | Signa. | In Maremma.
Princess Naprax- | Othmar. | Syrlin.
ine. | Guilderoy.

By **MARGARET A. PAUL.**

Gentle and Simple.

By **JAMES PAYN.**

Lost Sir Massingberd.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
A Grape from a Thorn.
In Peril and Privation.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Canon's Ward.
Walter's Word. | Talk of the Town.
By Proxy. | Holiday Tasks.
High Spirits. | The Burnt Million.
Under One Roof. | The Word and the
From Exile. | Will.
Glow-worm Tales. | Sunny Stories.

By **E. C. PRICE.**

Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.

By **RICHARD PRYCE.**

Miss Maxwell's Affections.

By **CHARLES READE.**

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
The Double Marriage.
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
The Cloister and the Hearth.
The Course of True Love.
The Autobiography of a Thief.
Put Yourself in his Place.
A Terrible Temptation.
Singleheart and Doubleface.
Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
Hard Cash. | Wandering Heir.
Peg Woffington. | A Woman-Hater
Christie Johnstone. | A Simpleton.
Griffith Gaunt. | Readiana.
Foul Play. | The Jilt.
A Perilous Secret.

By **Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.**

The Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
Weird Stories.

By **F. W. ROBINSON.**

Women are Strange.
The Hands of Justice.

By **W. CLARK RUSSELL.**

An Ocean Tragedy.
My Shipmate Louise.

By **JOHN SAUNDERS.**

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
Bound to the Wheel.
The Lion in the Path.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.

By KATHARINE SAUNDERS.

Margaret and Elizabeth.

Gideon's Rock. | Heart Salvage.

The High Mills. | Sebastian.

By LUKE SHARP.
In a Steamer Chair.**By HAWLEY SMART.**
Without Love or Licence.**By R. A. STERNDAL.**
The Afghan Knife.**By BERTHA THOMAS.**
Proud Maisie. | The Violin-player.**By FRANCES E. TROLLOPE.**
Like Ships upon the Sea.
Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

THE PICCADILLY (3/6) NOVELS—continued.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.

Marion Fay. | Land-Leaguers.

The Way We Live Now.

Mr. Scarborough's Family.

By IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.
Stories from Foreign Novelists.**By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.**
Mistress Judith.**By SARAH TYTLER.**

The Bride's Pass. | Lady Bell.

Noblesse Oblige. | Buried Diamonds.

The Blackhall Ghosts.

By MARK TWAIN.

The American Claimant.

By J. S. WINTER.
A Soldier's Children.

CHEAP EDITIONS OF POPULAR NOVELS.

Post 8vo, illustrated boards, 2s. each.

By ARTEMUS WARD.
Artemus Ward Complete.**By EDMOND ABOUT.**
The Fellah.**By HAMILTON AIDE.**
Carr of Carlylon. | Confidences.**By MARY ALBERT.**
Brooke Finchley's Daughter.**By Mrs. ALEXANDER.**
Maid, Wife, or Widow? | Valerie's Fate.**By GRANT ALLEN.**
Strange Stories. | The Devil's Die.
Phillistia. | This Mortal Coil.
Babylon. | In all Shades.The Beckoning Hand.
For Maimie's Sake. | Tents of Shem.
The Great Taboo.**By ALAN ST. AUBYN.**
A Fellow of Trinity.**By Rev. S. BARING GOULD.**
Red Spider. | Eve.**By FRANK BARRETT.**
Fettered for Life.
Between Life and Death.
The Sin of Olga Zassoulch.
By SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP.
Grantley Grange.**By W. BESANT & J. RICE.**
This Son of Yulcan. | By Celia's Arbour.
My Little Girl. | Monks of Thelema.
Case of Mr. Lucraft. | The Seamy Side.
Golden Butterfly. | Ten Years' Tenant.
Ready-Money Mortiboy.
With Harp and Crown.
'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.
The Chaplain of the Fleet.**By WALTER BESANT.**
Dorothy Forster. | Uncle Jack.
Children of Gibeon. | Herr Paulus.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men.
The Captains' Room.
All in a Garden Fair.
The World Went Very Well Then.
For Faith and Freedom.
To Call Her Mine.
The Bell of St. Paul's.
The Holy Rose.**By FREDERICK BOYLE.**Camp Notes. | Savage Life.
Chronicles of No-man's Land.**By BRET HARTE.**Flip. | Californian Stories.
Maruja. | Gabriel Conroy.

An Heiress of Red Dog.

The Luck of Roaring Camp.

A Phyllis of the Sierras.

By HAROLD BRYDGES.

Uncle Sam at Home.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.The Shadow of the | The Martyrdom of
Sword. | Madeline.

A Child of Nature. | Annan Water.

God and the Man. | The New Abelard.

Love Me for Ever. | Matt.

Foxglove Manor. | The Heir of Linne.

The Master of the Mine.

By HALL CAINE.

The Shadow of a Crime.

A Son of Hagar. | The Deemster.

By Commander CAMERON.

The Cruise of the "Black Prince."

By Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON.

Deceivers Ever. | Juliet's Guardian.

By AUSTIN CLARE.

For the Love of a Lass.

By Mrs. ARCHER CLIVE.

Paul Ferroll.

Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.

The Cure of Souls.

By C. ALLSTON COLLINS.

The Bar Sinister.

MORT. & FRANCES COLLINS.

Sweet Anne Page. | Transmigration.

From Midnight to Midnight.

A Fight with Fortune.

Sweet and Twenty. | Village Comedy.

Frances. | You Play me False.

Blacksmith and Scholar.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*By **WILKIE COLLINS.**

Armada.	My Miscellanies.
After Dark.	Woman in White.
No Name.	The Moonstone.
Antonina. Basil.	Man and Wife.
Hide and Seek.	Poor Miss Finch.
The Dead Secret.	The Fallen Leaves.
Queen of Hearts.	Jezebel's Daughter.
Miss or Mrs?	The Black Robe.
New Magdalen.	Heart and Science.
The Frozen Deep.	"I Say No."
Law and the Lady.	The Evil Genius.
The Two Destinies.	Little Novels.
Haunted Hotel.	Legacy of Cain.
A Rogue's Life.	Blind Love.

By **M. J. COLQUHOUN.**
Every Inch a Soldier.By **DUTTON COOK.**

Leo. | Paul Foster's Daughter.

By **C. EGBERT CRADDOCK.**
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.By **WILLIAM CYPLES.**
Hearts of Gold.By **ALPHONSE DAUDET.**
The Evangelist; or, Port Salvation.By **JAMES DE MILLE.**
A Castle in Spain.By **J. LEITH DERWENT.**
Our Lady of Tears. | Circe's Lovers.By **CHARLES DICKENS.**
Sketches by Boz. | Oliver Twist.
Pickwick Papers. | Nicholas Nickleby.By **DICK DONOVAN.**
The Man-Hunter. | Caught at Last!
Tracked and Taken.
Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan?
The Man from Manchester.
A Detective's Triumphs.
In the Grip of the Law.By **CONAN DOYLE, and others.**
Strange Secrets.By **Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDES.**
A Point of Honour. | Archie Lovell.By **M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.**
Felicia. | Kitty.By **EDWARD EGGLESTON.**
Roxy.By **PERCY FITZGERALD.**
Bella Donna. | Polly.
Never Forgotten. | Fatal Zero.
The Second Mrs. Tillotson.
Seventy-five Brooke Street.
The Lady of Brantome.By **ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.**
Filthy Lucre.By **R. E. FRANCHILLON.**
Olympia. | Queen Cophetua.
One by One. | King or Knave?
A Real Queen. | Romances of Law.By **HAROLD FREDERICK.**
Seth's Brother's Wife.
The Lawton Girl.
Pref. by Sir **BARTLE FRERE.**
Pandurang Hari.TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—*continued.*By **HAIN FRISWELL.**
One of Two.By **EDWARD GARRETT.**
The Capel Girls.By **CHARLES GIBBON.**
Robin Gray. | In Honour Bound.
Fancy Free. | Flower of Forest.
For Lack of Gold. | Braes of Yarrow.
What will the | The Golden Shaft.
World Say? | Of High Degree.
In Love and War. | Mead and Stream.
For the King. | Loving a Dream.
In Pastures Green. | A Hard Knot.
Queen of Meadow. | Heart's Delight.
A Heart's Problem. | Blood-Money.
The Dead Heart.By **WILLIAM GILBERT.**
Dr. Austin's Guests. | James Duke.
The Wizard of the Mountain.By **ERNEST GLANVILLE.**
The Lost Heiress.By **HENRY GREVILLE.**
A Noble Woman. | Nikanor.By **JOHN HABERTON.**
Brueton's Bayou. | Country Luck.By **ANDREW HALLIDAY.**
Every-Day Papers.By **Lady DUFFUS HARDY.**
Paul Wynter's Sacrifice.By **THOMAS HARDY.**
Under the Greenwood Tree.By **J. BERWICK HARWOOD.**
The Tenth Earl.By **JULIAN HAWTHORNE.**
Garth. | Sebastian Strome.
Ellice Quentin. | Dust.
Fortune's Fool. | Beatrix Randolph.
Miss Cadogna. | Love—or a Name.
David Poindexter's Disappearance.
The Spectre of the Camera.By **Sir ARTHUR HELPS.**
Ivan de Biron.By **HENRY HERMAN.**
A Leading Lady.By **Mrs. CASHEL HOEY.**
The Lover's Creed.By **Mrs. GEORGE HOOPER.**
The House of Raby.By **TIGHE HOPKINS.**
Twixt Love and Duty.By **Mrs. ALFRED HUNT.**
Thornicroft's Model. | Self-Condemned.
That Other Person. | Leaden Casket.By **JEAN INGELow.**
Fated to be Free.By **HARRIETT JAY.**
The Dark Colleen.
The Queen of Connaught.By **MARK KERSHAW.**
Colonial Facts and Fictions.By **R. ASHIE KING.**
A Drawn Game. | Passion's Slave.
"The Wearing of the Green."
Bell Barry.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.
Oakshott Castle.

By JOHN LEYS.
The Lindsays.

By E. LYNN LINTON.
Patricia Kemball. | Paston Carew.
World Well Lost. | "My Love!"
Under which Lord? | Ione.
The Atonement of Leam Dundas.
With a Silken Thread.
The Rebel of the Family.
Sowing the Wind.

By HENRY W. LUCY.
Gideon Fleyce.

By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
A Fair Saxon. | Donna Quixote.
Linley Rochford. | Maid of Athens.
Miss Misanthrope. | Camiola.
Dear Lady Disdain.
The Waterdale Neighbours.
My Enemy's Daughter.
The Comet of a Season.

By AGNES MACDONELL.
Quaker Cousins.

KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.
The Evil Eye. | Lost Rose.

By W. H. MALLOCK.
The New Republic.

By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
Open! Sesame! | Fighting the Air.
A Harvest of Wild Oats.
Written in Fire.

By J. MASTERMAN.
Half-a-dozen Daughters.

By BRANDER MATTHEWS.
A Secret of the Sea.

By JEAN MIDDLEMASS.
Touch and Go. | Mr. Dorillion.

By Mrs. MOLESWORTH.
Hathercourt Rectory.

By F. E. MUDDOCK.
Stories Weird and Wonderful.
The Dead Man's Secret.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.
A Model Father. | Old Blazer's Hero.
Joseph's Coat. | Hearts.
Coals of Fire. | Way of the World.
Val Strange. | Cynic Fortune.

A Life's Atonement.
By the Gate of the Sea.
A Bit of Human Nature.
First Person Singular.

By MURRAY and HERMAN.
One Traveller Returns.
Paul Jones's Alias.
The Bishops' Bible.

By HENRY MURRAY.
A Game of Bluff.

By ALICE O'HANLON.
The Unforeseen. | Chance? or Fate?

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By GEORGES OHNET.
Doctor Rameau. | A Last Love.
A Weird Gift.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
Whiteladies. | The Primrose Path.
The Greatest Heiress in England.

By Mrs. ROBERT O'REILLY.
Phoebe's Fortunes.

By OUIDA.
Held in Bondage. | Two Little Wooden
Strathmore. | Shoes.
Chandos. | Friendship.
Under Two Flags. | Moths.
Idalia. | Pipistrello.
Cecil Castlemaine's | A Village Com-
Gage. | mune.
Tricotrin. | Bimbi.
Puck. | Wanda.
Folle Farine. | Frescoes.
A Dog of Flanders. | In Maremma.
Pascarel. | Othmar.
Signa. | Guilderooy.
Princess Naprax- | Ruffino.
ine. | Syrlin.
In a Winter City. | Ouida's Wisdom,
Ariadne. | Wit, and Pathos.

MARGARET AGNES PAUL.
Gentle and Simple.

By JAMES PAYN.
Bentinck's Tutor. | £200 Reward.
Murphy's Master. | Marine Residence.
A County Family. | Mirk Abbey.
At Her Mercy. | By Proxy.
Cecil's Tryst. | Under One Roof.
Clyffards of Clyffe. | High Spirits.
Foster Brothers. | Carlyon's Year.
Found Dead. | From Exile.
Best of Husbands. | For Cash Only.
Walter's Word. | Kit.
Halves. | The Canon's Ward
Fallen Fortunes. | Talk of the Town.
Humorous Stories. | Holiday Tasks.
Lost Sir Massingberd.
A Perfect Treasure.
A Woman's Vengeance.
The Family Scapegrace.
What He Cost Her.
Gwendoline's Harvest.
Like Father, Like Son.
Married Beneath Him.
Not Wooded, but Won.
Less Black than We're Painted.
A Confidential Agent.
Some Private Views.
A Grape from a Thorn.
Glow-worm Tales.
The Mystery of Mirbridge.
The Burnt Million.
The Word and the Will.

By C. L. PERKIS.
Lady Lovelace.

By EDGAR A. POE.
The Mystery of Marie Roget.

By E. C. PRICE.
Valentina. | The Foreigners.
Mrs. Lancaster's Rival.
Gerald.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By **CHARLES READE.**

It is Never Too Late to Mend.
 Christie Johnstone.
 Put Yourself in His Place.
 The Double Marriage.
 Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
 The Cloister and the Hearth.
 The Course of True Love.
 Autobiography of a Thief.
 A Terrible Temptation.
 The Wandering Heir.
 Singleheart and Doubleface.
 Good Stories of Men and other Animals.
 Hard Cash. | A Simpleton.
 Peg Woffington. | Readiana.
 Griffith Gaunt. | A Woman-Hater.
 Foul Play. | The Jilt.
 A Perilous Secret.

By **Mrs. J. H. RIDDELL.**

Weird Stories. | Fairy Water.
 Her Mother's Darling.
 Prince of Wales's Garden Party.
 The Uninhabited House.
 The Mystery in Palace Gardens.

By **F. W. ROBINSON.**

Women are Strange.
 The Hands of Justice.

By **JAMES RUNCIMAN.**

Skippers and Shellbacks.
 Grace Balmaln's Sweetheart.
 Schools and Scholars.

By **W. CLARK RUSSELL.**

Round the Galley Fire.
 On the Fo'k'sle Head.
 In the Middle Watch.
 A Voyage to the Cape.
 A Book for the Hammock.
 The Mystery of the "Ocean Star."
 The Romance of Jenny Harlowe.
 An Ocean Tragedy.
 My Shipmate Louise.

By **GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.**

Gaslight and Daylight.

By **JOHN SAUNDERS.**

Guy Waterman. | Two Dreamers.
 The Lion in the Path.

By **KATHARINE SAUNDERS.**

Joan Merryweather. | Heart Salvage.
 The High Mills. | Sebastian.
 Margaret and Elizabeth.

By **GEORGE R. SIMS.**

Rogues and Yagabonds.
 The Ring o' Bells.
 Mary Jane's Memoirs.
 Mary Jane Married.
 Tales of To-day. | Dramas of Life.
 Tinkletop's Crime.
 Zeph: A Circus Story.

By **ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.**

A Match in the Dark.

By **HAWLEY SMART.**

Without Love or Licence.

By **T. W. SPEIGHT.**

The Mysteries of Heron Dyke.
 The Golden Hoop. | By Devious Ways.
 Hoodwinked, &c. | Back to Life.

TWO-SHILLING NOVELS—continued.

By **R. A. STERNDAL.**

The Afghan Knife.

By **R. LOUIS STEVENSON.**

New Arabian Nights. | Prince Otto.

By **BERTHA THOMAS.**

Cressida. | Proud Maisie.
 The Violin-player.

By **WALTER THORNBURY.**

Tales for the Marines.
 Old Stories Re-told.

T. **ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.**

Diamond Cut Diamond.

By **F. ELEANOR TROLLOPE.**

Like Ships upon the Sea.
 Anne Furness. | Mabel's Progress.

By **ANTHONY TROLLOPE.**

Frau Frohmann. | Kept in the Dark.
 Marlon Fay. | John Caldigate.
 The Way We Live Now.
 The American Senator.
 Mr. Scarborough's Family.
 The Land-Leaguers.
 The Golden Lion of Granpere.

By **J. T. TROWBRIDGE.**

Farnell's Folly.

By **IVAN TURGENIEFF, &c.**

Stories from Foreign Novelists.

By **MARK TWAIN.**

Tom Sawyer. | A Tramp Abroad.
 The Stolen White Elephant.
 A Pleasure Trip on the Continent.
 Huckleberry Finn.
 Life on the Mississippi.
 The Prince and the Pauper.

By **C. C. FRASER-TYTTLER.**

Mistress Judith.

By **SARAH TYTLER.**

The Bride's Pass. | Noblesse Oblige.
 Buried Diamonds. | Disappeared.
 Saint Mungo's City. | Huguenot Family.
 Lady Bell. | Blackhall Ghosts.
 What She Came Through.
 Beauty and the Beast.
 Citoyenne Jaqueline.

By **Mrs. F. H. WILLIAMSON.**

A Child Widow.

By **J. S. WINTER.**

Cavalry Life. | Regimental Legends.

By **H. F. WOOD.**

The Passenger from Scotland Yard.
 The Englishman of the Rue Cain.

By **Lady WOOD.**

Sabina.

By **CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.**

Rachel Armstrong; or, Love & Theology

By **EDMUND YATE.**

The Forlorn Hope. | Land at Last.
 Castaway.

'Ample entertainment for the immense circle of readers it deserves to find, and always will find.'—TIMES.

ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

While maintaining an historical continuity which dates back to the reign of George the Second (the Magazine was founded in 1731), no attempt is made by the present management to adhere slavishly to traditions the application of which is unsuited to the altered conditions of society at the present time. It is sought to render the **GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE** to the gentleman of to-day what in earlier times it proved to the gentleman of a past generation. New features have been introduced to take the place of those which have disappeared; in the most important respects, however, the connecting links between the present and the past are closest. Biography and History still retain the prominence originally assigned them, and are treated with the added breadth that springs from increased familiarity with authorities and more exact appreciation of the province of the Biographer and Historian. Science, which confers upon the age special eminence, has its latest conclusions and forecasts presented in a manner fitted to bring them within the grasp of the general reader. Archæology, Topography, Natural History, Sport, Poetry, Belles Lettres, the Theatre, and Art constitute a portion of the contents; and Essays upon social subjects are interspersed. The Editor spares no exertion that is necessary to secure the highest class of contributions, to place the Magazine in the first rank of serials, and to fit it to take its place on the shelves of all classes of cultivated Englishmen.

FOURPENCE MONTHLY; or FIVE SHILLINGS A YEAR, post-free.

SCIENCE-GOSSIP

**An Illustrated Medium of Interchange for Students
and Lovers of Nature.**

Edited by J. E. TAYLOR, Ph.D., F.L.S., F.G.S., &c.

For twenty-six years this popular Magazine has maintained its hold on the good opinion of lovers of Natural Science. During that period Illustrated Articles from the pens of the best known Scientific Writers of the day, in every department of Science, have appeared in its pages. Not a few of the popular books of the day are reprints of such series.

A Monthly Summary of Discovery and Progress in every Department of Natural Science all over the world is given, so that the Volumes of **SCIENCE-GOSSIP** form an unbroken history of Science for over a quarter of a century.

New Books on Scientific Subjects are duly noticed or reviewed.

A large space is devoted to Scientific "Notes and Queries," thus enabling every lover of nature to chronicle his own original observations, or get his special difficulties settled.

For active workers and collectors the "Exchange Column" has long proved a well and widely-known means of barter and interchange. The column devoted to "Answers to Correspondents" has been found helpful to students requiring personal help in naming specimens, &c.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 214, Piccadilly, W.

[1191]

ROCK

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established A.D. 1806.

Claims Paid, upwards - £10,000,000
Total Funds - - - £2,900,557

LARGE PROFITS.

The Profits are divided on the Tontine plan, by which the
BEST LIVES secure the largest share.

Profits divided, upwards of - £3,899,000

PERFECT POLICIES.

SECURING LIFE ANNUITIES.
PENSIONS, SUMS DOWN,
AND LIFE ASSURANCE.

LEASEHOLD POLICIES.

MAKING LEASEHOLD PROPERTY AS
VALUABLE AS FREEHOLD.

CHIEF OFFICE:

15, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

MANCHESTER: Guardian Bldgs.
LEEDS: 88, Albion Street.

GLASGOW: Buchanan Street.
BIRMINGHAM: 50, Cherry Street

BELFAST: 3, High Street.

GEORGE S. CRISFORD, Actuary.

Sold by the Principal Druggists at Home and Abroad.

H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT'S CACHOUX.

At 6d., by Inland Post, 7d.

Dainty Morsels in the form of tiny silver bullets which dissolve in the mouth and surrender to the Breath their Hidden Fragrance.

JACKSON'S BENZINE RECT.

At 6d., 1s. and 2s. 6d. By Parcels Post, 3d. extra.

For taking out Grease, Oil, Paint, &c., from all absorbent fabrics. Dress or Drapery, Kids, Books and Manuscript it cleans with equal success.

JACKSON'S Chinese Diamond CEMENT

At 6d. and 1s., by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Mending every article of Ornament or Furniture, Glass, China, Earthenware, &c.

JACKSON'S INCENSE SPILLS.

At 6d., by Inland Post for 7d.

A Sparkling means of Incensing a Domicile and of Exorcising Evil Smells by the liberation of Ozone. Of special value in the Sick Room.

An enchanter's little wand, that, on being fired, becomes to the receptive as a Medium which quickens the fancy, be its mood grave or gay, kindly leading the captive to that ladder the top of which reaches through the clouds to the borders of fairyland.

JACKSON'S RUSMA.

At 1s., by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

For Removal of Hair from the Arms, Neck or Face, without the use of the razor, as well as Sunburn or Tan from the Skin.

WANSBROUGH'S METALLIC NIPPLE SHIELDS.

At 1s. per pair, by Inland Post for 1s. 2d.

LADIES NURSING, for the prevention and Cure of Sore Nipples.

Sent Abroad, where a Post Parcel Service is open, at Current Rates,

FROM THE LABORATORY OF

THOMAS JACKSON,

Strangeways, MANCHESTER.

1892.

ONE OF THE THINGS WE ARE APT TO GRUMBLE AT IN FRANCE,

The providing of one's own soap at hotels!

Permit me to remark that this is one of those things

THEY DO MANAGE BETTER IN FRANCE

than we do here. I am strongly of opinion that every one when travelling should carry his or her own soap as one takes one's own hair-brush or sponge. It is much more cleanly, and there can be no better providing in this respect for the hot sun and warm winds and dust of travel than a cake of

"PEARS"

which, under such circumstances, I have found very efficient in the prevention of sunburn and allied annoyances.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. Andrew WILSON, F.R.S.E.,

Lecturer on Physiology and Health under the "Combe Trust;"

Editor of "Health."

